

A Slow Succumbing

Morgion

Behold, I am your deliverance. Look upon this nether steel: tearing away your soul, relentless. I am the dark night you fear. Seek your ruin before me, upon this earth your blood shall stain.

A reckoning beyond all reason, hear the cries of your brethren, Lament. A thousand score I did fell. No spear did render, or axe did cut. Your women shall carry my seed; forsake your children

To the wheel. Upon the frost shadowed earth, lay the keep I shall homage. Within I shall bury my riches, to count for centuries

Here after. Waiting and watching...watching and waiting. Even after the last morrow I shall ponder, in a madness of my own Design. After this body is time, worn to dust, the nether blade is still mine forever.