

Cold Becoming

Ulcerate

Sleep now, willing hosts
In envy, accede to this void of life so bleak and fragile
There is only silence here
No resistance

A silent corrosion of mind

This innocence lost
The tide long retreating
You cannot see above the walls, encircling high

This sanctuary and its need, infectious
You will not see again
The infected will never see again

To claim this as nothing
You should not be of this world
Of those who preach death
Your words are poison
And those of stone in apathy
You crawl with them

You crawl with them in decay

This cold becoming never dethroned

Of those who claim this fire as nothing
I will forever despise