

They say that death remedies all ills
It cures all that it kills ending pain and ending want
Ending rule of lands by tyrant gods who have all power that they flaunt¹
But this death will also daunt every man who graces earth
Along with the evil sycophant who disgraces his own birth²
Death may cure the ills that time will build within a fallen creature
But who will cure us from this feature
That also haunts and destroys all mirth³

As now I look into the face of death I see it has no eyes⁴
Indiscriminate destroyer, harbinger of all's demise
Just a windowless employer of a broken space and time
Soulless creature with no beauty
Pure darkness, devoid of life
When I look, I don't see deceit
Just pure and simple explanation
Evil's embodiment replete
For once in my life I don't feel a shred of tension
There's not an ounce of beauty here to see
No panacea to remedy
I see no illusion
No soul
Nothing to make men whole⁵
All I see, all there is
All there ever was, will be
Is a dark and damning, overbearing, torturous lucidity⁶

¹ Death is the great equalizer. For those who are suffering, death is a sweet respite from pain. For those who are evil and seemingly invincible, death will bring them low and overthrow them. It eventually cures all from pain and ends the rule of the wicked.

² But this rain, this reign of death falls on both the just and the unjust.

³ Death may be the great equalizer, but it is also the cause for joy's cessation. It is not a respecter of persons. So it may cure some ills temporarily, or in the long run, but it is a great cause of many ills. Since we are all fallen creatures, it will never cure the world of ills for good, it simply affects all eventually. But as long as the world moves on, evil and suffering will abound. Death will never cure anything. It simply puts a time limit on it – both evil and suffering, as well as joy.

⁴ Death has no eyes. Since eyes are the window to the soul as stated before, it's made clear that death has no soul. There is no beauty there to behold. It is not a cure all or a quick fix.

⁵ When looking at death, it's the one moment I feel as though there's no discrepancy between what my eyes see and what truly is. Death is truth and reality. It's pure evil, lacking a soul, lacking goodness at all. It's the only thing I know that is real.

⁶ The particularly horrid aspect of death is that it is hauntingly clear. It approaches me every day, and waits at my doorstep and at the doorstep of those I love. It is so clearly evident. The one thing that is the embodiment of evil is the one thing I know with certainty and see with clarity. That will torture me until the day death cures me of my fear of it.