

# To the Wolves at My Door

Soulfallen

This night I hear the jackals  
baying to a desert god  
In the dark the growing whispers  
have begun tearing scars

The foul breath of Anubis  
breathes fire down my back  
And the wolves have drawn nearer,  
begun coiling - for the coming attack

I yearned to see but my eyes were already crystallized  
I yearned to survive but my fears had already materialized

Like serpents this dark entangles,  
ties me to the soil  
And (even) the strangers in my reflection  
have begun to recoil

I yearned to cry but the waters were already crystallized  
I yearned to live but my death had already materialized

Now the light no longer blinds me  
Your dying gods they cannot bind me  
And as I exit this human aisle  
I greet my hangmen with a smile

And to the wolves at my door  
Prolong this suffering no more  
With your fangs come and this strife  
And erase my name from the Book of Life