

## 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