

Craft

"The Ground Surrenders"

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Awakened in a world of triviality.
Nothing's what it could never be.
Our minds tend to wander and lose themselves in
agony.
Born in the last place were we'd ever hoped to be.
Lost in hell we are dreaming of places out of reach; of
worlds unharmed by humankind's reality.
Is there no way for our souls to be free ?
Like a sign of pressing urgency, the ground below our
feet surrenders.
The air slowly suffocates our lungs.
The sky is caving in.
Fight, die for the chance to be free of the warden of the
world's decree.
Moderate godlessness ? Not likely.

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