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