

Death Mask

The Autumn Offering

The sins of the father...
A family portrait hung upon the wall (douse the sleeping bodies
.)
Unaware, yet marked for death.
Cold, sadistic mother.
Ashes are what she yearns.

Haunting breeze, weighing down, then crawl away, they left you
to drown.
The depths give up the dead.

Slit open wrists for the martyred, suffer no more.
Revolt. The pain of their lives you couldn't bear,
So put out the fires of their souls.
Release the pyre from the alter of hell.

Alone we fall down.
Silently drown.
Kill this life again

A failed god, living inside of you, condemned.
Murdered inside of you. Time for reprieve.