

Altar of Plagues, Twelve Was Ruin

Chasing time, that's buried in.
rank and lodged, and paused.
And held at arms length.
With the season, comes the fathers line.
With the son, comes the fall.
A blank portrait, a son believed.
A sun was led and watch, weathered.
For the absence of light.
How to measure where the years have brought you,
and speak to decide, black from south.
You were taken away, dropped and mistrusted,
burned in the sun.
PUSH AND RELEASE.