

said the fury to the shade

by strannikov

approach, shade, from dark infernal depths,
acquaint your sight with gloom—
behold torments afresh!

let competitions in crime ensue
let every madness bring
let every sword be drawn
let every furious rage flow free
let anger know no shame
let all blind rage inflame
let their fathers' frenzies guide them down
let genetic sin spread
let vanities infect
let there be no time to nourish grief—
kill every fresh offense
punish every crime new
let bloody houses divide and fall
let power defeat them
let status corrupt them
let rulers preside over ruin
let ruined grope to rule
let thrones be tossed to waves
let all learning die out among them
let all libraries burn
let no music console
paroled from prisons let crimes escape
let jails' lessons be spilled
let manacles' grips break
let families' members each other dread
let mothers loathe their babes
let fathers sleep in sweat

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let corruptions of taste and of blood
weigh children with dread weights
let children dread their sires
let vile death come for vile children born
let sisters menace sons
let brothers rise in rage
let doctors spread wide pandemic plague
let long droughts scorch and burn
let every hunger starve
let love and law perish from the earth
let nations export war
let blood drown every land
let the stars themselves be stained with blood
let eyeballs swim in blood
let all flames turn to red
let lasting night blight the entire sphere
let day fall to its death
let night sit on the sun
let every spite each slaughter each death
fill every house with rage
venom and poison spit:

let these festivities all commence
let no one wait to see—
every fury, begin!

