

# Nostalgia for Oblivion

Origin

The corpse, the great paradigm, reminder set for us  
Beginnings, degraded nature, connections are sundered

On the slab, one in the same, no longer sentient meat  
The edge of the boundless void, suddenly death is denied

Subjective immortality confined to this corporeal disease  
Despite my greatest efforts  
Persistent incongruity, every time results remain the same  
Return to this conscious prison

I suffer  
Burdened by this waking state, tortured with irrevocable being  
Unending  
Cyclical abomination wielding all the powers of a god

Exhausted every possible manner of escape  
Everytime I'm doomed to survive  
Absurdity of this condition, denigrated will to exist  
Watching my surroundings wither and decay  
Ineptitude of reason, miasma of futility  
Nothing will come of this  
Continue on in spite, affirmation of disgust  
Of being and becoming

Extinctionist covenant usher in a grand demise  
We'll get what is coming to us  
Fanatical legions braying at the altar of stone  
Embrace the oblivion  
For the nether awaits us beyond  
Mass extinction abides  
If I am forced to exist I would rather do it alone  
The end of humanity

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