

Burn Season

"Resurrection #9"

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Lay waste torn asunder weak and lost in the past.
Obfuscates the self mind, ripped it away.
Cobwebs and motes in the eye of the sun god.
I think not, serpent get thee behind me.
Eradicated your somnambulant enigma.
This field has lain fallow, won't erode,
Won't soak up the sediment from your poisoned mind.
No, I won't soak up your misery,
Won't soak up your weakness, won't soak up your
banality.
Taste vanadium, wide awake realizing what you've
done.
Taste the frost, you chose your own death you know
that you choose well.
I hate myself but not as much as I hate you.
Tear yourself down.

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