Hecate

Abbath

Ochre dust coats a thousand paths
Arachnid web of twisting guts
Uncoil in hub flayed to shreds
Shriveled heart torn from withered breast

Hecate awaits where crossroads split
Like entrails burst from belly slit

In nexus stark a widow's nest
Silent as stone, still as death
Deep in shadows cast by gallows
Crown a shroud of crows and arrows

Curses drip off swollen tongue
Exhaling gasp of blistered lung
Night's bride sighs a gift of scythes
Devours doubt to feed the hives

Beneath the loll of broken necks
Cracked jaws cackle last regrets
She squats in clot of putrid copse
Disease breathes a kiss which rots

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