

Speak, Marauder!

Cinema Strange

Pay no heed to the fool in the field so far and gray...
with spies like the serpents underfoot and rodents.
Legs of wood... burlap, canvas, belt and hood and
screams like freezing rusty nails and stitches running
through his neck.

There's straw in his brain and his clothing is stained
with mice, small newts, and the perfectly maimed! Don't
look under his hood in the place where he stood or
you'll find yourself running from the rook in the wood!

Wind and leaves are rustling, turning, naked branches
reaching, reaching... Taunted vigil, weeping on his
stick... now he's bleeding. He can hear the pest and
when it's gnawing through! Rope and rowan cast him when
the raven flew! He can be the darkness in the trees and
feel the hollow and then frighten children far too
young for this winter. He can live and breathe and die
and talk again! Always in the glade where dark and
chill begin!

He stalks the patch at night and scratch... and fly!
Stepping lightly, tries so hard to stain... underneath!
And then crawls the dampened earth like fog... tasting
blades!
And then falling back until he sleeps... screaming
softly!

Brained and stained and perfectly maimed... under the
hood where he stood in the wood... brained and stained
and perfectly maimed... under the hood where he stood
in the wood...