

# As He Creates So He Destroys

Nile

At the seething and fiery center  
He sits upon his ebon throne  
Within his halls of darkness  
Which no man has seen and survived the vision

Both blind and bereft of mind  
He pipes unceasingly on his reed flute  
And the notes that rise and fall in measured patterns  
Are the foundations of all the worlds  
Ever calculating in sound the structure of space and time

Were his flute ever to suddenly fall silent  
All the spheres would shatter into one another  
And the myriads of worlds  
Would be unmade  
As they were before creation

The flute of the blind idiot  
Both makes and unmakes the worlds in ceaseless  
Combinations  
Spinning on the woven carpet of time

No creation without destruction  
No destruction without creation

To unmake a thing is to make another  
Each time a thing is made  
Another is destroyed

The idiot god on his black throne  
Does not choose  
What shall rise into being  
And what should pass away  
He cares only to maintain  
His mindless unholy music of  
Random creation and destruction

No living creature can look upon his face  
And endure its terrible heat  
And black radiance  
That is like the reverberating unseen rays of molten iron  
Which strike and burn the skin  
Of those who would dare  
Gaze into the countenance of the idiot god

Never does he receive supplicants  
In his black halls of uncouth angles and strange doors  
Nor does he ever hear prayers or answer them  
Endlessly he pipes  
And endlessly he devours his own substance  
For his hunger is insatiable  
As he consumes his own wastes after the custom of idiots

As the god creates  
So he destroys