

13 Winters

"Uncreation"

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Upon the powdered joints of human bones,
In grim chambers and unhallowed ground,
Tied down with ropes from skin and flesh,
Here lies only ruin and damnation,

The dead holler... endless and toneless
Rites of the miserable turned to dust,
Your maggot-ridden hearts still beating,
Fleshless, bricked up, and left to rot..

Uncreation,
Unspeakable Rituals,
Into my rotten soul they wail,
Clandestine Writing,
Hacked from human bones,
Whispered in the eldest ways,
Casket movements,
Through Cascades of towering limbs,
Behind a leathered masque of hate.

Out from a permanent nothingness,
Beyond the black cloak of death,
Ancient, Rot-browed inhuman ways,
Buried in disintegrating flesh.

Uncreation,
Diabolic Blight,
Enter with pride Necropolis,
No sanctum,
Here lies only infernal death,
Buried in ash and angel's dust,
Casket movements,
As worms on gangrene-flesh,
Like drones through necromantic galleries,

Howling through mounds of teeth and hair,
Imprisoned behind a wall of corpses,
Necrotic skin peel from yellow bones,
Licking the envenomed blades of evil.

