

Age Of Man

Joshua Tillman

Holy visions, barren spirit
Earthly comforts in the weeks after the end
Keeping watch for a highway that could steer
The endless brother from the gods that trespassed here
Countless images no more avenged or feared
In the Age of Man...
In the Age of Man...

Unwed covenant, brazen promise
Diseased music sounds no longer in my ears
Birds will as they always have proclaimed
Sculpted stone left unattended rose away
The light in the cavern and the orchard is the same
In the Age of Man...
In the Age of Man...

Nameless purpose, blessed Union
Godless children free to sing the untamed will
The stake in through the hands that stole his death
False bride revealed and stripped of unwon righteousness
No more inherent to those born upon the breast
In the Age of Man...
In the Age of Man...

A scarecrow lying facedown in the grass
The wooden beams resemble something from the past
Not long enough to make him hide from the day's task
In the Age of Man...
In the Age of Man...