

I, Befouled

Asgaroth

(Pulling the threads
Which stand forever
As the streams that will rage...)

Three eyed senser, agent in all matter
Brought to this world
With the hands you once called wind
Dettached grandeur blatant forgiveness,
The cause for this distress
Is the mere wrongness
Be this, your presence.

My child don't do that again,
If else i'll take you where you belong.

Serial lists of movements
So tactfully obeyed.
With no words ledt to say
I lead to my private ocean.