

The Architect

The Crimson Armada

Brace yourself.

The towers arch over our heads.

The signs inching down our necks carve the path of our existence.

No obelisk could be printed in the temple walls.

Perfection to the micrometer and no pillar could ever fall.

Brace yourself.

The sky is a dance of culling blades.

Encircle as knifehand prays to incise before ascending.

Surely the sea had been split and from its middle ground rose a serpent from a stick.

We have regressed with every step we grow much closer but now we tear the horns and beg the books will end the torture.

He who kneels before his lord is saved.

The towers above and the infinite throne have watched over millions of centuries to show there is not in existence a word to describe the love the creator has left for mankind.

The structures convey the majestic framework of the consuming earth, oceans placed universe.

Constructed pieces scream the same verse in his name.

Kneel before your lord.

Rest easy child.

You are saved.

He who kneels before his lord is saved and will behold the architect.

Behold the architect.

Brace yourself for time is proportioned now to stop dead and planets will come to sudden halt.

Brace yourself. Mountains will turn over in guilt the footwork will uproot itself exposing everything its built.

Brace yourself to feast eyes upon the most merciful most gracious light that any man could ever have beheld within his sight.

Kneel before the throne.

Seconds will race encasing quickly clouding thoughts, masking thy conviction tracing all to be untaught.

Pressed forehead to the floor, flow tears for mindless solace upon the edge of crafting fate where it's met with oceanic abyss

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Deliver what is mine to take for I submit unfaltering faith.

He who kneels before his lord is saved.

Kneel before your lord.