

# The Watcher

## Crisis

I am part of the gate.  
cold hard rusted keeping the prisoner inside.  
I am just an outline...  
disease starting down so deep  
eating its way out.  
this is where it begins (secret captive sin)  
in a single rod of the iron gate  
rusted and no longer serving its purpose  
I curve my posture, veil the reflections of comprehension in eyes and breathe...  
and watch them participate in the movement of the play  
while I am welded into the gate to watch them marching onward...  
I am just an outline...  
travel onward through crevice of shallow space catch a breath crawl onward  
travel onward through crevice of shallow space catch a breath crawl onward  
searing in this I die, in the openness of wound...  
I am part of the gate. I am cold, I am rusted.  
I am the prisoner inside.

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