

Temporary Temples

Byzantine

You are removed from the future database
No genetic code shall exist from this race

Hallelujah these scars are not permanent fixtures
They all shall fade away with time

The stars twinkle in the void
As two legged creatures scheme and dream in vain
In your minds you are temples
But in reality you are a disgrace

We give you temples of warning
Temporary signs of distress
The fissures you saunter are cracking
And your death, an imbalance it won't make