

Dark Lung Of The Storm

Aura Noir

in deranged sleep I dream of storms
returning from stricken fields
monumentally indifferent
unhindered by moral restraint

at my behest it'll all be grinded
down to the bare minerals
as the sky reverberates
like forests of gallows

the hillsides are in flames
remnants of past cosmic battles
like iron and rockslide
in the dark lung of the storm

perpetual fluctuations
of a threadbare empire
properly returned to the dirt
like the last of the black glaciers