

## **Waking Judea "Blood Of A Thousand"**

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Hooks sink into weary skin. Ancient hands grasp revelation. With the obscure examination of a somber heart, we consecrate this crucifixion. Lifes comforts shall pass away. Carried with the acrid smoke of those who died, withering forms set to flame. I breathe in spirits like fire. This smile has become a cross, one i will no longer bear for you. They who steal the arteries from our extremities we follow into the organic phenomenon. When the flesh extends and you hear the rupturing of my carpus. There are no excuses for why i am here. For what i am about to participate in. i see now that maybe we were never meant to know what comes next. This is what we'll see at the end. This is what we are in the end.

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