

When the Vultures Have Left

Devian

And over my shoulder you see,
The glistening sway of a scythe
For time the silver will dim, and the leap we are
Taking heads held high, upright
And I who would come when you want,
Walk through fire any nook or clime
A chill breeze swirls the leaves as we go
The old iron bell roars as it forebodingly chimes

Fringe of the lid
Walk through the grid
Lonely, I'll angels only
Accompany us, down we go
To our death

And the fear and the guilt come to pass,
But emotions ache, bursting inside
For the oath that we once swore in blood,
Idiots and unknowingly tyrants abide
And dark days with gloom and despair,
The seals - taste the bitter woe seven
A release for agonizing cold,
For the worms and the hallowing
Emptiness of heaven

Like shadows blinds the light
When the vultures have left
Light to a moth
Whip lust for a froth
Turns to ashes
The grinding of gears swallows all
When the vultures have left

And over my shoulder you see,
The glistening sway of a scythe
For time the silver will dim, and the leap we are
Taking, the end of beginning in sight

Dismal tarns and pools,
Where wretch and the cruel
Wear our tears as jewels
Aghast as we go, aghast of the past
And a Death