

Orthodox Caveman

Sunn O)))

Face down where the ancient soil meets the discarded
flesh, the great stench of all that is rotten, and
forgotten, the unburied clamber into what you were,
feasting on the joy that is stolen forever, alchemy of
disgust and hatred, the unceremonious, the smell of all
final moments at once, embedded in the great beasts
flesh, the carrier of the tormented, the final journey
through the impossible, a silence so vast, that deafens
with its roaring certainty, to the unnamed places,
guarded by the ancient carrion and their minions of vomit
and pestilence.