

## Autumn "Suffer The Wild Dogs"

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deep inside of me  
like castle spires  
tasting raw earth as they bleed into me  
at this darkest hour I will join  
the dogs an industrial cemetery is my only offering

smell the dogs and bathe their feet  
in the light they shall retreat  
but the sorrows they have seen  
must incite you to believe  
tasting our scorn they turn away  
from those ruins of our decay  
but the sorrows they have seen  
must incite you to believe

holding them so close to me  
to cradle them in the softest breeze  
amidst shadowed forest greens  
now plowed away to starve their dreams

crawling now on wounded limbs  
over colorless stone  
and stained glass debris  
at this the darkest hour  
i have joined the dogs  
a smothered howl can hear my only offering

smell the dogs and bathe their feet  
in the light they shall retreat  
but the sorrows they have seen  
must incite you to believe  
tasting our scorn they turn away  
from those ruins of our decay  
but the sorrows they have seen  
must incite you to believe

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