

The Sky Bearer

Becoming the Archetype

I carried the sky on my back

I caught it the day that it fell

All

Of the world had turned black

And stared into

The mouth of hell

It crushed all the mountains

And the tops of the trees

For a moment it even brought me to my knees

On my shoulders I lifted impossible weight

Up the mountains I bore

Unbearable freight

It was in silence that I arose

And in silence infinity closed

There are no words wasted

When death is tasted

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And in silence infinite closed

There are no words wasted

When death

When death. is. tasted.

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