

Poison The Well, Sounds Like The End Of The W

Sir you've opened your eyes too late in the day.
They wait for you in the room.
You know they are having conversations of punishment.
Last night you lost control.
Broke all their blood pumping mechanisms.
So you stand in front of the polished sand.
Wondering what will become of you and them.
They are scared.
Burn them like you did the rest.
They are dead.
One step in front of the other.
You make your way to them.
You rehearsed your words so many times.
Say it like you mean it.
You always yell.