

TO THE LAST HEARTBEAT



The souls of the dead rained down on the living,
Hollowed and stolen and wrong.
The Gods' own corpses littered the land,
Naught of life, nor of death, could last long.

The shadow devoured wherever it fell
And it spread so swift over all that was left,
Some minions it squandered on those still alive
Plucked from the local Heavens and Hells;
All would be lost to its merciless drive
But all was not fallen yet.

An army of survivors had rallied
To the witches and their undying Queen.
From the grey wreck of their woods they sallied
Their hearts worthy of the old world's mien.

The stalwarts with sword or spear or stick gave all,
The witches pained the dark with spells of light;
Songs were howled in the dead Gods' memory,
And brave souls laughed when came their time to fall.
All things were lost to this feasting travesty,
Yet to the last it faltered.

The Queen and her army were swarmed and were slain,
The Void moved to its next feast.
All that endured from that ill-fated realm
Were the thralls carved from the deceased.

Valour endured when hope was torn apart,
Love endured the teeth of emptiness
To the very end of all existence.
The Void cannot win till it shatters the heart,
All things are lost, but not without resistance,
It must work for its meat.