

## The Imperfect Vision

Enochian Crescent

Who are you  
That rides my back at the break of dawn  
Whispering too fast and too feverish  
Words for me to understand their meaning  
As swiftly as you appear  
Daemon of the morning, you are gone  
Leaving only unsetteled warnings  
And the unpleasantless of being  
Spiritually ran through

Who are you  
That lurks over my shoulder past midnight  
Quick movements in the mirror, shimmering  
Cold stare boring through my spine  
Somaesthesia  
The presence of a ghastly sprite  
Or another undead yet living thing  
It is enough, here I draw the line  
Be banished hereafter and hitherto

Who are you  
The serpent I caught in my dreams  
On the pitch black attic of the skryers mansion  
You made known my true name threefold  
And the troubles ahead  
Lest my habits are carried to extremes  
Raced unwittingly towards ademption  
Of virtues we cannot alone uphold  
This transmutation, who are you?