

The Black Circus

Manticora

I saw the fluttering worn-out flags in the wind, torn by weather and time, belonging to the travelling circus situated on a hill in the countryside.

It is calling to me with a silent chime.

The circus is simple in its construction, without a trace of silver and gold.

It is covered in dark silk and ivory, but it's awful, yet awesome to behold.

I was bewitched by its magic as are the crowds that attend...

It is a beautiful sight...

Something urged me forward through the gates...

Those gates that seemed to swallow me...

A promise of horror through a ride so wild.

The black circus made my sanity flow like a poisonous river, leaving a trail of despair, but it also seems to drag the weakest of souls into its treacherous lair.

Everything I saw and everything I heard I cannot remember, but I shall always fear.

I sense a kind of underlying madness in the thrill of the fair

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In all its majesty, it stands so perfectly.

Reaching from the ground to the sky, from the worm to the crow flying high.

It is the perfect illusion and the ultimate intrusion.

I almost feel like I'm caught in a web like a fly, I feel so happy that I could die and not give a thought about it...