

## With Hearts Toward None III

Mgła

Threshold wanderers  
Daath dwellers  
Usucaptors in lands  
Of no hope and no grace

Preachers of the fall  
Surveyors of the astray  
In darkness and in ruin,  
In gutters of ascension  
Behold the Logos  
Begotten of death

From the midst of cold ash  
Comes the voice of the living god  
Further down  
To the roots of withered pillars  
Through the scorched ground  
And you shall know perdition  
And it will set you free

Grey ash prayer  
Severed from the unconscious  
Perverse theodicy  
Atrocious immanence

With hearts toward none