

Atmosphere

Aphotic

The soul of the sky lie
Besmeared and torn
The horizon up high
Below I lie forlorn
From the atmosphere once unbright
I was born
The followers of light, uncontrite
Have ripped
The hole up high in the sky
To chase the sun
Darkness they took as I overlook
With scorn
Followers of the sun
Revealed starkness
Their son is dead
I baptize with darkness