

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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