Cold Lord Quietus

Shai Hulud

No, we do not welcome the day,
Though we quietly plead for the end inside.
Neither time nor daybreak will suppress this nightmare.
This we take to our graves.True living and breathing death.
Every breath is surely the last.But another...How many more will follow--And another...How many more can be endured...Broken whispers; shy touches to passing flesh.
A twitch of life. A cold shudder.
Defy the instinct to recoil.Yet another breath...Ignore your pain
You are not your own,
You are the strength of life and love
To usher in the end.Hearts besieged by lament and relentless trial are pumping cold blood.
Glacial and ceaseless desolation commands the stillness we have become.Submit to fear.
Bow to sorrow.
Assent to death.
The cold lord governs by decree.Yes, we welcome the day, precisely the hour,
We plead for the grave;
This, our bitter confession.
Conquered long before we begin to suffer the loss,
Death holds dominion over more than the dying.
Aching for the next reachable paradise.
Awaiting the last...
Dear lord, not another breath.Cold Lord impacts the loss, bound with resulting relection, deep and depreciating.Was I mindful...
Have I suffered...
Am I of warmth...
Worth affection...
Capable of love...
A vessel of hate and bitterness...In this death so close, beset with travail,
I am aware of my every fault and failure.Now rest;
Leave your venom behind.
May we all have such strength.

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