

Eschaton's Gift

Fen

Open wide thine arms
And welcome dissolution into thy embrace – into thy soul
A very universe of needle shafts spearing into thy essence
Shearing... unmaking... dissembling
The bliss of extinction travels on seas of agony

For what more can the last tattered vestiges
of consciousness demand?
What else can await the scions of reduction?
Than the shredding vortex of extinction
From pain, we derive finality – and from finality, release.

We placed our hopes in a gilded cage of unreality
Little more than the crushing, iron-shod shackles
of purest ignorance
Bereft of guild, absent of thought

The very basest, reductive reasoning of the mentally stillborn
Begging for solace in the endless corridors of a feeble fantasy.
Eyes glazed with the desperate narcotic gleam
Of a stunted mind grasping in dependence
Infantile mewling and whimpering shame pours forth

Reaching with tendrils of a child's yearning
For the dopamine surge of oblivion's grasp
In forlorn defiance the shrieking agonies
Carried by the reality of violent obliteration

And so it comes.
The end
It comes on trails of fire and plateaus of carrion
Sown in soils trammelled with malediction's venom

Howling absence
A hurricane of negation

Open wide thy throats
And scream... and scream... and scream
Tracheas red raw, vocal chords split and shredded
Revel in this damnation
For which we begged and pleaded
Craved – as opiates flooding a rotted, dying cortex.

This is what we prayed for
For this is our gift