

Twelve Tribes, Faith, Hope's Dirty Knife

i swear i never thought i'd feel this kiss awakening sickness to
preying swine blessed clotting tears neglect my face left as a bitter
empty self sunken to the mire below i've found no triumph in this
last breath such weeping could not unmask to you my love roughly
her lips they move four seasons in passion eternity has been
unsung tragedy deceived in this spoiled tongue her body sips from
the glass of a boy who spits the unsaid abiding thirst but well fed i
could have never guessed twisted wrists lead my hands to injecting
obsessions venom under her skin her seduction bleeding into a
child's torn imperfection grasping for a blurred forever and this lust
endured forever and forevermore feeling this kiss.