

Six feet under Eden
Lies the broken bond of
Stone etched birthright.
Damning silence
Choked in human dust.

Petrified in ash of
Stone gates cast down as the
Sword of flame drinks deep
Of traitors' spilling
Blackened blood.

Those who tread before,
Fallen into dark,
Who warn in tongues
Of waking death.

Those who lie below
The pit of Genesis
On stainless blades
And angel flesh.

Here below the shade of
War walk unassuming
Souls bound to the shell of
Frigid flesh and
Tangled vessels.

Numb against reality
In mass entranced belief
Bred by technology.
The agony
So sweet.

"And He drove out the Man,
And at the gates of the Garden of Eden,
He placed the angel
And a flaming sword which turned
Every way to guard the way to
The Tree of Life"

Written on the fallen
Walls of dynasties betrayed
By powers that should
Never be yet
Always have been