

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