

I, Saturnine

Shai Hulud

Weighted down by earth and man,
A dispirited husk mired in blood imbued in soil dispare
The minds of my brothers are unsound, their hearts flow desolat
ion.
Is ours, indeed.
A sunless path to waiting graves we prepared for ourselves?

Dear God,
Raise not my eyes, misery has blackened the sun.

Weighted down by earth and man,
A directionless husk in dire need of asylum withdraws...
For the only light in bedlam is the dark of isolation.

Draw cold universe into your lungs.

Empower the earth to devour your spirit.

Reap your flesh its worth in bloodletting.

Upon lamentation under a rotting star,
I reconsider my manner to exist amongst this chaos.