

Landscapes in the sky
Transfigured grey
Within this shroud of death
Boils their flesh

Given morbid, unremitting sentence
There is no beauty in these hills
Totality of ruin
And fateless winds from
The porous earth
Disperse the herald's mist

Fused in apokalypsis
To live here is to die
To die a gift
By Mekanik Sovereign