

# Wither

## Earth Crisis

Near lifeless skin stretched  
Over a prone skeleton  
An image branded for all time  
Within my memory Pursuit began, seeking pleasure  
Delivered with a price  
Though an illusion of instant bliss enticed  
Toyed with what immediately only overpowered Chased the dragon thinking  
That it would not turn to devour Steel driven into skin  
Contamination forced in  
Jaws of death close together  
The haze that surges must not win Wither Body given to the vortex  
Awake in a synthetic dream  
Time and meaning fades  
Life drains far faster than it seems Drawn to the brink  
By thoughts of invincibility  
To give into what beckons  
Constantly Pulled back across the threshold  
Loved by the ones who helped bring salvation  
The future is in the hands  
Of a once self-made victim  
Self-made victim Steel driven into skin  
Contamination forced in  
Jaws of death close together  
The haze that surges must not win Wither

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