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 bathed
Carried
And soothed
And burned
And spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken, spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken and spoken
Spoken, spoken
Yours is not to proclaim

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