

Thrall

Fen

Too late
It is always too late
To row back from the carnage wrought
By the unfettered march of your own fucking hubris

As gladly we build the pyres
And heaped conceit upon conceit
In a towering furnace fueled by vanity and scorn
We watched the embers of rationality
Spiral into the stained plateau of the sky

Songs were sung
And tributes were paid
As the fires burned and the bodies were heaped

We raised vast totems
And eucharists of celebration
To a new era of thought and worship

From which there will be no deviance
Banners unfurl across scarred stone
Ice shines in the eyes of the guardians of a new credo
Embers drift back to earth as chains
Constricting... binding...
Biting into pale skin
Chafing to bloody sores
As gladly we beg for more
More pain - more punishment
Rictus grins split broken lips that erupt blood
CHoking us with the dorwning carmine finality.