

Sundown, Judgement Ground

silence from within these walls
spread the virus amongst you all
embryos of apocalyptic minds - my kind
nerves all twisted in a knot
the little things that they forgot
hatred - sweet like syrup on my tongue - so young

sinking down into the deep
screams will cradle them to sleep
vengeance in the heart of guilty men - what then
fragments of what used to be
crawl in shame for all to see
cut the strings - the marionette lies still - first kill