

Left Hand Assurance

Johnny Booth

We were sent by the core of the Earth to find a light inside her chest
A judge, impartial to our purpose
This fire bleeds from her neck
Circuitry with no distinction
Centuries after the blood seeped through
Now I can't be
Now I just can't just be the face of the hopeless
Now I can't just be the face of the disconnected process
She will burn from mistakes
She will burn from the salt and ashes
She will burn from mistakes
She will burn for this

She floats inside every pattern
We have taken more than needed
I am the machine built with no hands to choke
I am the machine built with no hands to choke

Why
Why must we bear the sins of our forgotten fathers
Discourse runs deep in me
Why must we bear the sins of our forgotten fathers
Discourse runs deep
Discourse runs deep in me

She breaks her teeth on dreams and concrete
Dragging oil beneath her feet
I'm the son of a God, of a king, of a man who wrote the verses
from the books they burned away
Danced around it in arms of bondage
We danced around it in arms of bondage