

At the Well

Neurosis

This is no soil to forgive,
The blaze of a helios sky.
Rage will blossom into iron;
Blind as a worm in the earth.

Our pain will rise,
And breath a new dawn.
When the illusion clears,
All we are is blood.

We gnaw and pull at the root;
A starved beast with the mind of a fool.
Skin stretched over bone cannot hide,
The way we are bleeding inside.

Beyond vision bears the drum.
Blood makes no excuse.
The one eyed all become kings,
While shadows creep from dark holes.

A taste of acidic bitter,
Burns the voice out of the skull.
Smoke from a gaping wound;
Spirit already flown.

Views eternal from a sunken eye
Over a bridge of spectral light
Winds wither, rake, and weather
Prophecy flows in whispers

In a shadow world,
We hide in light.

The paths become clear, the road's true
Oaths have been sworn.
The temporal spiral away,
Among the teeth of time.