

The Burial Ground of God

Devilyn

Join a funeral
Let's take an importance and dignity of
The moment.
There is a darkness sarcophagus
In front of us.
And inside there is a corpse of a dead god
Who burried forever
With his dead, lying rules.
The prayers come to us from below,
But he, as a god
Has never heard them.
But the time has come for him, too
Like for every god of all times.
The greatest the most powerfull
And just has come to the throne.
He looks proudly at his kingdom
And the burial - ground of gods,
Where the funeral with the sarcophagus
Treads dispassionately.
The most powerful's name
Sounds in the chaos.
But among the great,
Ancient graves
There is also his.
Every god dies.
The believers make him die.
His dead star emits light
Over the powerful burial - grounds of gods.
Buried religions and cultures,
Forgotten rules of the universe
Who come back to their
Primary ruler.
Nobody has the courage
To open graves!
There is no way to foresee
A burried disaster
For million years.