

Charred Fields of Snow

A Static Lullaby

This Touch. last touch. this touch. won't break me. and traveling amongst the charred, fields of snow. wrapped in barbed wire. a word too soft to be spoken. for the souls lost in this display of self righteous ideals. i have become.. wounded. break for im the one who deserves this pain. i now dispose of you. the innocent will find. this pain will not stop. the innocent will find their place in heaven. the pain of thousands, your time has come. one by one their souls will take you over. to think you have broken us down. and you're condemned. you have not. the innocent are free now.

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