

Sharks That Circle

Zozobra

Death descending
In silver screams
They hide under a shield
made of clear glass

—
—

They tower high over hills
(The Valley stretched)?

No Ropes
No Nooses
The guillotine begins its fall

No skulls
No corpses
The name in blood of conquered souls

Bow down to your
liquid form

Don't be deceived

Devour lights
—

The sharks that circle here
Have tamed their kill

No Ropes
No Nooses
The guillotine begins its fall

No skulls
No corpses
The name in blood of conquered souls

Swallowing light

Glorious day
—

With such a sound
the death of (stars?)

They rise and take you
Like ghostships always do