

## Skull Session

Skinless

Desolation and Depression  
Bleak tundra of bones  
Dried and destroyed by time  
Cured and preserved by a prolonged winter

Of one hundred years  
Barely a trace, yet the past emerges from the ice  
The dust and the despair

The future and the failure

The face of demise  
The realization of hate

SKULL SESSION  
The wickedness destroyed  
SKULL SESSION  
Fall into the void

Meeting of the minds  
In a place where you belong, dead and starring  
Into each other's eyes  
Blood surrounds, dried, with flies  
Carrion birds circle, your only memorial  
Pissed on and forgotten, eyes protrude your skull

Your only memorial

Combing through the artefacts  
Of your wretched death  
Finding only fragments  
Of a fitting end  
Bludgeoned and beaten  
After decapitation  
A desecration act befalls your kind

Your only memorial

Fossilized in failure  
Frozen in defeat