

The River Lethe

Nightbringer

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The Raven sears above as the Serpent stirs below
And cancerous wombs vomit forth black prodigies before the throne of Saturn
Behold, These children born with wounded eyes, severed tongues
and the death veil adorned
Who slither upon their bellies towards the Black Sun, flesh withering within the light
All rot, ruin and decay. Below, blood stained lips wet pious hands in sermon of silence and slumber
This is the Fall. A choir of dying children upon the ramparts
The River of Blood flows once more
And the starving of a thousand begins anew the great feast for the One
The stricken crawl forth wailing towards the raging streams of chaos
Unto the gluttony of the Devouring Maw. May the waters swallow them all
These blind and ruined souls, who wander aimlessly within the labyrinthine walls of pitch
The Black River swells to receive them
Oh, great lake of sorrow. The sea of slumber in which the weak and weary are cast
In which all within struggle for breath with no respite. Poison is what they breathe
Within the depths of sorrow all shall drown and be undone