

Converge, Locust Reign

Awaken from the bliss of sleep,
The daybreak haunts you in such a subtle light,
I hear them, they tell me these roads we have travelled,
Fork up beyond the bend.

Beneath the flutter of desperate wings,
They sing a song of reclamation,
Where tomorrows hanging horizon,
Interrupts the hum of electrical towers.

Here, there are the shallow graves,
The shallower romances,
And the shallowest of words still to be spoken,
And there you are with open ears.

Locust reign on your parade.