

Bàthory Erzsébet

Sunn O)))

Here. Decompose forever, aware and unholy, encased in marble
and honey from the swarm, a thin coat of eternal whispering
that bleaches from within, a darkness that defiles thought,
stolen by the wingless harpies whose memories lay waste the val
ley of diamonds,
where the great One sleeps, her eyes,
placid pits of violent tar and bitumen regurgitated by demons c
hained to misery,
eyes that see nothing for there is only the darkness that wells
up from inside,
a great viscous cloud smothering hope,
a blanket woven from the dung of the old ones,
their disease the tapestry of all that is futile,
her gaze burning holes in the veil that protects the chosen,
her breathe a plague that unleashes the frozen wolves, blind,
their tongues paint your heart with scorpions,
their pestilence an invitation to the only one that matters for
She is the presence that is all that is un-
named, for it is Her,
the unbegotten Mistress of the eternal hunger,
dwell forever in her great unholy stomach where the damned befo
ul themselves in
the glory of her fecund and bloody history,
worship in the torment of a million wasted lives,
bathe in the horror that the blood of time carries with the pla
gue,
and befoul yourself with worship,
for she hates you eternally with the ferocious lust that binds
all that inhabit
the wasted and forgotten, the blissful loathing of you is now a
ll that remains,
alone, forgotten and Damned.