

## **The Fall Of Every Season "From Below"**

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In the midst of these crying walls  
Past and presence formed,  
Yet memories were never kept alive.  
If they were to, they'd swallow every bit of hope.  
A day to see light rise.

Watch paint spread under the tyrian sky.  
Feeding on ascending rays.  
Carried by emotion. A day to be.  
But inside was a thundering rage.

A merciless storm under tranquillized control.  
Bearable silence until the unbearable awoke.  
Lived in this nightmare, this prideless coffin,  
Buried below, but not below ground.

Between the cracks, observed a hopeless destiny.  
The guardian, the lock, the detestec lack of possibility.

Devouring effect.  
Called beyond this life, beyond this god.  
Screeches echoed in apathic surroundings,  
Only to reach who he didn't call.

So in the midst of these crying walls  
Past and presence formed,  
Yet memories were never kept alive.  
It they were to, they'd swallow every bit of hope.  
A day to see light rise.

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