Sun of Nihility

Job for a Cowboy

Sun of Nihility, 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