

## Krallice

### "The Blackening"

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Bent beneath the weight of this pain, in my dying thirst  
you offered me  
Poison. Your words are but nails to my feet. Now I  
comprehend the curse of  
Those chosen.  
"Eli... a lie..."  
So I can not go on waiting.  
"Eli, lama sabachthani?"  
All it's brought me is grief and aching. I've damned all  
you've loved for  
It's tainted me, bastard.  
"And what is sacrificed for love - procuring, pandering  
one's son as a  
Harlot? We are disparaged at the hands of the 'good, '  
yet, in our ends, we have  
Inherited dirt. And what is the cost of love? Did  
Pygmalion surrender his own?  
I stand in defense of the prodigal son, eclipsed by  
horrors cast from the  
Incandescent fire of his father."  
So I will not go on waiting.  
"Eli, lama sabachthani?"  
All it's brought me is grief and aching. I damn all you  
are for you've  
Broken me.  
"Eli... a lie..."  
Nothing will wash away the stain, will stitch up the  
vacancy, will silence  
The anguish. There is no redemption nor forgiveness.  
After two years of winter,  
Two years of trial and shame, I'm ready for the sun to  
rise again. I'm ready  
For the burning to begin.  
If your god is love, then love is fucking dead.  
Is this how we end?  
Or is this how I begin?

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