

Versus The Mirror, Life As A Criminal

I'm no poor storyteller
Just a poverish soothsayer
You can smack me into shape if you like
Or we could talk all night

If Jesus was born in a race of age
Would a noose of thorns be more fitting

The fear swells
Creating an undulating lull
Mind body and soul
These odd knees are old

If Jesus was born into a race of age
Would a noose of thorns be more fitting
If Jesus was born with a similar rage
Would a noose of thorns be more fitting

On which day did God create
This awful violence that I see
On which day did God create
This awkward violence that I see