

The Murder

The Absence

The gathering now of storms within
that whip and rip the stead, joined at the head
dying to make ready the deliverance to the land
the swarming devourers, the murder

Here are the fortunes to tell
of our demonic dreams, the burt fires of hell
painted in black
the warmth is seething and moving all through me

Total
annihilation
we are your masters now

I can see them coming down like reign in the streets
soaking into everything
like blood through cloth
scratching limbs from wing to claw
all life will start to slow and freeze into position
when the murder crows
with likeness to shades much deeper than dull
the infinite abyss forever hold

Crushing your premonition

Towers fall into the fire
and razored hails of glass and steel
brought down by stabs of rage without fear
gashed hearts worked deep who refused to hear