

Skull Session

Skinless

Desolation and Depression
Bleak tundra of bones
Dried and destroyed by time
Cured and preserved by a prolonged winter

Of one hundred years
Barely a trace, yet the past emerges from the ice
The dust and the despair

The future and the failure

The face of demise
The realization of hate

SKULL SESSION
The wickedness destroyed
SKULL SESSION
Fall into the void

Meeting of the minds
In a place where you belong, dead and starring
Into each other's eyes
Blood surrounds, dried, with flies
Carrion birds circle, your only memorial
Pissed on and forgotten, eyes protrude your skull

Your only memorial

Combing through the artefacts
Of your wretched death
Finding only fragments
Of a fitting end
Bludgeoned and beaten
After decapitation
A desecration act befalls your kind

Your only memorial

Fossilized in failure
Frozen in defeat