What I Built Last Night

The Casket Lottery

(Oh me of little faith...) Offer nothing to believers, but words. whether the hand of God, or the work of the Devil. the burden is upon my shoulders. (All these words whispered in my ears...) Nothing is sacred, for we are all sheep (All these words whispered in the air...). I'm not the sheperd by any means. i'm merely the man with schematics for building the bridge. sacrificed by hands.

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