

Messiah For The Blind Fools

Devilyn

You will not be able to eat or drink
Your eyes will be shining in darkness
And decoying nocturnal insects
A hungry rat will settle in your stomach
Hair will start to shoot sparks and pull dust near like old books
The head will be filled with larvae of dirty thoughts
Which be drawing the rest of reason
Your hands, like tentacles of darkness, will clench on the throat of
Ordinariness
Fire will blaze in blood and digest your hypocritical soul
The eyes will look beyond the horizon of the last day
Of the in world
You will stand rooted to the spot
And soon become a monument
You will know then
That you are helpless for good
In relation to the pedestal of the new age