

## Dismantle

### And Hell Followed With

With unease have I slept these past months.  
Her stride burning bright the confines of my dreams, the sleight  
t of hand unleashing this perfection.  
To such heights she will grow.  
Horrors deriven, ye who stand atop wondrous pyres.  
You breathe eternal that no darkness shall withhold.  
In favored fascination do I covet thee so.  
And I have thirsted to bathe beneath such radiance, among the d  
ancing of your flickering robe.  
No encumbrance embracing your swell, for no barrier could conta  
in.  
Only in morbid imaginings have I dreamt of this cremation, the  
joining of my ash to your unending tenure.  
I who have awoken such madness ask only this pittance of appeas  
ement; to burn eternally in your loving arms.  
And to the dismay of my every thought does she look down upon m  
e in faces of aversion; her breath, her grasp cauterizing the t  
ears I have shed.  
Such multitudes of sorrow I would welcome if it meant only your  
loving embrace,  
Yet these woes I shall know eternal for I still breathe alone.  
And the sea of flames, folding in on itself, swallowed whole th  
e entirety.  
How the roar of that which remains untamed brings me the only j  
oy I this world have ever known.