

The Skies Are Blackened Not By Clouds, But Insects

Conducting From The Grave

Nails seem to rain from the sky.
A curse upon the common man.
To be chosen to disrupt this harmony.
An honor only to the spiteful, the heartless, and the hate driven.

A glimpse into the future. Standing on the edge of the world that has now fallen to an abrupt disorganization.
Breathe in the blackened sky.
Feel as the insects fill your lungs. Their reproduction.

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To be chosen to disrupt this harmony.
An honor only to the spiteful.
To be chosen to reign, but reign I will