

## Lair Of The Blind Ones

### Burning the Masses

Dusk ties its sector down to the root of echelon.  
The dogs sit and wait.  
This transparent form of vividness separates the  
mountains and dement.  
Uprooted, the spies from hell are perceptible.  
Their spine removed.  
They horn for the poison originator.  
Emerged.  
The inclination of man begins.  
The four figures of luminescence betrothalment lead to  
the corruption of my father's son.  
Demented and forgotten.  
The tower of our sanity crumbles.  
Through the fear and demolition,  
The free will of minions is returned.  
The blind ones; Counting heartbeats to compose a target  
and location.  
The blind eyeless form of hate march their ways from the  
pits of venom to the surface.  
Procreate.  
Sightless and forgotten; The fellowship of hate.  
Imperceptive to impetuous; Enslavement for the weaker  
breed.  
Lair of the blind ones transfigure from hell like and  
inconceivable to a spoiler for revelation's catastrophic  
scale.

Hope is fiction.