

# Tyranny

## "In The Arcane Clasp Of Unwritten Hours"

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Like a bliss of malaise this tainted air compels me  
The unwrit hours pass again unheeded

Stillness, like a cold vengeance, no life shifts...  
Grey ghost painted to the halls of ennui  
Falling dust weaves bleary torpid scenes through a  
bleak day  
In this drifting miasma sore eyes staring through the  
weary schemes of death

Strain of a stranger will bound me from within  
Grip devoid of strength and the weight of dying stone

Forlorn, torn wisps of malady seethe... and entrance  
me  
This picturesque scene fragile or so it seems, still  
unchanging beyond endurance.

Vagrant shadows tire of motion and abandon the  
empty halls harvesting the decay of the centuries past

Arcana of darkest kind this bleary sentiment unceasing  
like lying awake without will dreaming without dawn.

And the strength slowly drains, lay still and cease in  
the strenuous grasp of sloth

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