

We Are Debt

This or the Apocalypse

I clipped off my claws, in defense of my weary eyes.
And I have been one acquainted with the night.
This is the last pinnacle left to face,
An indefinite statement of time.
I have been one acquainted with the night.
Dark ends darkness; man ends mankind.
No, there is no dawn. This silent rock is turning black,
Opaque from the ceaseless.
Our final cause is yours. The traveled street is a vein of blood,
And we will rest amongst its whisper.
Our sleep amongst the dirt and grey.
Our sleep amongst the earthly day. Life is a broken glass; drink from the shards.
Forgive us of our blasphemies,
In passing time our souls will stand ajar.
Wider than the sky, that is what we are. Time is surely a loaded gun -
For it has the power to kill,
Without the power to die. I have been one acquainted with the night,
Opaque from the ceaseless.

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