

December, Host

The markings burned in leaving no doubt or question a permanent sign
The burned will not be thrown
The yoke will not break
The body the opposite all too fragile
Running in circles burrow in
The weight suffocating under the curses you bear
Suffer this debt with pride and foolish resolve
The tripwire noose that you wear so close to snapping
Start the end cycle one step away
Make your decision to last you the rest of your days
Will you become host or disease
Alive or living buried or mourning
Drawing a line in sand
Lacking the strength
Walking the fence long enough gravity calls
A simple decision left out of your hands
Accept or deny your place
It's insignificant
We're so small
Taking the low point dragging it down
The worst isn't over
Your life has begun