

The Immaterialia

Burst

A silver sky and I lie down
You don't provoke my anymore
These hours try
And I go down
And horror yields a door
The light outlives the setting sun
End a day to shun
My senses slip
A lie begun
From all to none
The black as painted by the moon
Colour filth from which we've hewn
Beckon hell it ends too soon
All wanting hope and ruin
The storm that rose the crushing gale
Awaken into dismal pale
My senses blank, the sleepers veil
Where and why the burning fail
A nightmare catalyst
Harness delusion