

# 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