

## Pillars of Eternity

Down

Crumbling world falls through my hands  
In my mouth taste bitter sands.  
Grass is burning, pulse is slow.  
Drip by drip my backwards growth... crawl.  
Fade to hate.  
And I'll die within my fade  
Wine, song, women, birth  
This deflowered mother earth  
Planting, plowing, how she grieves.  
The seeds that grow these dying trees  
Fade to hate