Genesis

Agnostic Front

The birth of man was the birth of hell the wrathful flames dance around my head falling figures, burning dead a well once filled with flowing water now an endless tunnel of hate and squalor cove
Once, with locks of hair all burned off, to leave me bare a hand that once reached out to feel now gropes about for something real I try to hold onto what I've found but the heat of the touch me
Ll to the ground pulling back, inside my head I watch for hours, the listless dead from my hear flows the tears giving no life to that which is seared I wait for the day when only ashes appear n
G gained--and no more fear and once again I will be pure

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