

Arcane and Misanthropic Projection

Xasthur

Through arcades where shimmering snowfall
Lay in state with the sad and damned
A rent lament barely flung above a whisper
Drew Me like a ghost to the haunts of Man

I Found Her tempting fate between Her wrist and razor
A kindred spirit in a graveyard
Beneath the stature of a colder saviour
Mist hung like thieves wreathed in scant arabesques
And through the chill earth it bedwed Her drawling breast
Like a come dream true under etched glass spent
Making love to the beautiful dead...