

The Prolonging

Triptykon

As you descend, I shall rise
Your demise shall be my conception
Your failure shall be my triumph
I shall feed from your decay
Your despair shall give me strength

As you degenerate, I shall prosper
Your misfortune shall make me jubilant
As you suffocate, I shall breathe

Repressed, your own mortality
Drunk of pitiful delusion
I shall be your parasite
Born from your imbecility

I shall tie your mortal limbs
I shall invade your thoughts
I shall belittle your aspiration
I shall obliterate your hope
I shall break your will
I shall devour your flesh

As you perish, I shall live
You shall drown in my contempt

Drained of life and all emotion
I shall be your eternal foe
I shall expose for ridicule
Your designs for your salvation
Liar!

I shall feast on your misfortune
I shall remember all your lies
Truth has never been of essence
As you devised your fallacies
Liar!

As you deteriorate
I shall create my kingdom
As you sink into waves of darkness
I shall find my brightest light

As you perish, I shall live