

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