

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