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## INTRODUCTION

This collection is a very special collection; full of esoteric, bleak, always visceral locutions reminiscent of (pre- & post-)apocalyptic scripts. And although much shorter than my first collection of dour tribulations, Tragedy Springs & Other Collected Works, it nevertheless carries with it the same fusion of hopelessness and chaos with an almost absurd futuristic charm.

Most of these pieces started out as lyrical verses from my time in a few Scandinavian-influenced melodic death metal bands: Held In Scorn and The Final Cadence. Indefatigably, I set pen to paper for countless nights at a time, headphones set full-tilt and engaged in our rough-cut compositions recorded live through one vocal microphone in a storage shed out in bucolic San Joaquin Valley. The connection I had with my own musical compositions was something of an enigma. At times I was deeply affluent with my emotions and scratched out words in a haphazard fashion; extremely devoid of any form—more of a free association instrumentation. Other times, the melodies and breakdowns conversed with me.

They told me stories of angels battling demons, darkness overpowering light, God hiding from the Devil. Mysterious personalities, lonely black serenades, volatile creatures hiding in desolate caverns. But for all the leviathans, angel slaying demons, “leatherfaced” ghosts, and Lovecraftian creatures from the abyss, there was an antagonist far more wretched—far more *non compos mentis*. A creature with the ability to look you in the eye while they disembowel your kin. A creature that, more times than none, eat their own children. A creature with the propensity for vast intellect but the consciousness of a sadist.

I do not fear the ghosts and beastly cast-offs of my works. In fact, I get along seamlessly with these malfeasances of yesterday and today. My true fears lie in the next door neighbor hiding behind the thick curtain, the group of men walking haphazardly through the park on a cold night, the lonely man watching children play from his car, the corporate banker watching over my money. The acts of evil humankind perpetrate among each other on this tiny planet embedded in a galaxy of many is intriguing but not in the least bit barbarous. It is here where we must decipher our own quandaries and delve within ourselves for those fragments (however small or encompassing) that can and do exist, and make us not much different.

For we are all of the same species. Our instincts are innate and are not subjective. It is these particular facts that strike fear in my quintessence regarding our planet. A fear that surrounds us every day—waves to us, shakes our hands and asks us about ice cream socials and church bazaar plans. And while they smile and watch us form syllables of meaningless conversation, their malformed shadows rake across the hot asphalt. It is here where you can catch glimpses of the demons, leviathans, ghosts—dense, shadowy conflagrations of our infinite natures.

- Adam Delia // Summer 2014

**AND THE HEAVENS SHALL FALL**

They laugh now!  
At the wretched sight of my demise.  
Hearing the door closing on the only living worth living for,  
My hands can bear the task only minimally.  
With much confusion!  
With much confusion!  
It's time for a new revelation.  
It's time for the heavens to fall!  
It's time for a new revolution.  
It's time to hold them in scorn!  
Reign upon them!  
Upon their death cloaks.  
The advent of their ending.  
The birth of the dark suffices the laughter into a panic stricken hush.  
Eyes wander the hail that now reigns upon them.  
The dark hail holds them in scorn.  
Pushes them further into an abyss,  
Known as insignificance.  
The fires bear their birthrights,  
And the heavens fall upon them.  
Turning their human printed bodies,  
Into bone dust!  
The heavens fell through their dreams.