Superstition

The Birthday Massacre

I walk out to the edge of the lake,
eyes following the water
as it washes my convictions away.
He stops me when I'm starting to pray.He says,
"Intuition is awakening suspicion."
He says,
"My tradition is the art of superstition."I wake up in the light of the fire,
eyes burning like the ashes
in submission to the heat of desire.
He tells me not to preach to the choir.He says,
"This condition is a slow decomposition."
He says,
"My religion is the practice of sedition."He saysHe says,
"Intuition is awakening suspicion."
He says,
"My tradition is the art of superstition."
"This condition is a slow decomposition."
He says,
"My religion is the practice of sedition."

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