

# The Great Darkness

Wodensthrono

"A word; conceived in a cascade of light, given  
substance via the axiom of doubt  
An emblem of truth to those who bow their heads and  
dwell within its shadow  
Wherefore to stand in the garish light of the  
antediluvian liberty  
When the chastening glow of darkness brings its on  
gratification?"

Like worms they prostrate themselves before the great  
eye  
and crawl on their bellies through shards of god.  
Emerging in radiant gloom, a cruel mockery of  
luminescence,  
Like the twisted afterglow of a star bound in chains.

Our idols were gifted back to us as the lowest among  
distortions  
For the fools who dip their blades in the cesspools of  
betrayers  
In the name of gods they never had; our godheads,  
wrenched from grace  
To preside o'er the hate of the heard, belighted and  
broken by tyrant and state

Do not call me brother!  
My cause is not your cause!  
Your faith was never mine!  
And mine will ne'er be yours!

The betrayers who would have us thank them for  
poisoning the well of our beliefs  
And bearing its perverted message as their own, to the  
funeral of our creed