

## Skyquake

### Assemblage 23

The morning broke in eerie silence  
The ground beneath us cracked and dry  
Too self absorbed to even notice  
The cracks that formed up in the sky

Twisting  
Turning  
Freezing  
Burning  
Tearing  
Fusing  
Lucid  
Confusing  
Forceful rejection  
Open reception  
Dreaming and waking  
The process is taking too long

Take what we need at our convenience  
Another quick means to an end  
Too busy thinking of excuses  
For a practice we can not defend

Collapsing under its own weight  
The sky burns out  
As we kiss oblivion  
Upon its toothy mouth

Your well being does not concern us  
Any worries you must keep inside  
Do as we're told without a reason  
We never think to question why

Collapsing under its own weight  
The sky burns out  
As we kiss oblivion  
Upon its toothy mouth

We walk upon the fields of fire  
The smoldering bodies of our dead  
Our self-absorption is the reason  
It's the gun we point at our own heads

Collapsing under its own weight  
The sky burns out  
As we kiss oblivion  
Upon its toothy mouth