

To The Grave I Belong

Nox Aurea

O' splendid Death, how I do long for Thee
Please, carry me through embellished gates
For the veracious reflection of my soul's mirror
Glisten bright in unconscious passion,
The lust for eternal departure

For in my dreams,
The heart's most beloved,
I do breathe nevermore...

In the distress of life I demand
The plagues from below to storm again,
And so they swept through the world,
Yearning for liberty
As I witnessed once in the mournful visions
I now behold the grandiose gate
To the vastly unknown

For this I do proclaim; to the grave I belong
Since all I perceive brings me anguish and doubt
For which poem in the world could portray
The woeful absurdity of inception's cause
From nothingness to sordid matter?

We do not belong to this stillborn world,
But to the endless void, the void of it's grave...

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