

Autoapotheosis

Aeveron

"But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes! - It writhes! - with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued. Out - out are the lights - out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm." *Time and space run through my astral veins.
Stars obey my orders.
Planets circulate me in neverending concentric rings.
I am the center of the universe.
I am COSMOS!!! You think you don't have to worship me.
But your vanity won't be of any use to you.
I'm flowing right through your most secret thoughts.
I know your deepest fears and weaknesses.
I am the owner of your mind and ruler of your fate. I am the Divinity you've always denied.
I am the Alpha and the Omega.
I was here before time was created.
And I'll still exist when you've vanished in the vortex
of eternity. Eternity!!! You stupid fuck believe you're in control and everything is obeying
your feeble will.
But you're subject to a fatal fallacy.
You're acting the way I want you to.
You're my character in a play of hopes and fears.
You're my Conqueror Worm!
You still believe I'm not there, laughing at my existence,
still denying me.
You're denying me!!! Eternally!!! Once upon a time I wasn't unlike you.
But I have arisen and made myself a God.
The highest sovereign over your life, liege over your fate.
I transformed into a celestial being to use you as an instrument

to wipe out the entire human RACE!!!* Edgar Allan Poe: "The Conqueror Worm"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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