

Hell's Lost Chambers

Aura Noir

from the undergrowth
of the frozen red
his' eyes are howling
for your weight in silence

your lying life of approximations
lies still in the grave

and the distance rigged
in your undreaming eyes
is eternal, like hell's lost chambers

death looms in his laughter
like a brittle soliloquy

..on your stance and retribution
whispered inwards
towards your deep ancestry