

## Sevenschurch "Autobituary"

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How many years have I slept in this grey? Engulfed in the binding, tissue remain. Secluded from sunlight, so weak inside. My strength eroded, my spirit survives. Death holds me no escape, trapped, cannot bear my wake, life takes peace in mistake. Rule of a Dynasty, entombed by my decree, lost in sad memory. I feel the burning sun, shouts in the ancient tongue, pain built the rest of one. I still live. Sweat, spoil. Blood, toil. Eyes of Horus, enforced sight, a ceaseless conscience, that breathes inside. How cold the gaze, I see the age. Advance invention, they mystify. New life, calls me, greatness, I see. Science, logic, fortune, beyond me. Insight, incites, inflames, invites. Find me, free me, raise me, wake me. I still live. How many years have I slept in this grey? Engulfed in the binding, tissue remain. Secluded from sunlight, so weak inside. My strength eroded, my spirit survives. Auto-obituary. Auto-obituary. I still live. Autobituary. Eyes of Horus, enforced sight, ceaseless conscience, that breathes inside. I wait alone, darkness my home. Waiting for someone, my torment to end.

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