

The Dead

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On this holy day as the dead doth now rise
The earth does now weep to the waning skylight

A chasm of the hollow
A fortune stained of blood
A light upon the blackest shadow
A frigid touch of dust

Upon this placid dome in the whispering breath of night
A silent life does fade in it's lonely cries of fright

A naked mound of frozen hope
A stilled desecration of lies
A fallen death upon the Unknown
A feeble gaze from unnamed life

Blood taints the morning horizon, a golden silhouette of unlife
The lost allure of heaven has died in the rot of the Crypt
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