

Merlons of Nehemiah

"A Virgin Burial"

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Clouds hasten in the frozen sky,
as this hour becomes as pale as the last.
Watching the sun shrink to oblivion,
I try to remember the last time that I felt alive.
The vast fields of life have become empty with passion
and empty of our eyes. Where does this road lead
again?
Perhaps I was hoping to find something that didn't
exist. The torturous rain descends one last time.
Be silent. Be still. Here is where the light becomes
thin, and the obscurity revealed.
Underneath the scars holds nothing more than what
brought
me here; to rest with this silence.
And here i lay. Cast me into this blaze.
leave me to burn. All this time,
thinking i knew why, but that has been forsaken.
Fearing that i am lost and falling into a trap again,
how was I made to believe?
An existent beauty vieled.
Manking has been formed into a struggle for power -
The capability to devastate and to manipulate our eyes
into untruth. The chaos shall be instilled into the
footsteps of man, as we plunge into the depths of
immortality.
Fighting to extinguish. Killing to live on.

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