

Life. A Prologue Of Death

Unprocessed

Steal beams sprout their branches over streetvales
Grey forests spit fire and noise
Scattered details sprawl out of the glut
An epilogue of constant, rhythmic breath
Streams of stifling wind that creeps in the lungs
And into everybody's mind

The fear
To be on a pointless way
To strive
For the perfection in death

Soughing breath of lonesome furnaces
Rattling bronchia vomit blood
Shattered heads rest at the kerbstone
Mournful distance shimmers in vapour
Hordes of aliens shovel guts into the night
And warm rain trickles down the drain

The raw
Footsteps on the pointless way
That strive
Until there's nothing at all