Decrystallizing Reason

Emperor

Reason. This demigod, unto which you cluster.
Sacrilege. You sacrifive the purity of the air beneath your wings.
A slow and painful ritual to burn the youth you lost.
Demigod. Blasphemers walk among your flock.
Despite your blindfold, proudly you carry the stone on your back.
Disillusioned. You plant your feet safely to the ground.
Demigod. Blasphemers walk among your flock.
As the stone you have become.
Not once did you cry for the lost ones of your world.
Your care is limited to this demigod, onto which you cluster.
Reason. Decrystallize me. Demigod. I do blaspheme.
The fallen you condemn. Your heart even free of hate.
Yet, scared to death by their disbelief. To ordinary common sense.
And with autumn closing in. Forcing life away.
No mercy wil impale your sin. Dead are your tears.

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