

## **Thy Light**

# **"I Am The Bitter Taste Of Gall"**

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I contemplate the decaying force of the forged nature,  
that I have been forced to admire.

None of this is more special than a bitter draft at  
sunrise.

I am just the flesh attached to bones that serve no  
other purpose, other than rotting;

The beauty of everything that has ever yearned to be  
beautiful is just makeup on existentialist dross;

I am the bitter taste of gall that circulates in the veins  
of those who still consider the eternal penitence a  
godly gift;

All your idols are dead, they died in vain, what for?

... Life?

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