Confessor

Of the tragedies in man Lurking in the core of us all The last dying call for the ever lost Brief encounters, bleeding pain Lepers coiled neath the trees Dying men in bewildered soliloquies Perversions bloom round the bend Seekers, lost in their quest Ghosts of friends frolic under the waning moon It is the year of death Wielding his instruments Stealth sovereign reaper Touching us with ease Infecting the roots in an instant Burning crop of disease I am just a spectator An advocate documenting the loss Fluttering with conceit This doesn't concern me yet Still far from the knell Taunting their bereavement Mod round the dead Point fingers at the details Probing vomits for more Caught in unbridled suspense We have all lost it now Catching the flakes of dismay Born the travesty of man Regular pulse midst pandemonium You're plucked to the mass Parched with thirst for the wicked Sick liaisons raised this monumental mark The sun sets forever over Blackwater park