

# 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!

