

## The Science of Shifting

Glorior Belli

I'm traveling the road to ruin  
It leads to my transformation.  
I am the scion of ecstasies  
Misplaced in mundane dimensions

Tie the clove hitch tightly 'round me  
Lest my soul be cleaved.  
Seek a tree whose roots delve deeply,  
Nourished by long-forgotten deeds,  
And lash me there eternally.  
To a maddening melody

I've inherited the calling  
Of the accursed initiates  
Drawn to secret incantations  
And evocations of the damned

A thief of tomes of stolen truths,  
I've crossed the spiritual abyss  
All that I have ever beheld Ceases to matter or endure.  
The former world in which I've dwelled  
So shamelessly wrecked asunder.  
Saturated by black visions...  
Oily and viscous intrusions...  
Sensing the scourge of centuries  
So viscerally in gloaming...

Soiled, misshapen, I am shifting,  
With my eyes secretly lifting  
Black revelations I have sought  
See what wisdom this bane has wrought:  
So erdite, so pure, imbued  
With arcane knowledge of the dead...  
Malady of the mind ensues  
Lest lucidity deals me dread.

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