

Scorched by time and death
And a bloated sun long since shriveled
The waste lies cold before me
God's creation ground to a shroud that stretches
From horizon to horizon
When all are dead
And all is gone

Not a breath stirs the air
The faded moon finds only dust
Crowded in the grip of a celestial wrath
Forever drifting through infinite frozen void
I exalt, alone at last

Behold my kingdom
From horizon to horizon
When all are gone
At last descends the silence

Wide awake to receive this bliss
Free of hate, free of pain, free of the need to escape
Everflowing, everglowing abyss
Drink my spirit, beget new shape

For even ruins shall reminisce
In powdered bone the lark of djinns and jinxes
And from afar the story hiss
And lucid moans of copulating sphinxes