

## The River Lethe

Nightbringer

The River Lethe  
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