

Be'Lakor "Aspect"

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Name the aspect of oblivion
That instilled in you such dread
In the moment that was waiting
Where the causal chain had led

Describe the pure finality
Of that twisted, cold eruption
And attempt to comprehend
Unparalleled destruction

Unclench your teeth and meet your demise
Behold the fate you always desired

Standing on the brink, we see our home is lost
A sacrifice led to the slaughter
Black flickers grit the cusp
Hands clasped under falling soil

Drip down faintly by dark whispers
A torrent into madness

Blunt nails shred the life from your face
Fetid strips of decaying hope
Drift down gently

In obsidian water
Your pale arms reach for me
Beckon me closer

In silence at last
A peace we always wanted
We cease to be

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