

The Unseen

Solstice

The ghost of god
Sucking the breath from my lungs
I fear, I dream
I convulse in pain the unseen

Not yet reborn
Still separated
Breathless I lay

Thought has left my mind
Death has been refined
Lungs have ceased to breath
Dead I'm forced to be

Tension and fear
Grips me through my punishment
I fall condemned
Forced into uncertainty

Memory fades
Life is sucked away
Torturing pain
Collapsed my chest remains

Down on my knees
I pray to be relieved
Choking on blood
Eyes rolled back I'm dead