

# Buttersnips

## Periphery

Repose  
Flesh of the ground deny  
Kneel and grieve  
Beseeching to no avail  
Myth strikes our being  
Human existence  
Jaded by it's progress  
Feeding, a manifest of the shadow below  
Redefine the absolute  
Crashing down  
Through their eyes  
One can see  
Fear sustained  
Weakened by their minds  
Caught in disbelief  
Don't deny  
All shall see  
Vacant souls  
Shaping commonality  
In this moment we cannot deny what we are  
Form a memory on turning wings  
  
And carve a way to ascension  
Pray, withdrawn you just weep  
Alone  
Wait for a chance to grow  
Culture folds  
The falling of love  
The darkness above  
Repose within our numbers  
Walking with a taste  
Transposed image of being  
Lost beyond the frame, end of days  
This time all memories surpass  
Embrace  
In time all sense of life decays  
Descend  
Again  
All shall return to the sand through forever

We cycle again  
Re-ignite  
Savior ablaze  
Never ending  
Return to me

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