Cave In, Terminal Deity

" something is slowing me down. it makes its way through my arms, and through these fatigued worn fingers in fury-fevered lashings of claw. i somehow manage to gain the strength it takes to emit its evils onto the page. blood-soaked desperate one-sided attempts into the chill of all words. let the sloth be told of horrid torment, to watch him plagued in thought for all of our years. in every time, a star of hope is shining its regards as a sparkle of vain mockery, in these pained attempts of self-alleviation. to convert from the monster. "