

# 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.

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