

# 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