

# Threshold

Shylmagoghna

Burdened is the path betwixt flesh and stone  
Cold tendrils of the abyss latch unto fixations  
And rancour becomes the seed of despair  
Be warned  
For in that sleep of death  
Nightmares surely come to light  
When plunged forever into that pit of unveiled trepidations  
The only way through is a crawlway that winds  
Around chasms of your own design

Now behold what lies beyond the threshold of our dreams  
The antechamber of all fates to be - Veritas

There a host of fingers relentlessly entwines  
Daedal weaves and patterns, congealing into time  
One thread turns a man to a god  
One slaughter's a child in the womb  
By the pinch of a single strand, empires crumble  
In its coils I can see mankind's rise and fall

Its eyes now shift in manifold  
Peering across the gloom, as if it knows  
When entia trespass upon  
This strange sanctum verging on the realms of naught  
As icy terror fills my heart  
I dive down, and crawl into an underpass  
Encroaching deep into the ruins  
Of this grand unearthly vestibule

There is no way out  
No respite from decay  
My lot falls on declivous ways

Where the strands of fate are undefined, congruity unwinds  
Inputs undetermined form a fractal path  
Helices of shapeless time as far as none can see  
Beyond this threshold yawns infinity

Can a singular being such as I surmount this vast divide?  
Twists of never-ending shapes and thoughts to come  
Contemplating finitude at the brink of defeat  
I fail to notice, eyes have been watching me

And I now meet its gaze  
As the Weaver turns my way

"I seek not thine harm  
But my words do heed  
Beings lost in time  
Lie dormant in the weft of the weave"

Slowly, one of many hands lifts my thread to reveal  
A tracing in the fractal, and as I observe, it speaks

"Do not tread with hesitance upon the wailing path  
Spirits unrelenting hide within the dark  
On the bleakest of thy days, quiver not, but stand tall

Life gave thee burdens - thou hast carried them all"

"In severance lies beauty, bittersweet as it may be  
Once a journe is over, value accrues indeed  
Sifting through the memories, both painful and serene  
Thou wilt discover, they've become part of thee"

"In the great beyond past sterile fields  
There one may find serendipity  
Beware the beast who resembles thee  
All that Become must return to the Sea"