Progeny

Walt Fowler

I am you.
Stillborn.
Into this state of being numb.
I am the temple and the sacrifice.
The shrine, entombed within lies all I am.
And you, the womb from whence I came.
I am you.
If I am you, no life is sacred in my hands.
If I am you, no love will prosper in this world.
If I am you, I am the faith to end all faith.
If I am you, you shall not live to save yourselves.
I bring no God, no after world.
I am no more than a lie.
I love your life not for you.
I am a throne made from dust.

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