

The InterBeing "Fields Of Grey"

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Faltering into the entity of time,
I see the prospect of your wrongs.
The end consoled in the clarity of sorrow...
Of the fated.
Witness the turn of tide that disintegrates,
Unraveling the hole in me.
The grey fields in my sleep...
The sphere of the unsaved.

The skyline is chemical.
I wait for the ground to resemble the sun,
Watching the ashes descend from the sky.

Dust surrounds us in whole, but
The purpose of the proud will not be covered.
The end is close and revolves on the axis
Of unknown premonitions; our desolation.
In the sight of things to come,
I can't find the one way out of this grey foretold.
You won't live forever,
Eternity in subtlety is choking you.

Hear the calls,
Your penitence in the distance.
Feel the surge,
Thunderstorms in subsistence.

Rising up through time,
Resist the spin.
Rising up through time,
Insurrecting the spin.

Unraveling the hole in me,
The grey fields in my sleep...

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