

# 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