

**PLAGUE WEAVER**  
**ASCENDANT BLASPHEMY**

**12-19-20**

**PLAGUE WEAVER: (1) NOTHING IS SACRED**

*Go forth, and unravel.  
Let nothing be sacred.*

Gabriel,  
be raped.  
No sanctity to call upon.  
Remain befouled.

Gabriel,  
be raped.  
Forever torn.  
There is no room for light in my world.

Be undone.

The entirety of the cosmos,  
a graveyard for your kind.  
Eternal fuel for the unquenchable  
fire.

Entwined with their cries for mercy, his trumpet whines.  
Abandoned, bastardized, as virtue itself.  
Denied escape – thou goest no longer.  
Incinerated under infernal breath.

Let drought befall every oasis.  
Let there be no refuge.  
Sought out and vanquished,  
like rats.

Nothing is sacred.

Let it be done.

## **PLAGUE WEAVER: (2) LAY FIRE**

*It's the wind that howls when you move,  
and the seraphim who weep when you speak.*

The adulterated light.  
The ever-growing lie.  
The sterility of faith,  
lives in their mouths.

The sky begs to be set ablaze.  
Nine choirs sing out of tune.  
Drowning in darkness,  
which embodies their impending doom.

Divine dark – divine cold.  
Risen in silence – void ascendant.

AIM. We call. Lay fire.

Inferni, infinitum.

The stars belong to us now.

**PLAGUE WEAVER: (3) BLOOD RUNS NOT**

*Come to me.*

Experience defilement.  
The sludge boiling over.

*Shed your skin.*

Living  
desecration.  
The filth calls out.

*Sodomite and executioner practice alike.*

To walk in that mind,  
is to be nothing.  
To be alive, or disarmed..  
..in purity, petrified.

*Compelled to blaspheme.*

Where are you now,  
in the face of my profane rite?  
Beheaded upon the slab..  
and blood runs not.

Blood runs not.  
Your neck spills lies instead.

## PLAGUE WEAVER: (4) SEEK TO BETRAY

Defiance in the face of tyranny.  
We are the thorn in your eye.

For all that thou hath wrought,  
our hatred, begotten..  
and at the crux of your failure,  
entropy reigns.

How might one live for a moment without realizing your loss?  
And where might one find serenity 'neath your boot?  
At the edge of where one may locate sin,  
steadfast clarity drives the dagger.

For all that thou hath built,  
our pain, made..  
and at the crux of existence,  
we reign.

Why might one seek salvation as your slave?  
And what is the meaning of a life spent groveling?  
At the edge of where one may locate sin,  
steadfast clarity drives this betrayal.

The hatred, begotten,  
defines our clarity..  
and the pain, made.  
invigorates our rage.

Nefarious.  
Betrayal.  
Divine.

At the crux of existence,  
we reign.

## PLAGUE WEAVER: (5) UPHEAVAL & ARSON

*Onward, lower sun. Above lies only a reflection.*

Oh, how we have fallen..  
but grace was never without passion.  
..and as the fire spreads,  
it consumes what must surely, passionately die.

*Battle be thy sacrament.  
Consecrated through the arson of every angelic.*

Burn, I say!  
Let the palace fall,  
and with it the shame,  
the ego, and the grandeur.

The east roars, exhuming sulphur in condemnation.  
By my work, let there be upheaval.

Oh, Leviathan rises!  
..as cruelty was never without power.

Bleed, I say!  
Exsanguinated swine.  
Ours be the hands that disembowel omniscience.  
Divinity rewritten in tongues, forked.

Oh, blessed be the fallen.  
For without will, paradise must be lost.  
..and as the fire spreads,  
it consumes what is surely, passionately false.

Paradise is passionately false.

## PLAGUE WEAVER: (6) ..OF QUIVERING DOVES

Nightmare,  
beholden to us.  
In torment.  
In desolation.

We dissect the sky.  
It bleeds as it should.  
Eternity defeated.  
May your death be everlasting.

Oh,  
This is the end.  
Vice under will.  
Infernal winter.

Discarded waste.  
End this world  
..of their trembling faith,  
and his rotten bread.

Discarded waste.  
End this world  
..of quivering doves,  
and cracked olive branches.

## **PLAGUE WEAVER: (7) DEICIDAL USURPER**

Leaping from my tongue, this deicidal prophecy.  
Your world lay forsaken.  
Alastor! Vengeance!  
On Earth and beyond, as it is in Hell.

*Just as the infant is destined for the grave,  
so is throne built upon the gallows ledge.*

Behold,  
the squalor!  
A kingdom  
no more.

Enacted through my work, this unholy usurpation.  
Let their souls freeze in my wake.  
Uriel! Failure!  
The heaven vacant, stifled with brimstone.

Behold,  
the utterly eradicated celestial!  
None shall mourn.

**PLAGUE WEAVER: (8) IN EXITIUM CAELI**

There is nothing.

In the fields of a fallen empire,  
we find nothing.

AIM.  
Be unto me.

Kill your gods.  
Overcome your masters.  
Better to die screaming,  
than to live in silence.

There is nothing left of you.

Exitio caeli.