

End of the Harvest

Neurosis

like the walls of your stare, you will fall (within you)
succumb to the new and give way
old fields will fail (memory)
yielding crops of rock and dust

a book lies open, its pages crumble at your touch
words breed lies (writhe)
wind feeds fire unseen

have you ever tasted the soil (destiny)
and felt your own death in your veins
shield your eyes from the moon (found them all)
as it mocks your wretched self

with fire in your heart the truth lies clear
words breed lies (writhe)
wind feeds fire unseen

bend your thoughts, unveil your soul
now drink, revive, reach, scrape and bind