

# All Time Low

Inter Arma

On the deserted shore of a distant sea  
A man shouts to the sky  
His speech arcane, his eyes grave and feral

What has brought him here on such a pale morning?  
These shores are no place for aimless wandering as  
The piles of bleached bones can attest

Why does he clamor relentlessly to an empty sky?  
Straining to be heard over the crashing of waves

In the shadows of crumbling structures just past the shore  
Where his rants are entirely ignored, is there any life? Any still breath?  
Any blank eyes fixed upon his every move?

As a vile wind starts to whip its way along the stale lifeless coast  
The man falls to his trembling knees. His mouth silenced - paralyzed by agony  
Will he survive the horrid night?

As night begins to blanket the remains of this empty day  
The man writhes in the damp sand, succumbing to an unrelenting misery

Night has returned to transform the sky into a still obsidian ocean  
Sight has been vanquished to the grasp of absolute nightfall  
The man knows that these are his final hours  
The man knows that this is his all time low

All time low