

## The Ready Set

### "October"

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Death is overwhelming  
Scatters and deflects  
Evolution  
Trembles in meagre respect  
Shades of my insanity  
Withering deeply in me  
Stumps of my everlasting lie

Where am I running to?  
Treachery stains the embracing sky  
Here's no crest for my mortality  
False glory grown in me  
Is this my last goodbye?

Seasons, self-righteous hosts  
Sweeping time  
False breedings are tainting the cores  
Despoiled sun

Run and hide  
To sleep forever

Deepening scores rip my time-withered skin  
My growling voice dissolves the chants blazing in  
green

I can't stay  
My path is coming to an end  
Grey, shivering dreams are lulling the land

I should sleep until everything dies  
On this hallowed land  
The cycle halts, I'm fading away  
Silently  
It's over

As the sun falls down  
Last oblique ray  
The final sprigs burn out  
Ash-seeds of Fate

Seeds, self-righteous moors  
False breedings are tainting the cores  
No shelter, no prowess, no pain halts time

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