

Hordes

The Breathing Process

The scent of entrails, thickened the air
Soils muddied with blood.
I continue deeper in the murky abomination
Of this land.

As the insects fly circling circling circles circling circling
cycles
To pass unscathed is to pass unwanting
I want you now.
As the insects fly circling circling circles circling circling
cycles circling
The swarm takes form of deaths consuming black transfix.
I begin to breathe. My lungs devoured.

(My only solace was self contempt. Where are you now? Where are
you now?)
My eyes begin to bleed as they crawl through my veins are bled
and dry.
But my insatiable appetite for disease
Devours their menacing vessels
Where are you now?

Dark clouds descend upon the suffocating horde.
All the flies among us.
I cast you down into the swarm of the Legion.
Hail the great decay

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