

Born to the Grave

Ten

This book of days is stained with violence,
There's not a semblance of humanity.
I only pray this page is lineless,
That no man speaks of this sanity.

I cast a stone for the screams of silence,
Sometimes it's hard to remember my name,
I stand alone, a seed in the half light,
Lost to the fray...
Every page of this book lies stanced.
Watch as we bleed...

This is a manic age of blind and mindless rage.
Ravaged by the malice of time.
But walls and palisades
Can't help us fight the plague.
How did the creatures of light
Become born the grave....?

This wretched need to feed in timeless,
Can't fight the motion of a restless sea,
Mistrust and greed, disease inside us,
We make it harder than it has to be...

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Sometimes it's hard to remember my name,
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