

Serpents Beneath Their Hoods

And Hell Followed With

The noose-shaped constricts my throat,
slithering the nape of my neck.
Their ways, they are not like my own
(for my words are not venomous).
Truth has many faces, even that of deceit.
They know nothing of my thoughts,
for I too, keep secrets.

A forked tongue is easily hidden behind a grin.
Their intentions aren't hard to read.
Nightfall brings with it the scent of the morgue,
calling forth the slithering liar.

My lies shall rot with me, for I'm an honest man.

Whether worm or serpent, they slither,
and I have bedded down beside them
(contradicting my word).

Your throat is choked with dust,
but still your tongue is forked.
You ramble on with cursed words until I cut it out.

My lies shall rot with me, for I'm an honest man.