

Remnants Of Divination

Monstrosity

Kneeling down at my altar.
The blood stains the walls.
No need for conjecture.
I pray for the world to fall.

This is now my desistance.
Eating these strips of flesh.
Exposing emotions lose me.
Rising mercury.
What will become of this now?
Where will this anger dwell?
There will be no rapture.
Only of blacker realm.

Remnants of divination.

Rain down the hopes of feeling.
Scorcher is what you wager.

Skies pouring downward.
Washing the uncleasned masses.
Wading in this toxic cest pool.
Biochemists scatter.

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Scorcher is what you wager.

Smoke clouds fill the cities.
Dust clouds blocking the sun.
The streets are filled with horrors of a world gone
dead.

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