Götterdämmerung

We come into the night tearing through darkness and panic
Endlessly fragile, wrought only of a dense stone, staring
Precipitating chaos, bringing order, eliminating maladies
Lost in the shuffle of the trees genuflecting before the wind
For the wind will be our guide and master
Nameless, senseless, sexless for faces bring unlit lenses
Bring us to our faun, a burning epsilon regained, an endless twilight
Twirling wasted upon a silken shore by bend of bay
To a summerland glittering golden upon waves of wheat
May those above bless us for this year in pardon
May those below damn the fiends around us and may they all wither
Devoured in comatose blossoms of clover
Please allow me this sacrifice, culminating in a worm of soot from Anubian gash
Allow the gods to vanish and give me the will I so rightfully deserve
Call the winds to the west! Bend the trees to allow me pass!
May a misshapen steed guide my way through the darkness and return once
To the arms of the one I call my home
Call the winds to the east! Slay my enemies with a sword of flame!
Rain fire from the sky and the sacrament turn,
May the first be a magus to light the sky with glittering abscess
And the willow tree shall weave, and the willow tree shall whine and bend
And my fallen heroine shall ascend with me to a land where all is green
And good and all can be fixed in the trumpet of an angel
To that which I know, the great giant day in the sky
Heaven arrives burned, a cystic embrace shat upon by a flaming sword
To keep us from our forgotten paradise
A manifestation of the gods crumbling beneath gravity
The silken desert crying out to the howling wind that we once give it a home
And the autumn light stains the sky with blood
The trees birth false fruits and the leaves turn to ash in the nebulous eye
We remain alight, wafting through the haze in hopes of regaining our hearts
A behemoth of unseen light bristles, the eastern wind laughing in jollity so mad
And thusly, the bell rings, three times
The first time: to wake from a dream the waxen anointment
Their bodies like smoke and shadow, drifting in and out of oneself
Raise their heads and howl northward, bloated sarcophagi in an unseen silence
Devouring infantus spins the lantern-light like a carnival river
The days caravan playing light on a drowsy face like a noxious spectrum
A titter of sound rising from the dirt, wailing and whining
The flame burning white and then black with fury, which radiates no heat and no light
Only burning and blasting the world behind them, approaching tremulous vibrations
The mind of terrestrial Ursa capsized
The second time: to merge our worlds
The autumn sky turns to grey, hissing and buzzing like a thousand insects
Light penetrates naught, a dictatorial corona shining skin translucent
A bird of paradise will pierce the sky with a wash of colour
Which will fall to earth as knives, striking the soil with lust
The sun waxes and wains with the tolling of the bell, subliminal coils rasp a rattled pane
Kissed by a whorl of fire, the sea boils and bursts
And the rain sizzles upon hitting the neglected ground
The third time: to bring a passing ibis of palimpsest
Whose words till the soil, springing up a greenery alien to our time
The earth alight with life now, the air fresh with the scent of hyacinth and honeysuckle
But our eyes are blinded, washed clean of everything needed
We scathe off the feelings which till then we held fact
And forget our purpose, the gods smashed into oblivion, devoured into a pit of blood
As we build the house of flies, the house of dust
The sarcophagus now with open arms, the bell forgets its purpose
Let us give an end, the future is waiting
And thus we shall begin