

A Black Rose Burial

"A Baleful Aura In The Graveyard Of Broken Gears"

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Far beyond appolyons lair
across the sea of pestilence
a sound of grim andantes blair
pale orbs glide through remnants
a planned utopia now in shards
frostwork lines once scorching flames
bullet hole piercings stop beating hearts
though sounds of beating forever remain
wraiths will pass
and the days are bleak
a blessing of strength
is promised to the weak
a cephalic slaying
upon whom they shall seek
chance of penitence
before the pendulum swings
the deads residence
buried in collapsed machines
far beyond catastrophic
a festivity of demise
rise of the prophets
spirits sounding battlecries
a blood drawn map will
guide their way
to the chosen ones
staggering and decayed
no air fills their lungs
flee for safety but its too late
their judgement has ensured ill fate
beg for forgiveness it wont pass
take one more breath for its the last
clouded eyes will walk their way
into the knife of a vengeance embraced
a relentless assault upon the wicked hearts
a relentless assault upon the wicked hearts
sinners unto broken paths
acts of fury relieves this wrath
widows and children weep of their loss
these acts of duty formed of just cause
apparitions retreat to the violet sky
hearing nothing more of their endless cries

a baleful aura in the graveyard of broken gears
sounds of steps breaking silence into fear
they tried to hide and only ended up slain
a massacre repeated by those unchained

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