

Buttersnips

Periphery

Repose
Flesh of the ground deny
Kneel and grieve
Beseeching to no avail
Myth strikes our being

Human existence
Jaded by it's progress
Feeding, a manifest of the shadow below
Redefine the absolute

Crashing down
Through their eyes
One can see
Fear sustained
Weakened by their minds
Caught in disbelief
Don't deny
All shall see
Vacant souls
Shaping commonality

In this moment we cannot deny what we are
Form a memory on turning wings
And carve a way to ascension

Pray, withdrawn you just weep
Alone
Wait for a chance to grow
Culture folds
The falling of love
The darkness above

Repose within our numbers
Walking with a taste
Transposed image of being
Lost beyond the frame, end of days

This time all memories surpass
Embrace
In time all sense of life decays
Descend
Again
All shall return to the sand through forever
We cycle again
Re-ignite
Savior ablaze
Never ending
Return to me