

# The Unseen

Solstice

The ghost of god  
Sucking the breath from my lungs  
I fear, I dream  
I convulse in pain the unseen

Not yet reborn  
Still separated  
Breathless I lay

Thought has left my mind  
Death has been refined  
Lungs have ceased to breath  
Dead I'm forced to be

Tension and fear  
Grips me through my punishment  
I fall condemned  
Forced into uncertainty

Memory fades  
Life is sucked away  
Torturing pain  
Collapsed my chest remains

Down on my knees  
I pray to be relieved  
Choking on blood  
Eyes rolled back I'm dead