



The Island Lives

All of life lie it's emptiness upon me
a density of blood and flesh
heavy in the hearts, minds, and hands of the living

Death was a debt at the foundation of the worlds happiness,
All of my goodness derived from the ashes of a living hell

This hell kept secrets of rape and murder
slavery and servitude
pain and torture
oppression sealed its hand tightly over
a screaming mouth

The voices concealed were were
stashed in a vat of darkness
until it budged for the boundaries of the universe

The weight of this underworld could no longer be kept
it poured from the mouth of the youth
the vail of illusion was lifted
and the eyes of the innocent were able
to recognize the wisdoms that emerged
in love

The times lived in darkness transformed themselves into truths
and brought to light the heart of the earth