

# Faith And The Muse, The Trauma Coil

Another night down on the catherine wheel  
Drawn into a corner  
A symphony of resounding shrieks in my head  
I court a sure, sudden death  
But give no quarter  
A paper soul tears the heart from the mind  
Searing is the morning, a tenement of lights  
Lost inside the attic  
On the floor again with a head full of rain  
Wander with the shadows of shelter and smiles  
Bleeding in a stairwell  
Fever-staggered steps and a mouth so dry  
Three liquid words collapse  
Blind and chasing sirens  
Five years of night time and a heart made of tin  
Allow your sympathies the length of a table  
I recognize no brother  
Lash out at their smiles and walk in through their eyes  
As my knowledge, does the knowing  
Split my being from past days  
In decision, in departing  
In the severance of old ways  
With precision, in my silence  
I perceive the bitter still  
Imposition, these young calling  
Withered kisses, or the kill?  
Together we stand  
We stand so still  
Indifference, hollow laughter  
Bathes the walls of this lost home  
So futile, all attempts  
Affectations, long to roam  
Ever spinning, vile actress  
Answered blindly to the call  
The price, child yet again we sit  
And watch our private rome fall  
I am not well  
No, not well at all