

Axamenta, Of Genesis And Apocalypse

(Antartica, April 11th, 2159 A.D.)

Cut was the tongue of lucidity

Solitude whispered deceit
Yet not sprung from lying tongues
Was the nausea that grew
As through unease reason unstrung

Horizons withered apace

The borders of my perception
Shrunk to ruins, crimson-tinged
As the empyrean crumbled down
From the universal frame unhinged

Rubescient spirals swelled
From burning ruptures aloft

Its eyes - its stare
I sense death in the breath of this impasse

Descending - revealing - from the flameborn coil
Undeniable - shapeshifting cold images of the past

Its eyes - its stare - a cold glance from the mirror to bear
Madness spat from the lookingglass - I sense death in the breath of this impasse
The empty footprints preceding me throughout my path unveil their secrecy
As in the second of his touch aeons of incarnations stirred much

"And the stars in the sky fell to earth, as late figs drop from a fig tree when shaken by a strong wind. The sky receded like a scroll, rolling up, and every mountain and every island was removed from its place. Then the kings of the earth, the princess, the generals, the rich, the mighty, and every slave and every free man were thrown into the fire, and they were consumed in the fire that fell from the heavens."

Flaming pyres compelled
The earth to shiver oft

Its eyes - its stare - a fatal glance for the world to bear
The chainreaction's verge of time was reached, rendering the world sublime
The stabiliser was withdrawn on the last breath of dying light
The beginning and ending of the chain are quenched in trite
Leaving the causal nexus with -termination- to coincide