

My Ruin

The Absence

Their flies,
circle halos over this emptiness
where the breathing gets older
and My lips grow colder
when these rains get thinner through the burden
And this buried dream
We must reap what these eyes now see
This is where My heart now dissipates
You disintegrate

I will fill the heavens no more with this never ending wake
while I promise death
to a bled hearts beating
open arm seething
This monument to the dimming heights
where the tears and blood are always awry
And for the millions of staggering swine
who teeter aimless to the open sky
trudging slowly
over the dead
where the days now end
Silent and gray
in a grave to lay
crumbling hope
and My end of days
Far too tired to burn this bright
when mountains will topple and send Your fears alight
The wonder in this stay
and hells price to pay

My ruin this infatuation
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