

Scythe, Run

Sleep, for now You still dare to,
Keep your eyes closed as you do,
Breathe, and feel how your heart beats
Peace won't last any longer than your
Dreams

On, I have to go on,
don't turn around, run and keep my back
bent, 'cause it is on my heels
and its breath caressing me,
damp, so close and pressing me

faster, I have to go faster,
or it will be past me and I will be
passed, God, it is so fast,
my heart is of glass, how long will it
last? Knees that bend and hurt
and feet that burn and tread wet sand,
bleed and leave a fat shed trace,
shining, it's nostrils refining
upon a race dying in monstrous pace

What is it, a man or a beast?
Just why did it turn upon me?
A shadow, grotesque, incomplete
Its panting and croaking a spell
looming, tow'ring, weaving a cell,
for my thoughts in blistering hell

Go, a stumble, just go, a twig hanging low,
row row your boat,
no, the sun is still up there,
slow, growing filling the air,
Ho, Phoebus' reddening fair
Chariot, far from its lair, tear it, be fair,
just don't spare it, your glare a spear

My blood freezing while I haste on
Its smell oozing vile all along
Roasting my brain in milelong tongs

Lightening, frightening rages the gale
Thunder, under pressure not to fail
Blowing, glowing fire, the sky
Burning, churning arrow in your eye

Still, behind me a will, to blind me and kill,
a mind, just to
spill a life, to quench its thirst, still alive,
the prey, a curse fills the air, who pays, which purse
ringing, whose silver is singing,
who is the one bringing this chase to end?

Sins I repent, Tears, falling, die....
Path blurring, now steps falter, my
cry: who are you? Why, answer, why?