

A Global Threat, No Cardinal Sin

Ten of two on L.S.D
Eyes are peeled till no tick short of three
My lips whisper to the cross in hand
Are there no ears listening
Cold drafts slip past the pane cracks
But what will day break the clean slate bring?
In stores a host of misplaced trust im sure
Another sunrise won't chance a thing
So tell me no truth obscured
Its scandels, as you've heard
But exposures best im sure
All we afford is forgiveness
im not here to hear the truth
I'll shut this screen and leave the booth
Mom's the word son he made you gag
Said yore the youngest he's ever had
no filth or flaw do my eyes see
Go add some beads to your rosary
Yours ins forgiven now that weve met
And past this booth we both forget
Dont tell me just name your price for silence
Thats my advice dont dirty the face of christ
No Cardinal Sin