

I, Iscariot

I speak in tongues of daggers and neglect
where my soul dances with you in the dreams I see.

I write down my prayers
to see whether I hold a plea for purging,
Or am I already redeemed?

To give life to words that wait patiently.
I want to believe that my breath brings you back this time.
Where the doors don't seem so dissembled
and the building sets up a façade.
Are we worth it?

Pick up every poet, artist or true believer.
Every direction another face turns
and I still stand strong for you;

Repeating works that will soon bring discomfort,
but there is no choice but to become an infidel
outside looking in.

One More

This is a home fit for thieves, failures,
and those who lack self-respect.
And yet the solution seems so far away.
No one gives the time to admire our pride.
In these words, the TV shows us decomposing.
Can I compose a remedy?
To redeem my fellow comrades
or will your eyes still see past the marvel.
Time is not on our side,
he must hold us together as one.