

# Smirr

## Enslaved

He sees his world through the crystal state of departure

    The hooves echo the approach of the third coming

    On it's back a goddess with shining black armour

        The steel that will separate the will from doing

        Closing in as he falls to his knees, surrounded by

            Plasma of dying chapters

    Life succumbs to silence, desire alone to the dying

        Of inner banes

His hands no longer grasping contraction as he laughsWinds play their mourners dirge through heaps of corpses

    The hooves thundering the arrival of the final coming

        Carrying forth the seeds of eternal night

        So that the Shadow may sleep, eternity weeps

While we laugh and remain foreverShe feels the cold floor giving no comfort as she fades

    The hooves echo the approach of the third coming

        On it's back the faceless her Elder Ones saw

    The agents of microcosmic change shattering the megalith

        Stories told, divinity unfold

        She passes on, yet remains in Smirr

    Cold remains scattered in dead void dreams

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