

Precipice

Aphotic

I stand over the gorge
Pinehills roll endless
Pitch smells swirl and swell
Below the wake I dwell

The swarth of I
Blanket the entire sky
I stare, the wraith up high
Into my apparations eye

Reflection of languishing energy
Too much to bear, I swear - I curse
Weakening, deadening - strenghten to envelopp all
The swarth of I
Blanket the entire sky
In wait I lie
I'll help you all die