

Breath of Void

Fen

The aether is a charnel-house

Frozen in time

By the exorbitant wave of rending

Thrown forth from matter's death-throes

Realities pause

And those with the temerity

To simply watch and wait

To stand in stupefaction

The exhalation of negation draws inexorably closer

Mesmerised by the promise of extinguishment

Enraptured by the prospect of nothingness

Uncountable cries rise up

As one hideous, desperate fugue

Razor away this pitiful raiment of mass

Free us from the heavy sackcloth of our own knowledge

Freeze and flense

Release us from material bondage

And unleash upon us a death-age of complete emptiness

And yet the void does not hear

Does not feel, does not think

A breath colder than the furthest, rotting reaches of time itself

Engulfs all, consumes all, ends all

There can be no rebirth within this fractured fissure

That once we called 'universe'

Now clutching like a ligature

Gripping tight, oppressive, choking

Crushing the meaning from the material