

Abrasive Swirling Murk

Deathspell Omega

There are places
not to be found but to be recognized,
they sheltered a fire.
The fire wherein the acts of God
and the acts of men were to melt and merge
making it a a senseless chore
to distinguish the human from the divine.
God resides in such places
and it is where He conspires
at the devastation
of what took him so long to accomplish.
It is where the sentence matured and was declared
in joint responsibility.

Yet, wasn't this an act of compassion?
Like the shooting in the head
of a horse with a broken leg.
Your cry of revolt and disbelief
a brief caesura in the slowing
heartbeat of the world
as if a horrible new pain
had been given birth in abomination -
surges in vain the face the inexorable,
leaving behind but a meagre comfort:
there is no exemption for the offspring
of this withered womb,
not even for Chaos itself.
Who can reap the meaning
of this unstinted negation
of centuries and millions
before it sinks within the infinite depths
of that dun ocean?