

# Blood Beguiles Phantoms

Alghazanth

Sensations of anguish swallow me whole  
Anxiety drills its way to the marrow  
The quill I dip in the red ink impure  
To compose poetry by which they are allured

Mounted upon a three-legged horse  
My zest for life trudges forth  
An invitation to the phantoms unseen  
The kama-rupic rinds in betwixt and between

Like souls of sinners in purgatory fires  
Striving to escape the jaws of demise  
The remnants of unbridled human desires  
Severed from matter by the kiss of the Scythe

Concealed in the multitude of leeches  
Yearning to feed on my vitality  
I can sense the intensity of their hunger  
To consume what is still left of me

Predatory functions inhabiting not flesh  
As if vicious thoughts were floating around  
Sharing the collective curse  
The compulsion of parasite paradigms

Drained me dry and emptied my chalice  
Leaving but an echoing well behind  
Locked up I am in this dark chrysalis  
To hatch out devoid of body, soul and mind

Wrapped in the multitude of leeches  
Yearning to feed on thy vitality  
Thou can sense the intensity of our hunger  
To consume what is still left of thee