

# The Waterless Streams

## Mournful Congregation

A suffocation of the senses  
A senseless suffocation  
Water-filled streams have long since dried  
Was there ever any other way?  
Or was this bleakest destiny our plague?

A dread impending  
Like suicide's omniscient plea  
Clasping and crawling  
And shredding man's being

We were that we were  
Now we are that we are - nothing, unseeing

Where once stood a temple  
Now stands cold stone  
An inner sanctum of utter disgust  
Repelling nature's divine lust

Mortality is truth  
And truth is a lie  
The waterless streams overwhelm us  
And now we must die

But our dying hour resists our plea  
Why won't you come, why must you flee?

Our last rites have been written.....but not yet read