

Delay's Progression

A Forest of Stars

We watched rain hammer the good weather, and waited for the end to start.

Sparks flew from chains dragged in servitude, watching colours fail and brightness turn to programmed dusk.

While tears burnt tracks in cold stone, all future to disappear beneath layers of sorrow.

Stone-clad solitude

Rain lashed epitaph.

All earthly shells divide.

Divide by zero...

We ignored the men stamping out the future, and smiled at the cathode rays.

Drizzle crawled over cracked portals to nowhere.

Afraid to face the grey infiltrating our bored darkness.

While rainbows feigned ignorance, all past lost in a deluge of tedium.

Media driven prison

Scavenger crawl.

All flesh corrupt.

Rot to multiply...

Colour washes out given time.

Time awaited ticks away.

Your lives lived in stolen fictions, words of men your protocol.

We shall re-tune your noise, into a steady blast.

Beating out an old tattoo, upon Eternity's Anvil.

All Father, hold fast for me!

Delaying the inevitable as seasons become as one.

All encompassing winter of servitude.

All is as nothing, all has nothing to become.

She cried, she cried, as all summer fell.

Took the Final by the scruff of its dirty neck, and flung it far into forever!

Waiting for delay to progress lost its appeal.

Shifting our weight against this seasonless somewhere, embroiled in a twisting universe simulated and unreal.

The final curtain fell, and fell.

And fell.

Leaving cleansing, crushing darkness to fend for herself...

Leached of colour, evolution gone full circle from tail, to head, to putrefaction.

Starting to End all over again, the stars cry for no-one.

As shades of grey become colour, we bow our heads for the passing of summer.

Into darkness now, to await Sol's triumphant return.

Firebrands rise!

Backlit headlines obscure and clot!