

Burn The Priest, Lies Of Autumn

As the leaves fall yellowing like aged paper,
thoughts turn acrid and curl like cigarette smoke
rising from a butt ground out on my arm.
Step into this decay and experience dissolution.
Crucified on a plank of cruelty,
crucified on a plank of apathy
to sleep the winter away.
Immobile for the cold duration.
Huddled in isolation,
to sleep the winter away.