

Winter

Cancerslug

Coming out of the dark
the beast, it rears its head
walking onto the soft white, its lunar quest begins
an invasion of truth
to walk the land alone
stepping out of the moral slide
instinct is now its home
and its on, its on
the man is now the wolf
and I have changed form to live as winters evening birth
stepping into the cold
as gore drips from my fangs
walking into the moonlight, onto the snowy plains
I have waited so long to feel this alive
and its all that is real to me, on this winter night