

## Eve of contempt

### Spawn of Possession

Sores on my back mysteriously illustrates themselves.

Beyond medicine of current day I'm being tortured by this growing inflammation.

Blood vessels running swift in my sweaty brow.

I feel this is a gift upon the price I just collected against my will I shall embrace it.

It drip-dries from its inverted, bloated head.

The blood in which I stand reflecting as I look down and see the anomalous thing.

changing in structure, my expression, looks not human, I have seen this face in my awake dreams, an abomination, a form from the most wicked of depths has now been granted my distorted flesh.

A sense of joy as my body bit by bit sloughs off.

Destiny, my sickening providence I shall accept with widespread wings.

With open eyes I start to feel delight.

Agitate no more, no doubts

I can't resist to heed the lights of the looming black.

My trophy calm and still, of life soon will be emptied, and with its red grant me completion.

No longer estranged from what I just fled, the pool is inside, for I'm not me and of now conceived again.

The wretched man of the cloth, like dust left swinging dead from the wall.

I must return to their nest, what I used to fear keeps on calling and I shall them join.

The order of chaos awaits in another world.

Disintegrate, I'll return mentally.

My body of scorn I'll leave here as they seize my soul.