

TERMINUS EST

ANTAGONIZER

You were born in terror
Like an angel exorcising itself from the clay
And like every angel, in the end, you fall
Screaming like a wounded animal, vicious in its grief

As you land, your nameless fingers root into the earth and become gods
Erupting like the most beautiful flower I've ever seen

You used to long for death
My love
My devourer
My ashen one
Can't you see?

Death was always here
Death is you