

# White Worms

Cryptopsy

It's almost night  
The clouds are streaked with violet  
And the moon is bright  
Banish your innocence

There is no breeze  
Disquiet lurks in silence  
By this place of power  
Your sins must escalate

What has come before  
And recurs perpetually  
Is on it's way  
Cherish each atrocity

Woodland dark surroundings  
Ill lit by twin beacons  
A black car approaches  
With two men inside it

With the right temptation  
Murder needs to prompting  
The man riding shotgun  
Has just killed his own son

To nurture the white worms

Still and isolated  
The woodframe house stands vacant  
Humans that once lived here  
Can no longer be found

And yet all are present  
Well fed and ghastly white  
In the mound of moist earth  
That sits just by the road

His rigid features inexpressive  
He flings his son's blonde head upon the heap  
This last act earns him his metamorphosis  
For he who built the house is at the wheel

To nurture the white worms

Darkling souls, though larval  
With each sin can mutate  
Into something dreadful  
Before dawn, you'll pupate  
And feed on innocents  
Nourished by more like you  
To someday haunt the aether  
In obscene evolution

The house is hell  
With it's windows all agape  
Through these come some worms  
And they have sprouted wings

Fear is forever, the objective  
To goad the rest of humanity  
Into acts of pervert nature  
And bring out the worm in all of us