

## Dusks Embrace

### "Counting The Rosaries"

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Taken we crawl to the remnants of a society ruled with  
a clenched fist.  
Wading through the metaphors with the rest.  
Knee deep in Judas flow we walk along the  
Beaten path of despair.  
We crawl.  
Counting the Rosaries as they fall.  
Might without matter, a shield left guarding your mind.  
All wisdom mistaken as a belief, and a stone to guide  
you in line.  
Reason escaping as you enlighten, the words  
Slowly turn to verses, inspired by a euphoric biblical  
presence.  
The answers now more obvious when you are lost.  
Flesh to the fire and the sins washed away.

Who to blame now.  
The mornings prove witness with torture to the witches.  
The proud, the difference, my eyes now stained with  
the blood of respite.  
But still I stand watching the insolence piercing my  
mind.  
Who to blame now.  
Now unleashed from a cage, a state of mental  
pandemonium.  
With the end now far from sight.  
The excuses now too many, without reason.  
Falling short of our goal to reach salvation we might...  
But now conviction sets deep in the hearts of the  
congregation.  
Where to go now with your faith undone?

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