

No Salvation

Azarath

My greater Feast of Death - the vultures' last supper
Let me offer the body shreds over the valley of corpses
I, transcended mortal, bird-scattered nobly-born dead
No hope for I am a sinner of the fields of death - so enter the
rein!

As setting face-to-face call me
Loathsome, abominable One!
I won't be nobly-re-born
Through the winds of this bardo-hell
I, the wanderer...
The world-departing One
Lost life was illusion so sins & weakness are delusions

Yet That which is - is not That which is! All laws are but a lie!
Falsehood!
No light at the end of the whirl, no funeral comfort sinning

As my tight-bone
Trumpet sounds from voice of death
And my skill-cup overfilled with sins
My soul's great fall
Now, I hear the Apocalypse
Smell smoke - dull colour...

Light of Hell! Then confess - not having done godly deeds
Had done evil instead! I, the evil-
doer before the King of Suffering

Violent Messengers of the Abyss with hate-
furies stir infernal realm
Wrap me in dark water of chaos - shall gather my dispersed soul
...
Unbearable pains, purgatorial punishments - no enter therein.
No Salvation! Damnation!

I'm deathless in spiritual evil
The state of neither life nor death
Fierce blasts of rotten karma
Bring visions - seas of roaring fire

The Howl of great Failure as mountains of sins are crumbling down
Flesh-
eating Demons, beasts of impurities, guards of unholy Ghost