

Tyranny

"Upon The War-Torn Shape Of Cold Earth"

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Bleak solar glow blind eye of the sun
Abandoned in the sky seeking to pass the withering
earth
Lost in its are as the horizons bend in inverse motion

And the dying earth groans stretching in war-torn
shape
Strange images trailed in the dust

Oceans are a mire growing with ancient stones
Weed-grown bones of the older earth reaching from
the churning swamp

Star-fire of putrescent hues linking the spheres
Expanses of space compromised by the ageless glyphs
The gate yawns to black nebulae
Corpse-palloured ancient suns
Space-faring comets
Teeming with inhuman life

Cold earth turns unheeding 'midst the fire of nameless
stars
Cold earth turns unheeding on black timeless gulfs
afar

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