

Embrace

Angel Corpse

What is to be of this pestilence
That makes empires tumble like tears
The dust of millenia - fallen ages
Staunches the flow of dawning horizons
Obscuring -
While the days crumble as their hours unfold
A sensual swooning - prophetic mocking
As the soils swallow the seeds of the past
Each one of us to his own
Embrace
Drowning in hallowed solitude
Swallowing the void
The pallid hope revealed at last
Embrace "Why should I fret in microcosmic bonds
That chafe the spirit and the mind repress
When through the clouds gleam beckoning beyonds
Whose shining vistas mock man's littleness?"
Throw off those shackles of sufferance
This penance of one thousand ordeals
I wield the scepter of destiny
Choose the means of my own death
Give me both nails and a hammer
Harness those ecstasies of death
Prostrate myself on cruciform
At last... With swift feet I made my way
Helmed by a cacophony of despair
Deaf to the legacy of youthfulness
And beauty and joy since pined away
Yet now a rush falls upon my ears
Of dripping - whispering words
The hole of emptiness I pour through
Unveils the caress from far beyond
Now no longer can I ignore
What goes before has gone again
The silence of immorality
Satisfied with this one fell step
Plunge beneath the waters -
The freezing embrace of the goddess of death
Quote taken from H.P. Lovecraft's "Phaeton"

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