

Franks Enemy, Torturer

Things I've assembled
To be torn apart
It seems the essence
This lava in my heart
The same old story
Handed by a woman and a snake
Jokes about purgatory
Seems a long wait
One more day with the torturer
One more day with the torturer
Love is a mask
Donned by many things
Fighting juggernauts
Destroying everything
A life of retreat
With its outstretched hand
Slapped down by me
That rule-playing man
One more day with the torturer
One more day with the torturer
One more day with the torturer
One more day with the torturer
Wrinkles where there were pimples
Grey and gone hair in my brown
Soon I will be muzzled
Soon I will die down
Years between me and God's face
As fleeting as dust and smoke
Every day be good in this place
If only for the hope