

One Day

Forgotten Woods

Adrift, waiting.

One single shrieking noise starved to the point of dissonance.

Alive, knowing that life one day again will appear solemn and inviting.

One day we shall not be bothered.

One day they'll be crushed like insects under our heels.

One day soon.

I can't wait.

So I spike my drink and spite, to toast the endtimes and prepare for chaos to take root.