

The Wasteland

Chelsea Wolfe

It's gonna be a wasteland
It's gonna be a dark and narrow road
It's gonna be a fire
It's gonna be a heat you've never known

It's gonna be a wasteland
It's gonna be a gray dawn
Gray like the winter
A thousand years lost and gone

Keeping time with the clicking of your tongue against your teeth
The spelling words you used to know to mean such things keeping time
With your twitching fingers worn from the disease like humanity
A cancer never sows more than we reap

(If you could hear what I hear
The whole world moving at the same time)