

Tyranny, Upon The War-Torn Shape Of Cold Earth

Bleak solar glow blind eye of the sun
Abandoned in the sky seeking to pass the withering earth
Lost in its are as the horizons bend in inverse motion
And the dying earth groans stretching in war-torn shape
Strange images trailed in the dust
Oceans are a mire growing with ancient stones
Weed-grown bones of the older earth reaching from the churning swamp
Star-fire of putrescent hues linking the spheres
Expanses of space compromised by the ageless glyphs
The gate yawns to black nebulae
Corpse-palloured ancient suns
Space-faring comets
Teeming with inhuman life
Cold earth turns unheeding 'midst the fire of nameless stars
Cold earth turns unheeding on black timeless gulfs afar