## **Universal Truth**

Sweat on the brow runs over faces made of snow There comes a time in life when death may come too slow

Honesty in the necrology The offspring smear your name in print

You have waited far too long But Spring is set in bloom You have conquered love inside Yet sorrow is your doom

The debts are long since paid, inheritance is set Still agitation reels inside, lest you forget Lest you forget

At sunrise Friday morning A haven for your sins The written dedication Etched into your skin

Time won't heal the wounds you bare Between old pride and desperate prayers

Time won't heal any wounds you bare A set few years of your life are stolen Light cast on the obvious Behold the white when it's faded golden

A stranger's truth holds no water here But soon we may have learned Dead sympathy, a aversion proceeds

A voice lives in your chest That comforts wary thoughts Yet the brook is still too wide To bridge the gap you've sought

Honesty in the necrology The offspring smear your name in print

You trade your vices every day religiously A pack of vultures wait for everyone to see

You gave away too much, a harness on your kin For any transgressions never mirrored mortal sin Mortal sin

You're still alone

The day in zenith now You made it through the night Voice of perdition Came and went far out of sight