

## Stare into Death and Be Still

Ulcerate

At war with no enemy  
But the dearth of our will  
Far too late to wake from this doubt  
Intransigent in the face of the end

Banished to a fate worse than death

No worth remains of this condemned existence  
Soon to be annulled

Transpire, from order to chaos  
The messiah of alienation  
Deliver us to these ends we have dreamt

Where the faintest light is now smothered  
Devoured by the grief

Sink deeper into the abyss  
Buried under the flaws we disown  
Starved of breath  
And fearing the detachment from all  
Submit to unseen tyranny

We have reached the brink of the terminal world

Stare into death and be still  
The darkness ahead mirrors the past of ruin  
Barely lived  
Every fire exhausted  
Awaiting surrender