

Altar of Plagues, Earth: As a Womb

Who will guard these hills?
Those which are abandoned.
Those which are exhausted.
Everything is collapsing, can you see it?
Awareness will come slow, if at all.

I knew it would come, when everything collapsed.
It is too late to rebuild these walls?

(Because) this self created bliss has destroyed everything true,
When truth was the rise of the first gentian.
They do not know what they seek,
So who could expect such grand repose
When all wisdom ends in nothing,
Who chooses what will be truth?

It feels as though there is a saw resting on these bones,

Behind this flesh
lies an anaemic frame
like brittle bones, they snap,
it echoes for days

I regret everything I ever promised,
In this coil, endlessly falling to nothing
as we think, we are all that will exist
learning now, that this truth, was just denial.