

In Putris Stagnum

Xanthochroid

At last, I have arrived
My tired eyes survey this
Cancerous growth

A festering pool of worms
Sickening to behold
Reminding me of what was,
And what becomes of buried dreams

Of reasons, I have but one
To rid myself of pain
Shrouded in black fog
I am beyond death

"For those who seek pleasure and power,
I'll make you beautiful
Beyond your wildest dreams
For I am he;
The one said born of the gods
But I must ask no less a price
To dwell in you"

I, relinquish body, mind, and soul
My leprous skin and broken spirit

I, long to see myself through your eyes
Not with compassion but disgust

Welcome, Death.
I lay my mind to rest
My faults I do detest
At last, I fall

"For those who seek pleasure and power,
I'll make you beautiful
Beyond your wildest dreams
For I am he;
The one said born of the gods,
Long live our king"

Here I'll stay
I shall remain
The air is warm,
The water sweet to drink

And here I'll stay
I shall remain
This wondrous Sound
Envelops me