

## Summer's End "Walking The Night"

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My reflection is a skeptical fear of  
Bruising cuts as soft as a fresh gash  
Because these contradictions can be  
Like razors cutting down slow to end  
All of the apathy to cover my scars  
Covering all thoughts of conception  
Endure hated contrast of moments  
Broken into clusters of tales  
My lungs are fading into black  
Gasps for scarce lag of vanity  
A collection of lies infest the wound  
Leaving deaths door open for me  
A final soul of criminal intent  
Will be found and convicted  
Memories existing down the long path  
With my lifes embrace  
Holding on while I pick up pieces  
And my fingertips burn away  
Unable to realize identity  
And nothing will cange the horror  
Ravish legions come to burn it away  
Punishment painto impose on torment  
A child sinning, a haunting gratitude  
Blasphemy in cursed followers

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