

Mistyfate

"To Our Lord"

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Thou has created bottomless

Abysses only for watching fall

Slowly

My anguished spirit

Thou has cut me

The wings for crawling me

Through thy

Wretched roads

Thou has obscured the skies

Only for

Blinding

My few dreams

Thou gave me a soul

That was made of stone

... in it's vast garden

Only rules

Desolation

Thou gave me eyes

For beholding

The flower

Rot in it's beauty

Thou gave broken
Sword and shield
To be defeated in life
By disappointment
But now!
I condemn you to the biggest
Of my hates
To the most impure rancour
Now my soul
Rises upon an ocean of fire
Cursing this creation
And why you call life
... what I am!

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