

## Exercises In Futility II

Mgła

There is a style in total denial  
A certain elegance of fear  
Hesychasm is so much convenient  
With the desert within ourselves

Stray dogs lead disciples of Oedipus  
As the shrouds gently cover  
Exquisite paroxysms of ruin  
And well mannered choking on nothingness

Nether

The cracks in soma, psyche and pneuma  
Are as one way mirrors  
It's one well lit desert  
And the pyres extend beyond the horizon  
And cold flames flicker upon ashes of hope

Through hallways carved in a crystal  
On to the uttermost parts of the pit  
Jostling through cadavers of former selves  
You would swear there's amusement in the eyes of the dead

Again, nether

A reward for the perseverant:  
Unceasing howling of the heart  
Bound to walk this path  
Nether, again, nether - now and forever

I wish it was classic fire and brimstone  
But clearly there is a very special plan  
Paved with havoc and shattered virtues  
As if there were any other paths

With every dream  
The pyres grow taller  
An enemy of trust  
A misled scholar  
Stray philanthrope  
In vain endeavor  
Walk this path  
Now and forever