

Slaughtered Useless Beings In A Nihilistic Dream

Xasthur

All (human) colors die in blistering winds,
When all days are put to rest,
My world will begin, alone, without life, without light.
Cruel death (Torched and tortured the outer light world)
Scattered before a bringer of ember storms.
This realm will all be mine,
Yet the self is the only one to see.
Cursed by a sorrow and portal
Hidden in the woods lie slaughtered useless beings not belongi
ng to this forest
Return for the loss of all time, for haunted merely meant noth
ing to me.