

## With Hearts Toward None I

Mgła

Between the damned,  
The pissed and the outright insane  
Grand architects of failure,  
Sculptors of loss  
No golden thrones to follow  
No shrines of solace to seek

I shall erect myself over transience  
I shall ascend over flesh  
Steadfastly tearing through aether  
I shall rise to the beyond  
I shall reveal heights  
Not yet imagined  
I shall rewrite Summa de homine  
I shall speak with tongues of angels  
And I shall burn with pure light

I will burn allright

On to rupture; bonds rearranged  
Scorch the archaic remnants  
And rip through primordial thoughts  
On to diremption: self / kin  
All glory and strenght of culture  
Now null and void

No golden thrones to follow  
No shrines of solace to be found  
And only the locusts shall sing  
At the end of the day