

Scarve, Freaqualized

Best to crawl and leave no trace
These dusty paths call for a chase
Escape the sweet machinery
Thrusting oil like blood to burn in me
It cooks and boils and strives to prosper
Passive, I submit to failure
As I sense the sudden strength
Of one who knows and longs to hold my hand
Plummeting beyond control
Captured, force-fed, overruled
Stretch your arms and pull me back
Before clarity invades my eyes
Grab for gold that glows and gleams
And caress a truth beyond belief
A freight to dump on virgin grounds
To remain sealed and never to be found
Told about the paths you walked
Stolen, trampled, left behind
Bring your light astonishing
And once again be part of mine
...But better crawl and leave no trace
And shut your ears and hide your face
The sickening truth I've given birth to
Is dwelling with fury, is out for you