

## Lies of Autumn

### Lamb of God

As the leaves fall yellowing like aged paper,  
thoughts turn acrid and curl like cigarette smoke  
rising from a butt ground out on my arm.  
Step into this decay and experience dissolution.  
Crucified on a plank of cruelty,  
crucified on a plank of apathy  
to sleep the winter away.  
Immobile for the cold duration.  
Huddled in isolation,  
to sleep the winter away.