

Teratism

"The Blessing Of Death"

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Voracious drumming resounds
Through these despondent lands
The abysmal battering vehement and maddening
Like the thunder that shatters the stillness of the night.
Fear embodies the endless darkness
For there is no life here.
The biting gales howl of eternal despair
And the winds are always cold.
This gift yearns for passage.
Breeding shrouds of emptiness within.
Unfurling menace and despair upon
The horizons made flesh.
This ominous and grand reprisal
Lays waste the tragedy of birth.
Creeping through your flesh
It's frigid touch and unfathomable terror
Proclaim the frailty of existence.
The swathing hands of death await you... eagerly!
This gift breaths unholiness.
Precursor of all frost and ice.
It's radiance is all consuming
As all mortality withers and dies.
Creeping through your flesh
It's frigid touch and unfathomable terror
Proclaim the frailty of existence.
The swathing hands of death await you... eagerly!
This, the pulsating heart of evil
Remains lurking beneath the surface.
Yet the pounding within your ears
Bears it's omnipotent presence.
None shall escape the knell.
The ensuing silence
Your every passing second of life
Is only entertained by the paramount of death.
When the Earth groans and shakes, rendering all to ruin
When the skies turn black and ashes suffocate all life
When the seas rage in vengeance and swallow the land...
It is there.
And it is here within my chest

Beating this cold blessing of death.

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