

The Nails and Sinners

Arcturus

("I know that without me God cannot live a moment;
If I am destroyed He must give up the ghost"
Angelus Silesius)
I beseech you, God to whom many sinners pray
From the depth of the dark abyss where my heart
fell
Expelled I was from your tedious grace to the pits
of hell
So can please cease to deplore my opposite, may
only way
For aeons I descended down
Till I saw the dreadful truths
of which man wouldn't know
I, degraded bearer of thy sacred light
- to which I never again will bow
When I rise to avenge myself with darkness
The anger of the damned shall flow
I was cast out by the retinue of angels weak
Shone to the few who me would seek
A rebel I was, radiant my glow, afar,
My wisdom fathomed by the morningstar
And O your fools, in herdlike fright, stampede
And when creation falls, you must build anew,
With nails that sting My hands -
They grow passionate on a lie
But You know the veracious one was I