

## Purgatory Spiral

Xasthur

Neath whose rays we lay together  
And those bright nights on glassy waves  
When we would glide lightly away  
From the grain  
For wicked flights of pleasure

Those visions fade  
Like ghosts to life's parade  
Though incisions once made her so vivid  
A scarlet whore  
With both heels in the door  
Of a heaven severed from me, insipid!