

Autumn Offering, The "The Calm After The Storm"

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Five hundred and fifteen days and nights later
The generation is still doomed to watch its fate.
Flash on a screen, inevitable blinding horizon,
On high alert for terror this has to be a dream.

Have you ever wondered what it's like
To feel the earth crash into you?
Have you ever wondered
What it would be like to feel
There's nothing you could do?

This sky can't hold us all, so just set it ablaze
Swallowed by the fire, laid to rest in the bowels of
humanity.
Winters coming,
Please tear me away from this.
Just let them keep itching each other's trigger finger.
It's all a matter of who will blink first.

When its all over where will we go?

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