

Walls Of Jericho, Family Values

Intertwined thoughts with yours
Stitched up wounds are open once again
Appreciation of my silence
Will be held no more
So close to your desires
But I will not encourage my blood
To be spilled for indignity
And I would cry but it would kill all that I know
Still utter deceit enters my flesh
And I contemplate the end as I grasp for breath
Bearing bloody memories while kneeling
Down letting my insides pour out
And my enraged memories won't let me open
These wounds anymore