

Skycamefalling, The Truth Machine

My blistered hands bleed as I lay beaten again these ashes of my faith fall to the floor.
Never again follow my heart, put my compassion before my thought.
I wont place myself in the arms of distrust,
in the weakened hands of the chosen ones.
So try and hold my flesh as an answer for life's questions.
Let this world disintegrate as you stand idly by.
I am no product of man, the hollowed body of the divine.
A flame once burned, and be stilled in my heart, a suspended pulse.
And if I fall, lay me down broken