

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