

Blood, Dread

The texture of dread carved and hewn
Sandwiched, nailed in
Waiting in between
Unconsciousness and sleep (and death)
Half life of surrender
Dread is the wood
With which we build our selfmade casket
Passivity are the nails
You cannot cheat the unknown
Know your fear - fight the fight
Only then...even then...
DREAD

[Martin Witchskinner 4/94]