

## Venke Knutson

### "You're All Gonna Die"

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The cold reign of darkness-shadows the infinite  
shadow  
Enlisting blackness to repair the wounds  
Which were successfully administered  
By the cruel curse of life's-blinding lights  
Hell regurgitates devouring magma from the dank  
depths

Royalty or not-you're all gonna die  
Catholic or not-you're all gonna die

Once more to reclaim the throne-ever more to claim  
heredity  
Ownership of the dead and all the responsibilities  
Falling helpless into the hands of no-more you  
That cold lonely planet was never your real home

Rich man or not-you're all gonna die  
President or not-you're all gonna die

There are those who defy the end-scream and beg for  
more  
Dragged away and destined to scream  
Whims that howl in tormented storms  
No rights to be-no rights to see  
Your sad epitaph shall now read as follows

Scientist or not-you're all gonna die  
Satanist or not

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