

Humankind

Obscura

Humankind lined up, before abysses of fire
Murder drums rolling, dark warriors brows
Paces through mist of blood
Black iron clanging
Despair, night in sorrowful brains

Under the branches of olive trees
At night they scream in their sleep
Into the festering mark of the wound
The hand of Saint Thomas plunges deep

Behold the shadows eve, hunt and blood money
A tempest, the light is cracked, the last supper
In bread and wine lies a gentle silence
And the once have gathered, twelve in number