

Axamenta, Prophet Set To Witness

(03/28/1879 A.D. 4.50 AM, London, England)

I opened my eyes and I saw everything
The blueprints of the greater design
The curse of knowing
And being set to witness is mine

All my words they burn with revelations
Jagged sulphur dissolving the unknown
But they fall all upon deafened ears
Smothered on London's cold cobblestones

The deadweight of my knowledge
Deprives me from sanity
Twist my words to mirrorspeech
For I fail to make them see

No choice is left to those
Burdened with the darkest of secrets
Thus from the pulpit I
Scream to the pavement's soul of stone.

I will be the last shackle
In this EVER-ARCH-I-TECH-TURE
For it is too much to bare, to hold
The chainreaction is terminated

Yet so many revelations
of one clear image to see
they all paint one scene:
"A world covered in graves"

"I am set to witness"

No choice is left to those
Burdened with the darkest of secrets
Thus from the pulpit I
Scream to the cellwalls's cushioned souls of stone