

Darkest Hour, An Ethereal Drain

Crossed out of our mindscapes
we're frozen in the time
stretched around your face a mask
a clever disguise ever
so enticing this corroding chemical synapse
spawn of a beast
an ethereal drain tatters on the brink
burst into a cloud of spores
explode into the atmosphere
weaving our lives with chaotic design siphons
what's left inside
suppress us
impress us with subtle delusions
and life-like proportions
bled into one another plagiarize
our dreams
a rift in eternity
all encompassing within it's entirety..
baptized in fire
leeching the underbelly
tired traditions
retired a discord within the choir
so sing the praise with your noiseless voices and pass the blame in the age of distorted reality
refined relief in chaos unleashed we find release