

Oration of Ruin

Xasthur

And in those frozen moments won
From grief that creeps to wreath the sun
In drapes inwove with death's head wing
I thank God for the suffering

And I thank God for the suffering
As still I burn
For Her return
I would make my peace with everything

I, I still recall, the first fullmoon of May
Consigned to flames like secret letters
And midst the writhe of parapets
Where angels sigh, lonely she sits
Upon the lip
Only a slip from whence I beg her...