

## **Inversion**

# **"Unsung Hero"**

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Unto us bleeds love from ordered chaos  
Spectators zealously look as their hopes die  
Upon a floor of despisement  
Will flowers ever grow in these open wounds?

Or does the sorrow that binds us  
Tie its knot too tight?  
Grace now a relic that youth  
Stare at through museum glass

Still they are ignorant of  
Silent evisceration  
Feral display prevails  
Among this generation

Awakened torrents of rain  
Swept mankind from the earth  
Terror and fire will consume

Wretched jetsam of creation

Where did the heroes go, and who now stands?  
Do all flee the rock in search of shifting sands?  
Sands of time cease not for human whim  
When our time is time we behold Him

Still they are ignorant of  
Silent evisceration  
Feral display prevails  
Among this generation

Awakened torrents of rain  
Swept mankind from the earth  
Terror and fire will consume  
Wretched jetsam of creation

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