

## His Shadow

Throneum

never seen morning  
in ceremonial darkness and abhorrence  
we consecrate him in our hollow dreams  
dual discipline, to pray and seek  
archaic might  
pressure from the interior of earth  
blackness and darkness  
witnesses of this what passed away  
here where sun never rises  
where clouds are made of dust  
in the kingdom of rats  
in the temple of stench  
let his shadow fill our souls  
with signs of the might and absoluteness  
to crawl in cave of boiling sulfur and his glory  
to devour essence and all hope of beings