

Peccatum, A Penny

One is looking away
Another has walked far astray
The flock is gasping their laugh

They seem to believe
Their petty hearts are not black holes
I see a penny's worth of heart

To bathe them in
The very same nightmare
I drown

To bleed the words
That cut like razor blades
And sing

Show me the truly strong
Who needs to mirror his strength
In the broken
The daily charade
Of portioned out compassion
Who dares to know himself in another

To tie a gallows rope
Of mockery and spite
For the dawn

To breath the air
Of night, of rain
Of solitude