

Temples That Breathe

Hecate Enthroned

Another church clock tower rises
It penetrates and splits the sky
The bruised clouds scatter
The sun gapes and seeps bloody fire
Our people are watching
As the clock is counting down
The hands are turning
Creaking and groaning

Your men of god
Are beyond his command
Who is left to heal
Our hollow children
Ghoulish men draped in magnificence
Stalk these corridors of ancient stone
Contorted into repugnant form
Lashing out with cruel tendrils

Deeds unspoken
Innocence broken
Who will heal our hollow children
The kingdom is drowned
In a deluge of silent rainfall
And a sorrow is thrown
Over this land
The face of innocence is now ashen
And forever distant
A curse cast down
By a sinister synod

These temples that breathe
Hubris and hellfire
Knee deep in flooded lands
Knee deep in sickness and sewer

Another church clock tower is rising
It penetrates and splits the sky
The bruised clouds scatter
The sun gapes and seeps bloody fire
Our people are watching
As the clock is counting down
The hands are turning
Creaking and groaning
A strike of the hour
And the bells will sound
Our signal to mourn
The end of childhood