

We Are Debt

This or the Apocalypse

I clipped off my claws,
In defense of my weary eyes.
And I have been one acquainted with the night.
This is the last pinnacle left to face,
An indefinite statement of time.
I have been one acquainted with the night.
Dark ends darkness. Man ends mankind.
No, there is no dawn.
This silent rock is turning black,
Opaque from the ceaseless.
Our final cause
Is yours.
The traveled street is a vein of blood
And we will rest amongst its whisper.
Our sleep amongst the dirt and grey.
Our sleep amongst the Earthly day.
Life is a broken glass. Drink from the shards.
Forgive us of our blasphemies,
In passing time our souls will stand ajar.
Wider than the sky, that is what we are.
Time is surely a loaded gun-
For it has the power to kill,
Without the power to die.
I have been one acquainted with the night,
Opaque from the ceaseless.