

Stitched Back From Deth

The Gates of Slumber

Darkness fades after eons of sleep.
Am I reborn?
From my grave torn?
Bound in chains
Yet no beast am I
Though cold steel bars
Mismatched eyes see sky
My rage grows
A powder keg
On bleeding knees
Will creator beg
Smash the walls
Cold and grey
Scorn the light of holy day