

When Legends Become Dust

Conducting From The Grave

Sometimes I get the feeling that I am stuck in some sort of dream, unable to wake up, yet able to watch my entire world collapse around me.

Time is such a violent predator always waiting to hear the news post tragedies.

I've bid m farewell to every sunset and counted every moon. Sooner or later these tides are going to wash these towns away, and take every impurity with it.

From sewer to treetop they'll run to safety, cowering at their own reflection.

Behind it all will lay broken shells of worn out streetlights. The bulbs crumbled and splintered glass remains embedded in our heels.

Reminding us of a time no one can recall, when skyscrapers cursed the ground, and every tree screamed with outstretched arms, to a sky that wasn't listening.

Why are all involved to hurt?

To know what the trues form of human being is.

We can watch as they dine on the downfall of our emotions.

Streams of heartache and the volatile rage rattle the spines of bystanders, tearing the breath from our children's lungs.

Can you bear the sight of post collapse?

A thought of chaos crosses the minds of pure, and hollow eyes turned towards a dusken road.

Here is your ghost town in all its glory.

Movies of superimposed silhouettes play against the backboard of dusk drawing in every killer for miles.