

## **Circle Of Dead Children "Cremationism"**

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Use my body to spark the fire that will burn all humanity  
into less than black ash  
This is the narrator's last wish  
Another bleeding poet with shattered fingers and a  
tendency to go blind upon request  
The flames stroke the heavens and we see nothing  
The flames scald the clouds and we see nothing  
The last grain of sand will shatter the hourglass and  
comfort will only be found within our nightmares  
The last grain of sand is gripped with shattered fingers  
Too blind to see the flames  
Too selfish to hold on

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