

First Prayer

Katatonía

In the prayer
Can't seem to find the right words
But we stretch our dead arms
For salvation

The foundation
And the chemical need
Discordance put a veil
Over my creed

So sweet my fever now
Embraced by its tainted wings
Cup my hands and taste the spite
Immune to the truths you told

In the wake
Reverence in my every move
The wretched stars aligned
For dead wisdom

The apparition
Rise with my every breath
Grasping for the one
Who lie beneath

You leave now
Leave my void of prayers
Take these words to go with you
Take the splinters
See them fall

Idle stare
Who will come forth from the dry wind
And find my blood
And clothes and rust

Cleaned the past
Like water through stone
Earth did cast a shade
Over my sleep