

Number Twelve Looks Like You, The Weekly Wa

I am my own killing moon
The hunter and the prey
A baptism in dirty water
Escaped from th e crucifix
But still carry the weight
A baptism in dirty water
These impure thoughts lead to soulless action
And the cycle continues
Furthered by the thought of a confused soul
A man with no release
Concerned by his own thoughts
Slowing the rotation of the cogs and the gears
A halting machine
A haunting disease
A man with no release