

Silent Are the Watchers

Dismember

If my wrath broke up tombs
and swept away thresholds
pushing broken old values
into dark pits
if my hate would blow
rotten words to dust
like a cleansing wind
through moulding graves

Then I could rejoice
where gods lay entombed
covered with the sands of time
beside the keepers of a dying faith

Silent are the watchers

Even I would love the church
if the sun watchers down
through cracked domes
on the worms below

Silent are the watchers
gargoyles of a glorious past
perched upon their thrones
in cold shadow cast
across infinite reaches
unto new morals
away from this filthy domain