

Altar of Plagues, Through the Collapse: Watcher

We built our towers in sand
and now they collapse around us,
as we fall into the cracks.
Nothing shall remain as it once was.

Hold on to these falling pillars and resurrect a passion,
when silence sleeps to the beat of fists.
Bury your head in the sand, and throw you heart to the sea
for your children have no place to grow their bones.

Birds are weak as their necks grow thin,
trees no longer stand.
And like the soil, we too are made of grain.
Like the death of young, it is finality.

Assemble the masses at the cliffs,
and we shall cast ourselves to the seas.
Rain strips the skin from our bones.
We fall into the cracks of the earth..

Silence. Desolation.
Silence. Desolation.