

Touching Eternity

Necare

Rise.
You promised life unending yet emptiness remains.
Fleeting traces of sheol.
Sutures bind the eyes and seal the mouth.
And the trocar's incision disembowels.
Around me they lay their hands in prayer.
Through me, they touch eternity.
Death is my religion.
As Lazarus, I rise.
Embalm the soul in darkness.
And cross the field of flies.
Rise.
I abhor you.
Reject you.
Lament you.
Absolve you.
Laid to rest, no flesh shall be spared.
Your kingdom's crown lies in rotting soil.
And your servants moulder in the earth.
Your salvation never was nor is.
It will not be again.
Death is my religion.
As Lazarus, I rise.
Entomb the soul in darkness.
And cross the field of flies.