

Conducting From The Grave "The Skies Are Blackened Not By Clouds, But Insects"

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Nails seem to rain from the sky.
A curse upon the common man.
To be chosen to disrupt this harmony.
An honor only to the spiteful, the heartless, and the
hate driven.

A glimpse into the future. Standing on the edge of the
world that has now fallen to an abrupt disorganization.
Breathe in the blackened sky.
Feel as the insects fill your lungs. Their reproduction.

Nails seem to rain from the sky. A curse upon the
common man.
To be chosen to disrupt this harmony.
An honor only to the spiteful.
To be chosen to reign, but reign I wil

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