

# 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.