

# Long I Feared That My Sins Would Return To Visit Me And The Cost Is Mo

Deinonychus

The night an overture that frightens my sentience  
Blurred visions of the past taken the midnight train  
Gas escaping from tubes hands straining to obscurity  
No station we would stop by straight on to Nemesis

The fire cauterizing creating a sun into those very nights  
Pictures remaining to visit the burden weighting so heavy  
Birds witness the smell of the burning ones coming their way  
I pray and pray but this midnight train is here to stay

Thousands have pledged for mercy at my knees in despair  
A gunshot through their head I really couldn't care  
The collection of tears would dowsing the candle forever  
Mindless I stare at dusk another train to arrive soon

Half a century later surrounded by grieving voices in pain The  
barrel pointed to my head would be my last train..