

## **A Hope For Home "Post Tenebras Lux"**

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The man sits from afar watching a silent march. The  
only light seeps from  
Out the eyes of the marching men, but it is not enough  
to light the path.  
Still they march, endlessly. The man reaches his hands  
into the soil and  
Finds a weak, glowing light.

Under a dim lit sky shadows marched like statues.  
Darkness was coursing throughout their veins, and  
light shone from their  
Eyes.  
And it was all they had, but it was not enough to light  
their way: A silent  
March into awaiting graves.

Turned my back against the night, toward the hope that  
there's a place  
Where truth abides.  
For here we're left to wonder why we douse the flame  
and there is nothing  
Left inside.

We have become as the ravens; mighty in numbers  
and blocking out the  
Sun... the sun.

And here my will could never contend: Is this not cold  
and bent?  
And where does my volition fit in? Where?

Too weak to wade amongst the dead, too tired to stand  
amongst the rest.

So face the sky and tell me how you gauge living in  
vain?  
Show me the crooked and bent, the shape of  
contempt..  
Of... contempt... of... contempt... of contempt.

We've buried the flame, but I contend to dig it up  
again.

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