

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