

Altar of Plagues, Feather and Bone

It is a familiar place that the road leads toward.
Forever dying and stripped of all but nothing and fed to nothing.
Wide eye cannot see the beyond, they will not look upon it's face.
The ride to that which has no soul, the ride to nothingness.
Words fall empty, words filled with heart
The wide distance pulls us apart.
Horses are rapid and ready. White light chases light.