

## Lain with the Wolf

Primordial

I have lain with the lamb  
Sang his tender praise on long dark nights  
Searched my drawn face long and hard  
For a sign of his light  
Shoulders to the wheel for the grist of faith  
Is manna for the blind  
Like a child of Cain without the providence of faith

Joy did come. It rose with the morning sun  
Like cold guilty sweat across my brow  
These are the first words that fell upon my lips

I have lain with the wolf  
He seeks me out and demands my company  
In the corner of a crowded room  
With words of madness and water of fire

He whispers, when the demons come  
Do you make peace with them or do you become one  
of them? Do you?  
If I give name to my furies, can you name them?  
He preaches salvation in the loins of women  
And the black sciences

When the shadow fell upon me  
I knew I was running with the wolf  
And it was his eyes I saw staring back  
And this I learnt and this I know  
You cannot escape the beast when you wear his mark