

Fraught

Be'lakor

Searching, the abstract colours reason
But I persist to fail in the absence of faith
Cycles bound by throes of attrition
Oft united, yet surely more is lost in time

Beyond fathom, billions firing
Flashes burn and spew prostrate
Wisped monads from crimson puncture
Our bonds are broken, all meaning sundered

Striving for constant reduction
Bursting from the pit beneath
Unyielding yet beyond the grasp
Of scale and form
Nothingness born
Fleetingly

Of sprawl and flame
From nothing it came
Seemingly
The gap between us tears apart
Impel our end
Layers surge and strip away
Cast into nought

Of matter torn
As eons I mourn
Achingly

Of atoms maimed
As epochs are tamed
Blindingly
In that final absence,
We never were