

## Brazen Tongue

### Uneven Structure

I have the feeling this feedback is washing me off any identity  
Loosening up the safety bolts screwed down my very self  
Barricades falling one by one  
No longer an actor, just a mere bystander straying

I have no doubt you breached my spirit  
I loose the grasp of my string of thoughts

A cloud of shouts clashes through my ears  
These wordings, so strange, incantations boiling out my fluids  
All I can comprehend is my soul is softening  
Beaten by the brazenness of their tongues  
Gutted, ethereal and distilled, I'm their tiny delicacy

Pummeling my skull with a brutal infancy  
I develop compassion for your condition  
So devoided of any substance yet explicit  
Is this the genesis of your doctrine?

These cumming spongers takes control  
As I'm becoming nothing more than a blueprint

I loose the grasp of my string of thoughts

Why should I follow you if only for the high you're giving me  
Let me cut short and call a spade a spade  
This is preselitysm

Learn who you are, hysteria stricken mime  
Run away from this place, my child

Your jaw can dance, would your tongue flee?