

Fear Before The March Of Flames, Given To Dre

(She cried when she found it.
Its feathers were matted and pressed to its
side.
Its wings were no longer able. Still she
begged it to fly.
Its body as frail as paper and wet from her Tears.
She knelt in the damp grass praying it to heaven.
Gently pressing its head to her heart.)

The devils in the daughters room
There will be no second knife
She reached for a dream

And he smiled as he watched her
She was ever so beautiful in her sleep
Like father (his son made in his image)
Her eyelids gently closed
Lids concealing her dreams
He stood over her bed

One deep stab kill the hourglass
Let the sand leak slowly from its body
Draw out the time until its breathes its lastpilling