

# Sovereign

Neurosis

her rain is black rust  
and melts down heavy on dreaming heads  
it cuts through  
she floods the dark oads of the past  
like the dark night embraces a shadow

a fold in time brings her madness  
worn from and age of wars  
a sovereign pain

a will tattered by a thousand storms  
and explosion of memories echod in the skull

faith in this will bring us all to her  
we will know and feel all that is real