

Circle Of Dead Children, Cremationism

Use my body to spark the fire that will burn all humanity into less than black ash

This is the narrator's last wish

Another bleeding poet with shattered fingers and a tendency to go blind upon request

The flames stroke the heavens and we see nothing

The flames scald the clouds and we see nothing

The last grain of sand will shatter the hourglass and comfort will only be found within our nightmare

The last grain of sand is gripped with shattered fingers

Too blind to see the flames

Too selfish to hold on