# Infinite Stutter

## Not One Is Upright

Biding my time. Step back in the light, we need to see you clearly. Every line is on display. Every crack is on display. Truth is such an easy word to preach or scream, but when you're building your face out of the lies that you've bought, the truth cant find a way when smothered with disease.
And now we're melting away into the damage it's caused. Blood is blood. Burn down, break me to show me. Standing in the light, my vision never perfect - it always seems to fail me and all I see is Your face and that death seems to leave me. There is no purpose in this new body built to please the molded, shaped and formed. Truth is such an easy word to preach or scream, but when you're face to face with it you tend to forget, the truth can't find a way when smothered with disease.
This damage , the damage. Masks come off, masks come off. They will always be built to break and chip confronted by the King. Open your eyes and be set free. Put down your mirrors. What did you see? This crooked spine, these broken teeth. Of what I remember, I'll tell you honestly, the biggest disconnect is all that I can see. Make me see. All masks come off.

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