

# Ragnarok

Worm Shepherd

Conflicting paths  
An imperceptible continuum  
Through the lens of the population  
Unending, frozen fallacy

I, the observer  
The arbiter  
The accuser  
The author of *quietus*, have turned a gaze onto humankind  
As the kirk bells deafen  
And the sirens scream  
Their way of life warps my path to clemency

In time you shall realize  
Ascension may only occur  
With the death of mankind  
In the palm of my hands

Frozen I must send my horde of flies and ticks across the valleys and up through the streets to chip away at the tissue and cartilage of every survivor and wielder of swords

There is no war  
A display of unworthy combatants wither before me  
It's not a choice  
The end draws near  
This is no war

A display of unworthy combatants wither before me  
Without a choice, the end draws near

Sweep dust from my motionless hands  
Collected during cycles of lust  
The only movement as of late digging into brimstone  
Crying tears built upon broken trust

Ominous in nature  
Potential alliances snap at the sight of these dying eyes

Writhe in silence shift my body in the dark  
I awaken into the void sprinting forward into its inviting mouth  
Cover my wings in soil  
Rip my carcass from the crust  
Home into the ether's arms

The bell has rung  
Echoing across the plains  
Engulfing the space between realities

Bravery is futile  
The mirror harkens back to the throne of persistent justice

Chewing through the barriers  
To gorge upon the final remnants of absolution  
In the wake ov Sòl  
At the foot ov the cross  
Ethereal scrolls ov labyrinthine lore beckons wretchedness upon the gates

Reverberation of hope eclipsed  
The maggots consuming the fresh  
Glistening flesh  
Unearthly warriors gnawing on the viscera  
Viciously chomping, and clawing away