

Dream Cull

Abbath

On blistered screen of pockmarked veil
Torn from face of lonely grail
I recall visage that drew a smile
On Rorschach blot begrimed in bile
Tapped from tumors, tucked in gut
Marred, malign and keened corrupt
The ink that seared a ragged leer
Split pallid skull, yet lent no cheer

This winter's eve, where stormwinds cleave
Outside our creaking walls
We clasp the chains that anchor us
To monolithic halls

All within the weal of spine
Arrive here, lost in wound of mind
For what's another fraught traveler
Fragmenting frayed unraveler?
In crooked realm of twisted hell
So bid the specter enter!

This winter's eve, where stormwinds cleave
Outside our creaking walls
We clasp the chains that anchor us
To monolithic halls
Incise thy name, bow heads in shame
Let the nightmares die
Split in twain, then again
Splinter in a mote's eye

I, dream cull
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