

Will You Love Me Now?

Ihsahn

One great man was silent
Of his superiority.
He was openly flattered
And hated silently.

Another spoke of his will to aspire
To create beyond himself
And the self-inflicted impotent man
Felt spat at by all ambition.

The solitary pierced the skin of denial
And the blood would colour the sky.
A futile display to those whose heads
Are always turned towards the ground.

Staring
Into the mud
Into the heart of emptiness
Where they squirm
Desperately
Like wing-clipped flies.

And the whining parasite man
To whom pity and gloating are the same.
This spineless parody of man
Will devour even himself in secrecy.

In secrecy.

Will you love me now
-you, whose feeling of dignity
Is a matter of subtraction?
Will you love me
-now that I have revealed your un-nakedness?
Will you love me now
-you whose perception of justice
Equals your will to corrupt?
Will you love me
-when I cut through all the layers of your vanity?
Will you love me now
-you, who cling to a heart so fragile
Even your gods must suffer for you?
Could you love truth?

Could you love truth
Even in secrecy?

And they gathered
In their halls of justice
Halls of mirrors
Halls of echoes.

And they gathered
In their houses of worship
Within the walls of the unspoken
Sheltere from the rain.

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