

# Ceschi, End Of Skies

(Icon the Mic King)

how do you run from the sky when it falls on you?  
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I thought the last days was a catch phrase  
someone made it to the finish line in the rat race  
that may collapse a wall in this glass maze  
its artistry is largely seen as pass  
really it's right as rain on this token hero  
time is finished when sky's the limit...approaching zero  
behold a pale trojan horse the form of a vaccine  
silent weapon, quiet war of the world of the banshee  
and we touch the stars in a literal sense  
while our dystopia's crushed to a minuscule myth  
woe is me throwing these stones - no religious defense  
see me at the crossroads still tryna sit on the fence

(David Ramos)

It's a self imposed massacre  
when the heavens turn to flames  
and the petroleum rain drops fuel the fires  
fleeing on top of the mountains away from the waters  
attempting to swallow  
us alive  
must survive  
trust in CHRIST  
or whatever exotic particle composition product of your imagination  
that you believe in  
rely on something greater than yourself  
when yourself is helpless  
it's when the sycophants turn to JESUS  
defeated fetuses  
drowning in ocean crevices  
sub-aquatic tumbled tunnels  
turn to defective fallopian tubes  
it's the wrath of greed  
the act of Gods  
2012

(Shoshin)

When the Colossus comes, crashing through a sky on fire  
The Earth will quake and mark the end of the Prophet's run  
The burst and break of the surface will certainly service  
The birth of opaque, pestilent smoke to block the lungs  
We knew we'd perish in this future furnace  
After all the truest prophecies are told by those who mold the outcome  
A solid mix of dollar mints and talcum tinted tentacles  
Exalt the Chaplain of the ashen chasm!  
Our policy of never reevaluating our policies  
Will give rise to pandemic damages  
White lies and red death for the brandishing  
A revolution of stillness; the marching of the mannequins  
A twisted vision that mimics movements of crippled pigeons  
Folding \$20's till trees imitate smoke from bombarded buildings  
In a fallout shelter future, extinction will scream from silos  
The blood of man will run, red will flood the land  
So say your prayers ridden with false hopes  
because the plague prevails and chokes with a grip that grabs ghosts  
Yes! Hark the herald Angel of Death!  
The peril will mangle and spread  
Until "Life" is just a new name for the dead

(Ceschi)  
no clouds..  
it wasn't white...  
there were no angels flying around  
no fire..  
it wasn't red...  
there was no anti-christ nor christ  
and the night did not ignite  
into a fiery pit of dogfights and demonic delight  
instead it was quite like a slight ray of light  
flashing in seconds  
barely attainable by sight  
in the end human life felt so damn trife  
as if there was never a plight or a war  
a knife or a sword  
delight or abhor  
no glory  
no delusions of grandeur  
no more  
how do you run from the sky when there's none left  
how do you run from the sky when it swallows you  
how do you run from the sky when you're stuck on a treadmill floating  
in thin air that leads to nowhere