

My Days Until

Deinonychus

From the crypts of time it hounds me...
An answer would cease this barren fight.
The stars pierce the vault of night, my path estranged from time.
The slumber of twilight tantalises my vision;
I shall await my sun as the Above has told.
Await...

Floundering oblivion, hundering the vanished soil-
Yet wisdom eludes.
God; who is God? Is He the one who keeps all the answers from me?
The slumber of twilight tantalises my vision;
I still await my sun as the Above has told.
Await...