

Fit For An Autopsy

"The Executioner"

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Undeserving and rightfully so for all that is good.
There is a flaw in
The soul. A misstep in the art of creation. Great evils
that harbor in
The minds of man. We go on searching for God, when
we have finally
Lost ourselves. Congregations of hysterical witnesses.
No longer blind
To the visions in our dreams. Lamented in the thought,
this day would
Be your last. Crippled by the fact that you have been
left behind to
Serve as a reminder that the faithless would never be
forgiven.
Loathsome wanderers. Nomadic incompetence. Failure
to survive.
Faceless advocates of disgrace. A race of scum. Every
citizen, child,
Scholar, and teacher. Cursed at birth. Swallowed by it's
very
Existence. only in the end as our ashes escape into the
atmosphere. A
Beautiful and righteous ether encapsulates the world.
There will be
Peace in the silence. There will be no more. May the
ancestors of our
Once great civilizations mourn us in the lighted sky, for
we all rest
In ash, deep in the blackest darkest depths of our very
own hell. You
Will never hold the hand of god. You will never hold the
hand of god.
You will never hold the hand of god. You will never hold
the hand of
God. For it is hell, not the devil that I have held inside
my heart.
It is the guilt, not the ghost that will haunt me. Every
time I close
My eyes, I remain within this soil. As a servant of my
own sorrow.
They see me as I am. I am nothing.

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