

# Only Living Witness, Prone Mortal Form

(Jenkins/Stevenson)

Who's at the helm  
Of the purge that looms?  
Should I bother trying to see  
Outside of this room?  
I can tell you now, I'll be left behind  
On that fabled day  
When the beggars will ride

The distant, crushing call to continue  
Makes a heart sink willingly  
Into a chemical bath  
Every insecurity reminds you  
Of the voice determining your choice of path

Believe me now, I'll be left behind  
On that fabled day when the beggars will ride

If I champion misfortune, is it just  
Just an extension of  
Dismantling a pale facade  
My disdain for convention