

Fear Before The March Of Flames "Given To Dreams Of What Shall Never"

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(she cried when she found it...its feathers were matted
and pressed to its side, its wings were no longer
able...still she begged it to fly. its body as frail as paper
and wet from her tears. she knelt in the damp grass
praying it to heaven and gently pressing its head to her
heart...)

the devils in the daughters room

there will be no second knife
(i will look into his eyes)
there will be no second knife

she reached.....
for a dream.....

and he smiled as he watched her she was ever so
beautiful in sleep
like father (his son made in his image)
her eyelids gently closed the lids concealing her
dreams
he stood over her bed

one deep stab kill the hourglass

(let the sand leak slowly from its body draw out the
time until it breathes its last)

spilling
why
spilling
why
spilling
why
spilling...

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