

Shapeshifter

Septic Flesh

The transformation of the butterfly occurs in reverse
Beauty eaten abruptly from the ancient worm
Wearing sharp shard
Stolen from scattered
Broken mirrors
As a cloak to cover me

My strange images
nest as birds to the hearts of men
And as birds fly away
Taking their thoughts into oblivion
Disintegrating the elemental bonds
I obtain the rapture of the chameleon

When I become enraged
With the frenzy of the wolf on the hunt
I am the most cherished child of fear

Armed with fangs deadly like daggers
I am an adept on the skills of murder
I am the shape shifter

On the ruins of a ghostly projection
echoes the lust for life
An ancient purgatory for the sinister

Shape shifter