

Warm Thoughts of Warfare

After the Burial

The waking hour of scarlet warfare, I will fight for you. Our blood will wash away. Their skin will crack and peel in a thousand fires. We will break every bone, we will crush them all to dust. An attempt so frivolous to save your life. Watch you hit the sanguine ground like autumn leaves. With each nail driven you drift away.

This somber burial is a calamity. Rise from your casket and kiss new breath from me. To those who can't behold your fading moonlight beauty radiating from your precious eyes, a tender gaze. Never witnessing an instance when you held time still forever in your matron hands. Rise from your casket revive this effigy. New life will feed your starving lungs. New blood will surge through collapsed arteries, and I'll hold you through it all.

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