

I - this fractal illusion burning away all structure toward the obscene  
I - to cleanse, to purge, to breach eternity and smother all life  
Blind-these mortal men of clay, divine and dying in their harassed form  
I-this furnace of limitless hate. Bestial, pure

The pendulum swings semi-attached to the center of all  
I drug these minds into ruin and contempt-the acid smoke of burning souls

This is an anomaly. Disabled. What is true?  
Not destined for incarceration, I crave my nothingness

The illness that they whisper of, is that what makes me fail?  
I see through the eyes of the of the blind  
Not clear what it is to be this self I dread, the immense, the rabid I am  
The cogs turn, grinding away at ceaselessness-willing it to dust

Re-disintegration. Convulse. A dead universe-Impales this twilight  
Fear aligns. Sadistic me. Meant to devour. Despair  
Sickened by the fact that immortality is not mine to have.

A snail along a straight razor-dividing itself through motion  
I charge this feeble product of god  
Laughing, drenched in the bile of millions  
Chewing on the stinking flesh of the crown of creation

Solitude in splendor has been rivalled  
Shroud stained with tarblack vomit  
Veiling the rotting eyes of the masses  
The strain of Armageddon evolves

Shifting through worlds from chaos, to chaos, to chaos  
I devour this manure of existence-infertile, barren, whole  
Rancid redeemer. Virulent deterioration of faith

Sacrilege in persona. In truth, fundamentally twisted  
A witness to this savage carnage. A frenzy of animosity  
The will to mutilate. Dominant deviation  
The worship of the sick and degenerate will spread

I - The nihilist, not the lunatic  
Ridding my godlike being of doubt  
Obliterating all hope of escape  
I - Enter the echoes of despair

Miracles inverted by default, a reflex to devastate  
Soaking in the will to violate, to castrate  
Soiling the purpose of mankind. Deus ex machina on hold  
The orgasmic, the splendid, the beginning of the end

Conception derived from misconceptions  
The dimensionless features of truth  
Silence in the core of undoing  
Untie its knots and set it loose

The inertia of my existence is clear  
Premutation of slaughtered worlds  
I alone will behold the dying sky

A servant of eternity

Progress finally, emergence of doom complete  
Here only to reverse the flow of life  
I