

Lux Occulta

"Snowblind Entropy"

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Crumbling rust and rain,
The stains reveal the years to me.
No fears come close to entropy.
The slowest choking of beauty.

So metaphorical the paint,
And tearing paper cries.
Such wettened eyes revealing
What comes to everyone in time.

The cracking edges rushing in,
To show the bone behind the soul,
Control is far beyond all reach,
I seek an answer that's not "no".

Inside my organs burning,
Creeping into rotting shells.
Outside this skin's surrender.
To the father of the muse of hell.

I will refuse the knife of time.
The sickness of encroaching lines.
Pushing my light into the bleak.
Chasm of this snow-blind deceit.

This weak frame will falter,
And wither like the rotting leaves,
Are we of sterner stuff than flesh,
Perhaps the things that we believe?

Are we enhancing evolution, or just spackling the
faults,
Expectancy is such a focus, blind to windows for the
walls.
Forever calls me, is it teasing, or sincere?
On one hand of time is bliss, but on the other hand
eternal fear.

So as the light lies fading, And eyelids turn to lead,
We'll never know what is or isn't, Waiting for us till
we're...

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