

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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