

The Number Twelve Looks Like You, Jesus & To

the soiled ground for the sacrifice,
dispelled, crippling, faulty, holyland.
i am your martyr, your stigmata...
the tears turn to blood, beneath my eyes.
my body listens... as you whisper.
my fingers bend... as i'm nailed to your cross
the splinters etch... hearts in my back.
i denounce this crucifixion, i deman another sacrifice.
a cast shadow over this narrow hill,
pulling my fingers from these nails...
there will be no use for a second coming.