

Chest And Horns

Winds of Plague

The roar of the lion rumbled through the earth.
Waves of terror run down through there spines.
He stopped the world with one final scream.
Left for dead we bond for a chance to survive.
Retreat to the stronghold.
Regroup, rebuild we will stand up stronger.
Turn the page to find them all ripped out.
Smoke rising from our smoldering dreams injects reality straight through our veins.
Prepare to endure, poised for disease.
Prey or hunt with the wolves?
We watched the choice consumed by their jaws.
Digression has set its course down a ineluctable path.
When it pours we will have the strength to endure.
Through trial and tribulation we forge this tribal nation.
Here I am standing alone amongst the leeches and wolves.
Gut my insides.
Pick me apart.
Bottom feeding vultures can't kill a cold heart.
Here I am despite what you think, holding strong while the unchained anchor sinks.