

December, Trial

This is not a test you can afford to fail or try to cheat your way through
To lose your concentration opens the door to accusation
Truth you cannot handle
Truth is your demise
It will bring you down
Call upon your fathers and to the ghosts
You pray that they watch over you and keep you safe from
Wrong that you've inflicted
Wrong to believe the lied
That you have told that you've been told and then wonder why
This is not a test there will be another
This is not a test if you're not guilty you will be
No transfusion for a soul bled bone dry
Nothing left to save you're trapped in a world you've given up on
World diseased
Don't bother acting surprised your failure's standing right in front of you
This is not a test there will be another
This is not a test if you're not guilty you will be
And where does your conscience reside somewhere that you no longer
Regard as a part of yourself wallow in the life you waste
Your complacence completely staged
To distance yourself from all your mistakes
This is not a test a test there will be another
This is not a test if you're not guilty you will be