

## 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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