

in these final days before the end and its crusades voiceless among the walking dead, hands extend towards the heavens without wings nor soul of light masked beneath and betrayed, all along we have known that this day would come, signs have always been here. the son of man rise from your graves, rise salvation. alone in the eyes of a dreamer silenced by lies, imprisoned by your fear. rise from your graves, rise, the sickened wings expand, cowering in their shadow. I only inhale the horror, understanding what has become and what soon shall be. blackened heart of the same, a taste unlike any other, awake like never before. several realizations decide to resume rational thought. much later it is forgotten trust. where can such a diseased angel solitude, preyed upon by our brothers, slip into horizon's daze and all that began anew.