

# The Absolution Of What Once Was

Autumn Tears

Be prepared:

I shall not make way for thee  
But thou shalt make way for me!

I am not the one  
Whom hath planted future's seeds  
But reap upon the ground... of this moment  
So I may peel away life's clarity  
And slice thy previous intentions into tiny dreams

Demise:

An absolution of what once was;  
Commanding relief  
From thy commitment  
Old sentiments shall have no other use  
But to shine like glass on brittle pages

Yet, I shall repay your futile efforts  
The transience of mourning over definite loss  
Whilst confronting thy identity  
Through deformation past recognition  
Until thou findeth another self

Consistency is so easily cut  
Unawares by my scythe  
Which is known to have stripped shadows from mirror souls  
As I cross thy existence  
With the certainty of fate pinned to my heels  
Pinned to my heels

So, be prepared  
For I shall not make way for thee  
But for a different aftertime that follows me!