

Burst, Crystal Asunder

I see the cadence
Random
But altogether clear
This scorn was never mine
Though it's all that I hold dear

Futile charity
Holy promises
I dream it all away
This consequence is yours to keep
I shun it all away

Stone, buried asunder

I burn
Stale fever running high
Clawing at my skin
The temple
The wraith has had its say
In the bright
Transparent light

Stone, buried asunder

And I define a wanton cold
And I decline the patterns of old
You will never defeat
The cadence sublime

Stone.
Buried.
Asunder