

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

Given morbid, unremitting sentience  
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