

After The Burial "Warm Thoughts Of Warfare"

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The waking hour of scarlet warfare, I will fight for you.
Our blood will wash away. Their skin will crack and peel
in a thousand fires. We will break every bone, we will
crush them all to dust. An attempt so frivolous to save
your life. Watch you hit the sanguine ground like
autumn leaves. With each nail driven you drift away.
This somber burial is a calamity. Rise from your casket
and kiss new breath from me. To those who can't
behold your fading moonlight beauty radiating from
your precious eyes, a tender gaze. Never witnessing an
instance when you held time still forever in your matron
hands. Rise from your casket revive this effigy. New life
will feed your starving lungs. New blood will surge
through collapsed arteries, and I'll hold you through it
all.

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