

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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Lest my soul be cleaved.
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Nourished by long-forgotten deeds,
And lash me there eternally.
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