

Embrace the Scythe

Soulfallen

Blank page after another
This tale has long been through
No ink left in the bottle
The quills all cut in two

No words left unspoken
No deeds left untold
Only white space unending
Filling our dreams of old

They say all hope is lost
And this should make us sad
But how can one lose
What one has never had
And in the face of Death
My tears have long run dry
For I have come to submit
What the world still denies

Blank soul after another
The pulse has long since died
No life left in these vessels
Cold stares in empty eyes

And from our breed of tyrants
We will be the last
For the coming final season
Has already passed

They say all hope is lost
And this should make us sad
But one cannot lose
What one has never had
And in the face of Death
My tears have long run dry
For I have come to embrace
What the world continues to deny

There will be no epilogue
No final words upon our stone
For in the fabric of our Time
This future has already been sewn!

I know the world is dead
In veils of funeral clad
For it has long since lost
Whatever pulse it had
And in the arms of Life
These veins have long run dry
Best to embrace the scythe
As we lay down and die