

Funeral Diner

"We All Have Blood On Our Hands"

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"We'll even take the sky away, block out the sun if we can." This has been planned for years. The reasons change with the weather and still nothing has been found but lies. The words take wing to pierce like daggers at the nape of the neck, while the back is turned. This was supposed to be trust, supposed to be for us. Now it all belongs to the few, and only cutthroat tactics and walking over others gets us respect in the eyes of our "god". As the web grows tighter (yet larger) we are all caught. And those that don't see it coming are turned even more twisted than before, without knowing. "Yes we now, will even take the sky away and leave your life as dark as ours." Taken away and destroyed before our eyes. No voices were heard and none were memorable. We were left to our own destiny, failed at that and sought solace in the coldest arms imaginable. We are the makers of our own fate and we failed. We all have blood on our hands.

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