

I cannot force the word  
Collected heap to smell  
I'm living what you had heard  
I live the lie that you tell  
The truth is best to leave alone  
Insipid and cut  
Look how we've grown  
Touch me across a modern tongue  
A change a pain under my thumb

See how I've been profaned  
See now the lover stained  
Sea of bounty holds  
See me bought and sold

A shadowed mystery  
I know it's better than that  
But never white and sent  
And rather not intact

Take a breath  
When you're falling out of anger  
When the danger is ahead