

## 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