

Shredded Offering

Municipal Waste

Count the days and wait
For your worst fears to take place
Knowing your the only one who's here to make a change
Nothing left to say there's nothing I can do
Handed back in pieces is this offering to you

Did you keep track or regret all of things you gave?
Do you think back and recall those met along the way?
Did it teach you to rebel with a heart of stone?
Or did it push you to face the fear to die alone?

DIE ALONE!