

Lair Of The Blind Ones

Burning the Masses

Dusk ties its sector down to the root of echelon.
The dogs sit and wait.
This transparent form of vividness separates the
mountains and dement.
Uprooted, the spies from hell are perceptible.
Their spine removed.
They horn for the poison originator.
Emerged.
The inclination of man begins.
The four figures of luminescence betrothalment lead to
the corruption of my father's son.
Demented and forgotten.
The tower of our sanity crumbles.
Through the fear and demolition,
The free will of minions is returned.
The blind ones; Counting heartbeats to compose a target
and location.
The blind eyeless form of hate march their ways from the
pits of venom to the surface.
Procreate.
Sightless and forgotten; The fellowship of hate.
Imperceptive to impetuous; Enslavement for the weaker
breed.
Lair of the blind ones transfigure from hell like and
inconceivable to a spoiler for revelation's catastrophic
scale.

Hope is fiction.