

THE DRIP, Painted Ram

See as I repeat,
collective forces seek,
the aforementioned be,
liege,
apostates,
manipulating the weak & innocent,
the truth made into a mockery,
its painted ram its deity,
face, buried in palm,
all I can feel is the pulse in my thumb,
losing control,
I am becoming undone,
believe only half of what i see and hear,
getting harder to distinguish this reality,
the time of the painted ram has come,
the church of the 8th day is reborn.