

# Ihsahn, Will You Love Me Now?

One great man was silent  
of his superiority  
He was openly flattered  
and hated silently  
Another spoke of his will to aspire  
to create beyond himself  
And the self-inflicted impotent man  
felt spat at by all ambition  
The solitary pierced the skin of denial  
and the blood would colour the sky  
A futile display to those whose heads  
are always turned towards the ground  
Staring  
into the mud  
into the heart of emptiness  
where they squirm  
desperately  
like wing-clipped flies  
And the whining parasite man  
to whom pity and gloating are the same  
This spineless parody of man  
will devour even himself in secrecy  
In secrecy  
Will you love me now  
-you, whose feeling of dignity  
is a matter of subtraction?  
Will you love me  
-now that I have revealed your un-nakedness?  
Will you love me now  
-you, whose perception of justice  
equals your will to corrupt?  
Will you love me  
-when I cut through all the layers of your vanity?  
Will you love me now  
-you, who cling to a heart so fragile  
even your gods must suffer for you?  
Could you love truth?  
Could you love truth  
even in secrecy?  
And they gathered  
in their halls of justice  
halls of mirrors  
halls of echoes  
And they gathered  
in their houses of worship  
within the walls of the unspoken  
sheltered from the rain