Confessional

The Loose Cannons

Intrinsic rot, traces of future
Your past will rise haunting you again
Tonguing the glue stamp seal of your fold
Cased in forests of black steel rodVines of nerve float downstream
Sections of horror
This is something you must never do again
Falling spiral downYou know not what you are looking for
But it will find you anyway
I've confessed this disease to you
Handed you a key to controlFuel for your malicious intent
Punish me for my failure
Dissect my faith, twisting my trust
Never, no more, I'm alone

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