

## Black Prism

Ephel Duath

I lie between layers of perception  
I'm neither here or there  
Twice but still nothing  
My image multiplies while my sight plays dead and regress

I've lost any mass  
Mutant consistence  
My shadow is no more  
Tied to dimensions  
I don't belong to  
My center is now a black prism  
Reflecting nothing but  
Pale  
Blue  
Floating cemetery flames

Look through me as I dissolve  
Try to catch a glimpse or something  
And give it back  
Feed the circle

There's an old root  
I spotted  
Big hole like that cancerous lung  
I'll hide in there I think  
Playing as the mist  
Slowing raising from the soil  
While I keep dissolving into thin cold air

My arms as dried branches  
My heart as an old burl  
Let's get a fire on  
At least  
Smoke I inhale  
Smoke I may become  
I'm neither here or there  
Neither here or there

Solitude is what I keep being called to stand for  
A ghost trail  
I keep find directions for  
Keep walking one way  
Keep leaving no trace  
Keep being blind  
Keep looking up to the sky.