

Krohm

"Psychic Pandemonium"

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Hidden within the raven's eye
Resides a majestic black maelstrom
An iridescent vortex of delirium
Abashed in deathless creation

The veils throb with visceral indignation,
Revealing the angry space between the stars.
Their seething terror forms out of reversed realities
Where our gods become prey.

By the sardonic Hammer
By the jaws of Leviathan.
Even the last dying wish
Is eradicated from the ethereal

Subtle murmurs that disturb life,
Inevitable paroxysms return once again;
We never dreamed it could be this way.
We should have left it alone...

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