

## Exercises In Futility III

Mgła

We hold an honorary degree in natural science  
For stratigraphy of rock bottom  
The layers were aplenty, as above, so below  
But mostly below

The research is vast, thorough and firsthand  
And it's a broad array of sources

For the complete guide to spiritual asshole of the world

A tour in words, sounds and pictures  
Of the true south of nadir

Through burial grounds for broken dreams and crippled souls  
The graves are shallow  
We would dig them up with our bare hands  
Just to rise above for a split second  
And see them basked in the light of a dead sun  
Beneath the sky of shit  
And then take notes  
Meticulously

We would consume deathbed confessions  
Create a language of fading words

For this night is without end

We would compute dynamics of grief  
And logic of venom, and we would listen  
As history is written on cold skin of prophets  
With vulture claws soaked in rat saliva

For this night is without end