

Imperialus

Mechina

The ashes of unrest do a dance under a cold sky
Fireflies, made from our demise

These shadow empires entombed
These ashes are all that's left of home
Pages of the skinned, carried off in the wind
Into a distant sky, to be spoken again

Screams of the flock
Cry out for design

This power of one
A savior to none

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The skies open and paints a portrait with no use of color
The ground reflects a world that has been torn asunder

My home has been entombed under ashes
My only hope is to envision a new world