

Glorior Belli

"Severed From The Self"

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Fractured delight, the spirit bends
Still this body never breathed.

Affected glimpses, behind my lonely hill of strangeled
shadows,
Have fled. With voiceless words attached,
A stillness to which no silence can compare.

Though as the crack subsides, and dies the self within,
An atrocious pain rises.

It writhes! It writhes with mortal pangs.
And seraphs sob at Satan's fangs, in human gore
imbued.

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,
Now are visions never to vanish:

Through chaos His light occurs still
Severance to thy damnation shall seem
As a blood-red fever burning,
Which would cling to Thee forever.

Affected beliefs, behind my lonely hill of strangeled
shadows,
Arise. With vicious words attached,
An ode to which nothing can compare.

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