

Wordsmith Legacy

Project 86

Knock, knock, knock
Sound the blows to the forehead from the
Mock, mock, mock
Of the words, a voice I hear every morning Stalking me from yesterday
The taunts of one who sought to frame
The picture of this desolate
This figure cowering Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word Drop, drop, drop
Sound the sledge to the metal
Shot, shot, shot
Sound the pin to the chamber My own words pound after me
Intentions bent on conquering
The very will I proudly claimed
Was the very axe that cut the nape Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word Every word a double edged sword
A double edged sword
My every word [Incomprehensible] You can drown
In your own mistakes
Burrowing into the black
Or you can take my hand Double
Edged
Sword
My every word Double
Edged
Sword
My every word Double
Edged
Sword
My every word This gift was never yours
So why would you ever think
The words you said were your own? I have chosen
And breathed
And forgiven
And changed And purged
And cleaned

And forgave
And bathedCarried
And soothed
And burned
And spokenSpoken and spoken
Spoken, spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spokenSpoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken, spokenYours is not to proclaim

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