

Things Which Are Naught

Nightbringer

In Death's holy silence I call you, God above me, God below me
By Neither, Neither, myself unseen, God within and God beyond me

Reflected in these mirrors darkly, God above me, God below me
By Neti, Neti, a faceless face, God within and God beyond me

You abysmal rift in the fabric of being
Ungraspable shadow, devour me
As I open my eyelids for your gnashing teeth
And fill the hollows with blackest dreams

"For his art did express a quintessence even from nothingness
From dull privations and lean emptiness
He ruin'd me and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death: things which are not"

Coil about me and breathe my new name
Self above me, Self below me

Plow earth into abyss and reap its bitter grain
Absence within me, Presence beyond me

And your naked splendor has carved open the pathway

Into wonders of the howling night and the twist of the moon
Where the dead awakens to the call of serpentine cherubim to fall
ever deeper and deeper into their tombs
Restructure the dried out bones of the world and fill its dried
out veins with your word
A promise of everything I will come to be, the Nothing within me
and the All beyond me!