

Grey Skies Fallen

"Those Who Bear The Mark"

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a remniscant heartbeat pounding faster
each pulse a step closer to violent death
say your prayers, then be taken
not above but far below

from the womb a bloody foetus
as devil's soldiers or heaven's slaves
the essence of the word forsaken
is, alas, thy waiting fate

there is no god or master
that can take you away from here

ever present fierce and frightening
confronting us all or haunting our dreams
my only hope is that it takes us with it
and erases the memory of all that's redeemed

humanitys fall is the price for creation
developing backwards...back into black
the chance is now to kill the enemy
for he is what you see in the mirror's glass

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