

Redeeming The Wretched

After the Burial

When the bite of the steel catches your face, give it all your flesh to strip away. Revealing all the scars you hide inside. Your inner quarrels, your struggle to survive. A crimson hand to choke your throat. I'll stop your breath as long as it takes. To end this torture, clearing a forest of oppression. Can you taste the soil as it fills your lungs? To extinguish the fire, the fire burning in your eyes. You cannot stop the scorching. We'll lay you down on your eternal bed. The soothing touch of a wrathful hand. You leave the sky, encased in the earth. Can you feel the roots as they seep inside your heart? A crimson hand to do the will of god. We'll wipe you out to clear the land for angels. With the turning of the tide.

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