

Oblivion In Morsels

Imperial Triumphant

Below the unseen stars
Where the iron grows
Perfection in all ways
Pinnacle of the world

Hel, a steel mouth
And teeth to bite the cosmos
Enthroned in gold lightning
Delivers unto us
Oblivion in morsels
Our skyscraping master

And those below
Whom gasp and squirm
May not as we will
Merely offerings to the mother machine

Blessed black smog
Consuming, constricting
They belong in their proper place
The depths