

A senseless mass of forms in blind struggling  
Faces blithered, worn, in an effort to remain  
A molten dawn breaks in a myriad sick hues  
Colorless, ill radiance, chaos, catastrophe

This premonition  
World born of fire

An inhuman, foul-breathed gale blows  
Burning ash and torn debris scatters in the wind  
Like the scream of an anguished black god  
Tears through the earth, burnt flesh and shattered bone

We have come this far  
Soon - there is no turning back

No turning back

The deeds of past men  
Laughing well in their shallow graves  
Rise and fall of the infamous wise ape  
Obituary of a global scale

So pass the seasons  
Indistinct from one another  
So unfolds the flow of time  
Nihilicity unveiled

Nothing remains