

After The Burial "Berzerker"

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On your guard as you lurk along the sand.
A paper face won't mask your fear.
Unrelenting consequences for this inquisition.
Venture forth and give yourself away with the scent of
unfamiliarity
For razor teeth their human silk they long to sever
unsuspecting flesh.
To drink a carcass dry is to taste the Sunderban.
Mighty one never forget never forget why your skin is
thick.
Die defending that which your heart keeps closest.
The taste of vengeance is so much sweeter on the
blackest of lips.
The wind whispers trespass a call for an end.
Take up your arms set your sights.
Never fear there's always more blood.
Retaliate at ease mighty one this war is not one of your
own.
The king returns to claim his throne.
A humble crown adorns his noble brow.
As the killing season comes to a close take what's left
and start again.
As you strive to regain all aspects of your grief ridden
live living
Each day with strength found in your heart.

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