

Dichotomy

Full of Hell

Hands quake in ceaseless vibration
In view of all that was and all that will be
Crystalline in its resplendence
Repugnant in its ugliness
The dichotomy of all that is lush and rotten
Tincture of lament, burden of empathy
We weep in guilt

Thy coven, denied
Thy vessel, deserted