

Dreaming Above The Sepulcher

Nightbringer

All hymns are hollow, unheard outside the gate of in-between and unbeknown fall like wounded birds from the heavens back unto the supplicant. Thus I slumber upon the threshold of death and dream the dreams of gods. It is here that I have sung my hymns into the mouths of the dead, that they may not rise but fall down and down through the chambers of slumber and unto the darkness of death's ingress. Lamentation and evocations in the same cadence, resounding like the songs of Thessalian witches. And with bones snatched from the maws of ravening dogs I have mocked the cathedral's mason, constructing an ill house of darkness mirrored within the birdless lake, a black mansion of dreaming Night. Within these dolente lands where the Incubi abound, I have chased the children of the psalm-singers from cyprus to tomb and jugulated them one by one. In my visions I have spilled the haimakuria within graven trenches dug by my nails from cemetery marle. I would dare to do more. I would will to go further. I would sit opposite the Lord of Slumber, face down turned to gaze upon the cascading abyss. I would hear truths unspoken and un-scribed within silence. I would place death's crown upon my head and intone my will in a tongue of stygian threnodies, with cacophonous and mournful wails upon nightmare choruses of dying lepers falling before their graves. I would draw the gaze of my daemon self upon myself that I may murder myself and become my daemon, and move ever closer towards the incalculable totality of the Great Darkness that is the Supreme.