

# Mouth of the Architect, Soil To Stone

Slit wrist life and limb to that which is unknown.  
Sunchild breathe light waiting to expire.  
Today a grave for a sadness evermore.  
Insect sun of lucid skin.  
Bury your spine when soil turns to stone.  
The masses comatose.  
Marching into the storm.  
Bereft of all - take my soul.  
Lay my weary head to rest.