

Sunn O))), Cursed Realm (Of The Winterdemons)

Held down by faceless darkness,
the universe shrinking back through time,
a mouth held open to the bottomless pit,
the flavour of the death of all that have come before,
the air bloated and brittle with fear, solidifying,
forever mummified in the molten ruins of the rejected,
their gleeful pain a molten wave that consumes,
fields of blood and onyx carry your remains to the last chariot
of stone drawn by the great caribou, dragged across the valley
of the endless void, to a place where no word exists,
where you are left atop the final precipice,
the vast expanse of hopelessness stretching into the infinite,
becoming with the shattered feathered hands of the damned.