



IF IT IS TO END IN FIRE



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If this is the end,
Let it come tumbling down as gloriously as it stood.
This fire that accompanied the bond shared
Should be the very same flame that scorches our existence.
No molten gold or cold waters from valleys low
Can douse this volcano.
Only It can collapse on itself,
Fighting fire with fire until ash is all that remains.
We shall call this the desolation.
We shall look up to the sky and be thankful,
Thankful that we were once the personification of time,
Thankful that we even existed at all,
And in memory is where we shall reside for all eternity.

