

Down, Pillars Of Eternity

Crumbling world falls through my hands
In my mouth taste bitter sands.
Grass is burning, pulse is slow.
Drip by drip my backwards growth... crawl.
Fade to hate.
And I'll die within my fade
Wine, song, women, birth
This deflowered mother earth
Planting, plowing, how she grieves.
The seeds that grow these dying trees
Fade to hate
And I'll die within my fade
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