

# Tyranny, In The Arcane Clasp Of Unwritten Hours

Like a bliss of malaise this tainted air compels me  
The unwrit hours pass again unheeded  
Stillness, like a cold vengeance, no life shifts...  
Grey ghost painted to the halls of ennui  
Falling dust weaves bleary torpid scenes through a bleak day  
In this drifting miasma sore eyes staring through the weary schemes of death  
Strain of a stranger will bound me from within  
Grip devoid of strength and the weight of dying stone  
Forlorn, torn wisps of malady seethe... and entrance me  
This picturesque scene fragile or so it seems, still unchanging beyond endurance.  
Vagrant shadows tire of motion and abandon the empty halls harvesting the decay of the centuries  
Arcana of darkest kind this bleary sentiment unceasing like lying awake without will dreaming without  
And the strength slowly drains, lay still and cease in the strenuous grasp of sloth