

# Monolith

Ihsahn

It was never  
The icy winds of the heights  
But the coldness of the world  
That hardened my foundation

Whether your approach  
Is that of praise or blasphemy  
The construction of my being  
Will remain the same

If my soaring presence  
Threatens to break your neck  
Then so be it  
You shall dread my name

There is a fundamental cleft  
Between your world and mine  
One of divine origin

Were you to witness  
The nakedness of your own soul  
It would still appear a tower of Babel

Is it such a crime to go apart and be alone?  
Your holy simplicity turns gold into stone