

# Aurora

## Landscapes

Under the weight of a sleepless night, when all is silent  
and all is dark, with no god to serve as suspect or scapegoat,  
I murmur murderous curses for a world that revels in its capacity to be brutal. The cruelest among us eat best, the  
sharpest teeth pull the most meat from the bone. The ghosts of moonlit lanes know my name. I've stalked  
them all before.

Idle in stolen moments, hiding from the worlds hungry  
claws In a blue moons full moon, in the splendor and rush

Beset by regret, let love gather dust

The savagery of revelry has left me pulled apart

Calling upon the siren songs to haunt a hardened heart All the pretty sutures, bleeding fleeting futures  
through the curse and the mercy of wanderlust stupors It all comes crashing down, like the heavens, like the  
waves

The muses have only proven that all beauty fades

Upon a bed of roses, upon a bed of nails

I've lost all of my loved ones to graves and betrayals It seems to be, on nights like these, we've made a hell of  
earth, the very damnation we deserve. This is when we sit beside the graves we've dug.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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