

Shannon Wright, Dirty Facade

This background is so vague
This falter much too strong
A slew of reluctance
Makes the focus warble on
For every laden vein
Is a grim pail of prey
The true are open
They wrestle with this state
What a dirty facade
The coming of an ugly file
Every guide is ill-timed
Purely lit for the lofty kind
What a dirty facade
The coming of an idle qualm
And everyone is so still
No one ever is pure