

Falling, sightless, the final hours have passed.
The soul becomes flightless.
The silence of the grave, the evensong.
Bereft of form and void.
Deadlights dance in the séance obscure.
And the damned lick the black tendrils of hastur.
Conjoined amidst the circles nine.
The prophecy of the soil and secret rites of the worm.
An ossuary of flesh amongst all our living tombs.
Crawling, limbless, through the pale valleys displaced of time.
Our lidless eyes forward to the ever-fixed mark.
This worm-web known as mortality.
A single, labyrinthine tier across the yawning abyss.
Whose walls are featureless and purchase - impossible.
And so begins the litany of the lie.
Scraping the precipice toward the slough of despond.
I have found strange purity in this oblivion.
Impending dissolution brings no pause.
Upon ashen splinters is my body - which is given for you.
I call the vermin to their feast, and the worms to paradise.