

The Pyre

Edge Of Haze

Smoldering grass
Noxious fumes
Smoke smothers the city Trying to hold my breath
The vapor hurts in the lungs
Exhaling causes vertigo At the scenery of the end of days
I stare at the haunt of oblivion
Vacant spheres filled with smoke
Buildings burn as far I can see I run forth behind thought Rush and run
The city is burning down
And absolutely nothing is left
I watch this play of agony
Incapable to play my role The echoing walls inhale
The smoke-stained stench of our grave
Within the pyre we become undone The towers ablaze
As the circle completes
The days had a limit
Ignite the barren souls
Before they comprehend
The pyre burns tonight
A force overwhelming
Crushes the cattle
There was no warning
As the drug deafens
Before it fades
The plot comes to its end The daze lapsed in my head
A withering while
Realization of concealing At the scenery of the end of days
I stared at the haunt of oblivion
Now I am awake watching outside It is grey
As grey as it used to be In the dream my city was burning down
And absolutely nothing was left
I watched this play of agony
In the dream

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