

Rendered in Onyx

Fen

A choir of unreality chimes
A host of obsidian seraphim swarms
Etched upon the tapestry of reason
A litany of falsehoods awash with fear

Fear of all-encompassing emptiness
Fear of an infinity of the unknown
Fear of the purity of meaninglessness
Fear of a darkness that acts as a mirror to ignorance

Carved in the very coldest regions of an uncaring bleak multiverse
Hewn from strident monoliths of absence and vacuum

And so
I condemn a species that thrives on its own terror
That derives essence from the spire of pity
And I seek my place amongst the temples

There are many places in which true wisdom hides
Where the unbroken fabric of reality lies in wait
Shrouded
Cloaked in aether's dark blessing
Beyond the sight by those tethered
To the dead weight of matter, to the prison of the flesh

Penance is sought in that which is perceptible
But no solace dwells within the rotten fabric of a half-truth

Their systems crumble beneath a hailstorm
Of unpicked knots of knowledge

Palpitating sentience trembles
Against the rearing menhirs of absolution
Secrets buried in darkness
Truth rendered in onyx