

# 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]