Upon Pillars of Dust

At the Gates

fragile, quiet, distant
as flesh against another
heroism suppressed
leaving hunger in its waketired even of sleep
a fragment of life - no more painthe nights they will drag on
these hands will not abide
a nightmare beckons
leaving death in its wake
the sickness is a dream
imprisoned the deep of the stone
reality
resting upon pillars of dust
the infinite
voracious arms of mythtired even of sleep
with death in our wake
the sickness is a dream
imprisoned the deep of the stone
reality
resting upon pillars of dust
the infinite
voracious arms of myth

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