

# Fraught

Be'lakor

Searching, the abstract colours reason  
But I persist to fail in the absence of faith  
Cycles bound by throes of attrition  
Oft united, yet surely more is lost in time

Beyond fathom, billions firing  
Flashes burn and spew prostrate  
Wisped monads from crimson puncture  
Our bonds are broken, all meaning sundered

Striving for constant reduction  
Bursting from the pit beneath  
Unyielding yet beyond the grasp  
Of scale and form  
Nothingness born  
Fleetinglly

Of sprawl and flame  
From nothing it came  
Seemingly  
The gap between us tears apart  
Impel our end  
Layers surge and strip away  
Cast into nought

Of matter torn  
As eons I mourn  
Achinglly

Of atoms maimed  
As epochs are tamed  
Blindinglly  
In that final absence,  
We never were