

The Great Darkness

Wodensthron

"A word; conceived in a cascade of light, given
substance via the axiom of doubt
An emblem of truth to those who bow their heads and
dwell within its shadow
Wherefore to stand in the garish light of the
antediluvian liberty
When the chastening glow of darkness brings its on
gratification?"

Like worms they prostrate themselves before the great
eye
and crawl on their bellies through shards of god.
Emerging in radiant gloom, a cruel mockery of
luminescence,
Like the twisted afterglow of a star bound in chains.

Our idols were gifted back to us as the lowest among
distortions
For the fools who dip their blades in the cesspools of
betrayers
In the name of gods they never had; our godheads,
wrenched from grace
To preside o'er the hate of the heard, belighted and
broken by tyrant and state

Do not call me brother!
My cause is not your cause!
Your faith was never mine!
And mine will ne'er be yours!

The betrayers who would have us thank them for
poisoning the well of our beliefs
And bearing its perverted message as their own, to the
funeral of our creed