

Autumn, Suffer The Wild Dogs

deep inside of me
like castle spires
tasting raw earth as they bleed into me
at this darkest hour I will join
the dogs an industrial cemetery is my only offering

smell the dogs and bathe their feet
in the light they shall retreat
but the sorrows they have seen
must incite you to believe
tasting our scorn they turn away
from those ruins of our decay
but the sorrows they have seen
must incite you to believe

holding them so close to me
to cradle them in the softest breeze
amidst shadowed forest greens
now plowed away to starve their dreams

crawling now on wounded limbs
over colorless stone
and stained glass debris
at this the darkest hour
i have joined the dogs
a smothered howl can hear my only offering

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