

## Merciless

### The Absence

I will not bear the watch while the animated sadness releases  
a cyanide touch for us  
so utterly devastating it's measure glides  
the breath that is born of behemoth size  
unveiled exhumed when everything twists into form  
for you to see all in a perilous mourn  
with long relentless devotion  
the grant of these open wounds and this heartless rip  
the drains are waiting for the lost of your blood

Enter all simple solutions  
the center of this wasteland  
so barren and bleak so feeble and weak  
with a quick flash of ice on your chest  
like falling into a mine field, face first

Is this the snap of your filament or the grimmest devout  
is this the snap of your neck rung red hung in this rope

I will not let this subside  
for the still beating heart that is buried inside  
the depths of old to the births of war

The weak will beg, swagger in decent  
the weak will beg, of instant revelations  
the weak will beg, in risk to repent  
the weak will beg, for death again and again and again

The shattered screams of a people unfulfilled  
with the sight and with the sound  
the reign of steel, their blood unbound

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