

## Non-Entity

Thou

In the fields of self adulation, ranged in gloom'ed array  
It speaks in ten thousand thunders, an emptiness rent  
So shrill is the trumpet to announce solitary array  
It croaks its incessant wail, an emptiness rent

In the fields of self flagellation, the ache of false hope takes  
shape  
It whispers ten thousand thunders, lamenting in dismal woe  
Amidst all the trembles and groans, the senses and will lose shape  
I croak an incessant wail, lamenting in dismal woe

Oh shadow of horror is risen, it forms this abominable void  
It's birthed in the temple of draughts, it fashions these walls  
Oh, cold silent horror on desolate mountain roams  
In shriveling isolation, I fashion these walls