

# A black rose burial, A baleful Aura in the Gaveyard

Far beyond appolyons lair  
across the sea of pestilence  
a sound of grim andantes blair  
pale orbs glide through remnants  
a planned utopia now in shards  
frostwork lines once scorching flames  
bullet hole piercings stop beating hearts  
though sounds of beating forever remain  
wraiths will pass  
and the days are bleak  
a blessing of strength  
is promised to the weak  
a cephalic slaying  
upon whom they shall seek  
chance of penitence  
before the pendulum swings  
the dead's residence  
buried in collapsed machines  
far beyond catastrophic  
a festivity of demise  
rise of the prophets  
spirits sounding battlecries  
a blood drawn map will  
guide their way  
to the chosen ones  
staggering and decayed  
no air fills their lungs  
flee for safety but its too late  
their judgement has ensured ill fate  
beg for forgiveness it wont pass  
take one more breath for it's the last  
clouded eyes will walk their way  
into the knife of a vengeance embraced  
a relentless assault upon the wicked hearts  
a relentless assault upon the wicked hearts  
sinners unto broken paths  
acts of fury relieves this wrath  
widows and children weep of their loss  
these acts of duty formed of just cause  
apparitions retreat to the violet sky  
hearing nothing more of their endless cries  
a baleful aura in the graveyard of broken gears  
sounds of steps breaking silence into fear  
they tried to hide and only ended up slain  
a massacre repeated by those unchained