

Conducting From The Grave "A Never Ending Search For Closure"

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Digging through the yards of bodies, to finally emerge.
My hands carry the scent of the souless, the soul
seeking. I hold out my hands using this frame to seek
vengeance upon the living through possession killing
their killers with these hands, my hands. To grant me
their visions, their last seconds from the world, it's not
dreams I wake from, it's their whispers and their cries.
To a child you were their only trust, the only light to be
shaped not to decay. Souls were too young to cry out,
only left to watch as their protecors become the
possessed. Digging through the yards of bodies, to
finally emerge. My hands carry the scent of the
souless, the soul seeking. How many of the innocent,
the defenseless have to fall from a loved ones hands?
In this life span there will be this revenge which only
some may wis

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