

## Deathrow

### "The Shrine Of Mad Laughter"

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God of terror, very low dost thou bring us, very low  
hast thou brought us

A sensation of everlasting rot and those frantic wails,  
no, it is not a fall into  
The abyss, the defiance of descent, a coronation  
beyond liberty and slavery;  
The cry of woe and deliverance exudes a flame,  
evasive as sound and ether:  
An instant of collusion with death, without hope nor  
prospect, yet it is a  
World below and above and in all eternity, a gift of  
fever, the wind of death  
That sustains the life in me, yes, the lightness of  
hovering in permanent  
Anguish; I dared to borrow those words, to articulate  
them and to savour  
Their turpitude, as I beheld the shrine of mad laughter.

The limit is crossed with a weary horror: hope seemed  
a respect which  
Fatigue grants to the necessity of the world

As if Death was dashed onto the death within, a violent  
thrust stealing the  
Light of the eyes, a ray of darkness, a negation, the  
bread of bitterness that  
Ignites neither devotion nor fervour; resplendent  
nothingness! make all  
Things appear with clarity, ruined in the flame of  
repudiation, in the flame  
Of God! Interwoven joy and confusion, a stabbing  
confusion, asphyxiation  
From within, yet I gained this certitude: malediction,  
degradation, sown in  
Me like seeds, now I belonged to my flesh; I belonged  
to death, in harbouring  
A desire for the hideous, I was beckoning to death.  
Insatiable combustion,  
Expand, this body is thy vessel of grace!

The idea of God is pale next to that of perdition, but of  
this I could have no  
Inkling in advance

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