

Ethics On The Precipice

Mourning Beloveth

It's a murky world that dull dark light that is animal greed
where every human element is boiled away the cracks in reality
to the white bone of animal agony for this is the edge of every
thing

the cracks down the sides of reality
the spaces between the cord drifting shoals of waste in the dre
ar places
the final disorder of all forms the cracks in reality

for this is the edge of everything a point where it does not de
cay anymore the dust finally gets out it belongs to the end
I felt the edge of a strange euphoria the sky like poisoned sil
ver with the leavings of unhuman minds somewhere towards the en
d

construction of things fell apart the cold sweating centre
ripping along nerves digging into marrow down in the blood dept
hs
where everything grows entwined dead grey flesh pressing agains
t the cord
muscles knot pushed all the way to drown out everything strange
to sweat you in your bed a memory of water

somewhere towards the end
it is slow and cold
in the sludge of human misery
empty of dreams burning with tension
but it's early here at the end
the heart dragging and
the chill of old silver
right at the end of the world

clawing the bottom of my lungs
at the corners of perception
like ragged glass over nerves
you will have to claw it from them
crushing life into the methane
watch the old earth ebb away
a sound like the universe apart
like the sorrow of a dream