Beneath

Ulcerate

Rejection
In gasping air from vast surrounds
Subjection to all that breathes it
Suffocate in the idle and empty
It calls for no one

The beast of no will
Gives rise the servants of cause
They hold their breath as it sets behind the hill
Banishing them to the dark

It will set and rise again and again

Speaking only of your end
It pierces your unyielding pretense
The illusion shattered and exhausted

It will set and rise
Dull and fruitless
It will set and rise again and again
With no ambition

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