

Haste

"God Reclaims His Throne"

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baptized by kilowatts and ohms, what's left is waiting.
the embers rise like incense carry prayers for what is
next to come. carry me on silver wings to meet with
vulcan. to be forged anew and rise again above with
arms of fire. holding this common language in our
hands. find solace in the landscape. the best laid
plans carry the wieght of an entire season's hope. the
city waits with shattered skyline for its missing hero. to
lay low those beneath and cast aside the restraints of
hopeless inertia as winter's chill fades below me. now
we are silent, holding this common language in our
hands. find solace in the landscape. watching,
waiting, holding on to victory's kiss. like alloys we
shape, bending ourselves to our needs. bend the
hammer to the anvil of self. the smithy screams with
exertion as the flames drive out impurities. bend the
hammer to the anvil of self. the soul screams with
recreation bathed in the furnace of ascension. winter's
chill fades below me.

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