

Swan Song

Dark Fortress

As broken bells resound
in the church of megalomania
the stench of death surrounds
the fields of spiritual necromania

Deluded stooges amass
Still clinging to empty vows
For one final ebrious mass
Never temple, always slaughterhouse

Too long have the watchers gazed upon
The cancerous boils of arrogance
Now time has carved the path

The mirage of relevance
Worn down in corrosion's quiet attrition
Corporeal elements
Subvert its Sisyphean accretion

Orbital decay
And crawling hydrogen depletion
Enough to burn away
A pantheon of superstition

No call for your glory
Amidst the howling winds that feed
Time's vast cemetery

Erased are the stories
Doused, the fire stolen from the sky
Now an ashen mortuary

Too long have the watchers gazed upon
The cancerous boils of arrogance
Now time has carved the path

Too long has the continuum been riled
By biotic usurpation
Now entropy has pulled the plug

No call for your glory
Amidst the howling winds that feed
Time's vast cemetery

Erased are the stories
Doused, the fires stolen from the sky
And its worthless luminaries

Come, death
Let your gracious silent storm
Disperse the swan song of all life

Come, death
Dispel the nightmare of eternal life
Come, death
Lay waste to the pious,
The just and the depraved alike
Their shrines
Their whores and their fucking gods
Come wipe out every last pathetic trace

Come at last
Wipe it all away