

We Are The Wolves

The Famine

We are the wolves tearing at your flesh.
We are the fangs feeding from your neck.
Exsanguinated efforts torn from the weakest veins.
A satiated hunger, bleached bone pious remains.

Black sun rising.

Give in to instinct, and beg for solace, a welcomed promise of the end.
Choke on the progress, a stillborn concept. Seek out the tendons left to rend.
Forced march eugenics and ten golden tenets once washed in the blood of the Lamb.

I am the stench of suffocating breath. I am the resting place of everlasting death.
A cross of good intentions knelt to on broken knees.
A once revered sepulcher now filled with foul disease.

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