

## Identity

Wovenwar

All your merits worth showing are in the weight of a palm  
From the hand you've been holding and what's left to pass on

Just as you are there's little offered at all  
So fasten tight to your gripping

Pinned to a sleeve  
Posing for all to see  
With no mark to call your own  
Nothing is yours, yours to leave  
Beyond who you please

What copels you is gleaming from the glare of a crown  
When you cling to lights beaming  
It always keeps what you have to shine down

Just as you are there's little offered at all  
So fasten tight to your gripping

Pinned to a sleeve  
Posing for all to see  
With no mark to call your own  
Nothing is yours, yours to leave  
Beyond who you please

The faithless will always forget,  
a heartbeat for wants in their head  
Forlorn wit needs never met  
The blame's on us who'd woven the thread

Pinned to a sleeve  
Posing for all to see  
With no mark to call your own  
Nothing is yours, yours to leave  
But if you pin to belief  
Own an identity and a mark to call your own  
Something that's yours could be seized  
Beyond who you please