

Exercises In Futility I

Mgla

The great truth is there isn't one
And it only gets worse since that conclusion
The irony of being an extension to nothing
And the force of inertia is now a vital factor

And there is despair underneath each and every action
Each and every attempt to pierce the armour of numbness
Burning bridges becomes a habit to support
And the front line expands like there's no tomorrow

I envy the maggots
Their stuff at least sticks together
Better than laudations of misinformed seers
And those are lengthy annals of shame that we work with

It's like dumping dead meat at the brink of Styx
With a barge that we made of what was left of Yggdrasil
After veterans of spiritual revolts were done with their armchairs
And I don't even remember which brink is which

The odour of sanctity is just refined stench of existence
Shining pearl of Augeas' crown pales in comparison

And there is despair underneath each and every action
Each and every attempt to pierce the armour of numbness
Burning bridges becomes a habit to support
And the front line expands like there's no tomorrow

The grotesque eagles of misfortune, well fed on thanatos, sit still
It's the dignity of scavengers at the ever growing garbage dump
of life

There is something about the rigid posture of a proper, authentic blind
As if extended arms reached to pass his blindness onto others