

Once Nothing, All My Heroes Are Cowboys

Who are you paragon?

How can I trust those ribbons if I cannot trust a carpenters hands?

Aged hands, calloused hands, those hands that I punctured.

If faith was a battle then I surely lost the war.

Now we walk and march, on and on.

I never thought that this journey would take me so long.

I thought that I would be home by now.

The reigning of the wicked must back down.