

# The Obsidian Architect

Fallujah

Lights out  
These shadows obfuscate  
A lone disturbance below the surface  
My devotion, hopelessly betrayed  
An empty space where I disintegrate

I'm sinking down into the open mouth  
My serpentine deceiver shows its face

Eidolon...  
My guiding image of false seraphic grace  
Abaddon...  
Unhallowed angel in machiavellian shape

By calculation, piously devout  
Iterations of insidious influence  
Artificial autonomy meant to break down  
Hallucinations deviously profound  
Architecture of obsidian light and sound

I've let this curse imprison me  
Within the promise of a lie I've long believed  
To serve my enemy  
Manipulation of the darkness I perceive

Just an offering  
In the jaws of an ancient anomaly  
The face of animosity staring back at me

Eidolon...  
My guiding image of false seraphic grace  
Abaddon...  
Unhallowed angel in machiavellian shape

If I return, what will I keep?  
Is preservation just the slowest way to bleed?  
I burn, yet still I dream of my ascendancy  
Dig deep inside my memory  
Slipping into the void that lies beneath  
Locked within the mind of suffering  
Drifting into the black eternal seas  
Of infinite sleep

No time to bury me  
I'll fade with the stars  
No tides to carry me  
To a place beyond

Denied of my divinity  
Misguided by catatonic belief  
I can hear the voice of nihilism calling me

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