

# Aspect

## Be'lakor

Name the aspect of oblivion  
That instilled in you such dread  
In the moment that was waiting  
Where the causal chain had led  
Describe the pure finality  
Of that twisted, cold eruption  
And attempt to comprehend  
Unparalleled destruction  
Unclench your teeth and meet your demise  
Behold the fate you always desired  
Standing on the brink, we see our home is lost  
A sacrifice led to the slaughter  
Black flickers grit the cusp  
Hands clasped under falling soil  
Drip down faintly by dark whispers  
A torrent into madness  
Blunt nails shred the life from your face  
Fetid strips of decaying hope  
Drift down gently  
In obsidian water  
Your pale arms reach for me  
Beckon me closer  
In silence at last  
A peace we always wanted  
We cease to be

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