Medusan

Beyond the Sixth Seal

a journey through a world of mental exhaustion i seek a new path into your world once i considered the wakness new ideas are open to extraction ther was a time when these words were unspeakable but now the waves of unworthy cowardice beares scour the grates of the most worthless how could it all come to such a devastating end that we could form a manner of speaking of knife wounds i would like to get to know your wounds and embrace the ashen remains of you these possibilities of impales hearts impaling this heart of stone is impossible for at one time your medusan image reflected upon it pure as the fallen snow undone by bloodshed and when you walked that path of burning statures withouth hesitation without remorse

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