

Sun of Nihilility

Job for a Cowboy

Sun of Nihilility, I shamefully disturb you
My relentless knocking is constantly ignored
I can narrowly overhear your serene breathing anymore
Have you grown weary of spinning measureless circles across the
sky?

Are you drained of feeding and decalcifying my awakening third
eye
A resting place to connect with the Earth's depths
I lay designating my dreams as masters under composed breath
Enraptured by the sphere of damnation