

My Own Grave "Sheltered By Inferno"

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Falling from "grace", from the crumbling halls of the
charlatan hordes.
Feathers burning to ashes as I sear my wings to
quicken the fall.
Rising again from sulphur plains to your six feet under
realm.
Grim and foul beneath my mask of insignificance.
Contempt contaminates all of my being.
Sheltered by chaos in a carcass world still breathing.
What defines the beast? The hunter or the hunted?
You've locked the cage and thrown the key
But you're standing on the wrong side of the bars.
Now suffer the pain of truth.

Blasphemy lucidity
Malignancy humanity
Brutishness our heritage
Cocytus our mother earth

Spare me of your obsolete words, do I preach for thee?
Ask of me no guidance for none was given me.

Reverence may still exist but only for the mindful few
Who tame the beast and burn the cross of ever-
enslaving grace!

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