The Burning Season

Primordial

Bring the women
and children before me
Let us make rivers of their blood
Bleed for me...I wish it so
and streams shall meet such rivers
and seaward they shall flowSee the shoreline scattered
with their precious skulls
See the tide come in
as blood to meet their bone
A grotesque promise
Beneath a crimson sky...a seasons birthWe'll drown the newborn like unwanted dogs
and condemn them to their desperate gods
We'll take a needle, to the arm of the world
For it is our seasonWe'll burn the temples, of the righteous
Rend them as ashes, to the four winds
As ashes... to the four winds
The winds of a new season

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