

## The Burial Ground of God

Devilyn

Join a funeral  
Let's take an importance and dignity of  
The moment.  
There is a darkness sarcophagus  
In front of us.  
And inside there is a corpse of a dead god  
Who burried forever  
With his dead, lying rules.  
The prayers come to us from below,  
But he, as a god  
Has never heard them.  
But the time has come for him, too  
Like for every god of all times.  
The greatest the most powerfull  
And just has come to the throne.  
He looks proudly at his kingdom  
And the burial - ground of gods,  
Where the funeral with the sarcophagus  
Treads dispassionately.  
The most powerful's name  
Sounds in the chaos.  
But among the great,  
Ancient graves  
There is also his.  
Every god dies.  
The believers make him die.  
His dead star emits light  
Over the powerful burial - grounds of gods.  
Buried religions and cultures,  
Forgotten rules of the universe  
Who come back to their  
Primary ruler.  
Nobody has the courage  
To open graves!  
There is no way to foresee  
A burried disaster  
For million years.