

Fathom Infinite Depth

Archspire

There is a pit I may have dug within one single frozen moment
In it lurks a haunting endless multitude of vile incarnate
We now are linked, I have become it's counter-part
Its mindless pawn
Relentlessly racing encircling curse
Blistering, this unrelenting becoming to excavate
The rancid soil that lay upon the artifact
Why is my hand gone?
Constant begging, Pleading, Screaming
I attempt to reason with the recess
Fusing with the elder's vision, to see as it sees
Does it hear me? For I now hear it
This pit the past, and I the present
Deep behind my eyes we merge as one
This tunnel is the retina of the Ancients eye
Spewing forth from it's dark chasm
The entangled, deranged, Constant vile constructs of the onyx
What lay beneath my eyes, exhumed from evermore
Our minds unable to measure
How minute yet immense the grasp of this vacuous gash
Excavating the pits innards
Bore an object that of which I craved possession
Slime, Reflective
I reach down to grab it, It eats my hand
Leaves my limb dripping
A taste of what awaits
I will take it to my casket, this incessant mesh of madness
My son and wife, and hand, and mind have left me
Incineration of my sanity leading me closer to death
Yet I must illuminate its fathomless depth
Emanating forces from this unearthly twisted retinal orifice
Drag me down at night to reveal
The awful dwellings of it's depths below
Crepuscular visions of vastness haunting me
Trapping me. Taunting me. Draining me
Slithering liquid breathing
Black ooze leaking from my wounded limb
Insatiable, it's gluttony to be fed
I want to wake up
I awake to find I'm staring
Oblivious into the pit that I have dug
Revolted yet I cannot turn away

Man's attempt to fathom the infinite depth, lurking within finite matter

Man can't fathom
Fuelling my crippling phobia of infinity
Consuming all within it's potent grasp
After tasting my hand it demands more and more flesh
It sucks in stray birds from the withered grey sky
In fever I erode my fears. Digging ever deeper still
As past, present and future collide
What remained of my mind is now crawling away
With the one hand that I have left
I wield the shovel that digs beyond earth
Through the dirt. Through my eyes
Through the worms. Through the world

As it stares deep into me, I respond with equal enquiry
Demented sycophantic liquid doppelgangers
Leak out to our surface
In search of life to feed into the gape
Taking over the world we know, as I join the world below
Merging with the spiralling retina of the mind's eye
Altered, I face all my hells
Inside this pit I can't crawl out

Man's attempt to fathom the infinite depth, lurking within finite matter

Past the timeless tunnel awaits
Life in mass-less hyper state
Wake!