

# Silent Are the Watchers

Dismember

If my wrath broke up tombs  
and swept away thresholds  
pushing broken old values  
into dark pits  
if my hate would blow  
rotten words to dust  
like a cleansing wind  
through moulding graves

Then I could rejoice  
where gods lay entombed  
covered with the sands of time  
beside the keepers of a dying faith

Silent are the watchers

Even I would love the church  
if the sun watchers down  
through cracked domes  
on the worms below

Silent are the watchers  
gargoyles of a glorious past  
perched upon their thrones  
in cold shadow cast  
across infinite reaches  
unto new morals  
away from this filthy domain