

## The Forfeit

### After the Burial

Every time your lips spill their poisonous words, they infect the  
ones you claimed to have cared for.  
We are gored by your serrated ways.  
We shed our faith, we've bled oceans for your cause.  
We shed our faith in your atrocity.  
We've come to claim a thousand lives to live.  
Open hands will shape what little time we have.  
We exude our servitude to a lifetime of deceptive worship.  
Righteous hands will rise, if only to redeem the city of the gods.  
And in ourselves we trust.  
A thousand fists will rain.  
This mighty downpour will wash away.  
There is new hope in every open eye.  
Promise to ourselves that these words will never die.  
We exude our servant hood to a lifetime of immoral worship.  
Righteous hands will rise, if only to redeem the souls of the meek.  
Burn your spores so your plague will not manifest in the hearts  
of the innocent.  
And when the blackest day becomes forever grey, the ash will scatter  
of what has not remained.  
The ashes have buried you.