

The Seventh Gate (The 7th Gate) "The Rubble of Glory"

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handing out handjobs and fingerfucks
to the poor
traces of incest that appease the masses
hints of abortion
linger in the smoke
that emits from the rubble of glory
a passionless murder is whispered
just as silence has once chilled our streets
children weep heavily
awaiting the apocalypse
i once shared a vision with a holy man
we danced in house of God
sharing silence
we watched the last fire
fizzle out to nothingness
i await the last drop of hope
but my cries cannot be heard
over the famine and the filth and the wreckage
as the world as we once knew it collides
with the wars of God and demon
hate and love
death and life
sounds of thousands marching to the graves
stenches of vomit and emaciated lives combine
causing my nostrils to flare
and my heart to race
is there no escape from this wretched place?
is there no escape from this wretched place?
is there no escape from this wretched place?

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