

A Throne Enshrouded

And Hell Followed With

"A grain of sand amidst endlessness,
your mortal life of no worth to my own for it is meaningless.
I have many names amidst the tongues of man,
but eternal I have been and I shall always be."

My abhorrence for your misuse of predominance
is unequal to the disgust of your own people.
Now descending upon the misfortunes of your reign,
in silence burning are the eyes of all that was foreseen.
The famine of their existence,
their suffering in eternal anguish
shall with broken back endure
the burden of your dying breath.

You writhe in agony, your flesh entwining with flame.
A smile crosses my lip-less visage for your screams appease me.

The bereavement of this evening
shall in dust-swallowed volumes be lost.
This contorting mass of flesh before me searing in the dark
shall by my hand be no more than ash.
Your cries in death for mercy are of foreign tongue to me,
for I, no man of any tribe am beset upon this earth.

I know nothing of human mercy
as it churns my endless maw.
Displaced from this world to the next,
this cloak of night-flesh worn.

And I shall ferry thee through the immense abyss.
The midnight air, she scowls.