

## Atmosphere

Aphotic

The soul of the sky lie  
Besmeared and torn  
The horizon up high  
Below I lie forlorn  
From the atmosphere once unbright  
I was born  
The followers of light, uncontrite  
Have ripped  
The hole up high in the sky  
To chase the sun  
Darkness they took as I overlook  
With scorn  
Followers of the sun  
Revealed starkness  
Their son is dead  
I baptize with darkness