

Emery

"SoulStorming Echoes"

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The meek who serve like slaves look aloft when they
long for
Exaltation they shall inherit the earth no more

They clamber over one another
Thus dragging each other towards the mud
And into the depths praising itself as life

I am being just to those who despise and smite upon
them
Superfluous they all appear to me their souls crawl out
of their mouths

You must wish to consume yourself in your own flame:
How could you wish to become something new unless
you had first become ashes

Soulstorming echoes rise anew from the ashes of the
fire which consumed it

I am defined by what I destroy and by what I create
While the docile regress into idolatry

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