

A World In Their Screams

Elend

I have seen the new camps unfold,
The quarries of darkness where the slaves rot away.
Sun-war has reached it's apex.
I fear the nearing darkness.
Last night, while your body was smoldering,
There was a world in your screams.
Love, I carve your face in the half-light of memory
And I hurtle towards utmost ruin.
Cries were heard coming from His monument -
This temple where darkness alone is our guide.
(A place for the cruelty of the people to be exerted without restraint.)
Woe! Woe betide the men of virtue
For they will be the slaves of slaves;
Their bodies will fall first
And their names will be slandered.
Courage!
Resistance!
My body is a rope that vibrates between two realms:
Strange harmony - not to glorify any world, never to hesitate about denying the gesture that gave birth to it.
The rope is a line, and the line is a stream -
The unending stream of the dead.
Hermes Infernal awaits the harvesting; the fields are ablaze.
The fire draws near.