

The Executioner

Fit For An Autopsy

Undeserving and rightfully so for all that is good. There is a
flaw in
The soul. A misstep in the art of creation. Great evils that ha
rbor in
The minds of man. We go on searching for God, when we have fina
lly
Lost ourselves. Congregations of hysterical witnesses. No longe
r blind
To the visions in our dreams. Lamented in the thought, this day
would
Be your last. Crippled by the fact that you have been left behi
nd to
Serve as a reminder that the faithless would never be forgiven.
Loathsome wanderers. Nomadic incompetence. Failure to survive.
Faceless advocates of disgrace. A race of scum. Every citizen,
child,
Scholar, and teacher. Cursed at birth. Swallowed by it's very
Existence. only in the end as our ashes escape into the atmosph
ere. A
Beautiful and righteous ether encapsulates the world. There wil
l be
Peace in the silence. There will be no more. May the ancestors
of our
Once great civilizations mourn us in the lighted sky, for we al
l rest
In ash, deep in the blackest darkest depths of our very own hel
l. You
Will never hold the hand of god. You will never hold the hand o
f god.
You will never hold the hand of god. You will never hold the ha
nd of
God. For it is hell, not the devil that I have held inside my h
eart.
It is the guilt, not the ghost that will haunt me. Every time I
close
My eyes, I remain within this soil. As a servant of my own sorr
ow.
They see me as I am. I am nothing.