

Anaal Nathrakh

"Forging Towards The Sunset"

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Calm may reign in heaven.
But down here, all is ending.
All that you have desired,
All you could have loved,
All you considered sacred, bonds,
Intentions, potentials,
Betrayals, lusts - count for precisely naught.
Give the lie to all sense of is or ought.
Fucking hilarious you thought it could be other
Get on your knees, soaked in history's flaming cum.
To turn from recognising, to shudder
In fear at yourself is weakness.
Cry me a river of fucking poison milk.
Slowly crawling toward this life's hour at last... glory...
Total and complete victory of abject shit, the baying
Swine, mocking nihil pearls...
Clamouring to be fed to cannibal pigs.

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