

Sunn O))), Cry For The Weeper

Something comes, something that you should never have known calls,
summoned by a vastness that kills certainty without thought,
the boulders of blood open their gates,
for it is here that the universe fears to believe,
the gateway to the infinite hunger opens,
the eternal swarms that darken darkness beckon with their flawless misshapen menace,
a knowledge that is so certain it has been locked away, here it dwells,
draped in the void, the very flesh of darkness,
where the unholyest caress their nightmare,
the resting place of all that is damned.
For here you are unwelcome,
un-alive and incarcerated in the place where the murdered stones bleed
onto the tongue of damnation.