

Worming Nightfall

Job for a Cowboy

A landscape of mountains and filth floods my perspective
Nightfall worms its way, mutating the air into a black mass of
secrets
It's alluring as I stand on the summit of self-
destruction in all of its brilliance
I have a panoramic view of my prodigal fate with a nose dive ou
t of existence
My untouched eyelids unlock in a pineal gland trance of blasphe
my
My cerebral matter synthesizes a sharpened warmth forming a kal
eidoscopic ecstasy
A fond farewell decent morphs to a stairwell of a hallucinogeni
c world
Lost in a sea of illusions and alternate reality