

Aspect

Volfworks

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

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