

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?