

# Fear Of God, All That Remains

Powerlines... steel webs confine,  
violating the brownish sky.

Hard grey smothers,  
earth,  
like cancer.

Cracks revealing, ground below  
broken and bleeding  
every seed, every stone.

I know the feeling the loss of control  
voice of reason slips away  
eyes staring back at me  
so dark so cold  
reflecting all that remains.

Who can tell the torture of the soul?  
Is it wrong...tell me is it wrong  
...to close your eyes...to sleep forever?

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voice of reason slips away  
eyes staring back at me  
so dark so cold  
reflecting all that remains.