

## He Whom Shadows Move Towards

Leviathan

Hidden in plain sight  
Uttering unheard volumes  
A soliloquy of the shadow  
Darkest broad day-light  
Cut through deep  
Now set it free  
Cut through deep  
From these depths  
The gift and chalice  
Pain must be the course  
I must have this  
Don the horns and the skull  
Pain is the path.