

A Dark Horizontal

Archspire

The dark horizontal
Ahead, a panting land approaches
Flaring vibrant coastal glimmers
Mend the distant fraying seams
Of a violent waters restless bedding
Panic indented in the floating web of wicked mental horrors
Thought up by the crew's subconscious fears
Come alive to haunt and drain us

The sea is a man that's trying to kill me
The wind is his repugnant voice
The air his fouled breath
A stench of salt of blood and rot
The sky is his mouth, the stars his open sores
The shoreline is his jaw, grinding for meat

Time freezes death inside this altering dark horizontal
Imaginable realities constructed out of fear
Time freezes death inside this altering dark horizontal
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Mountains unstable and hideous
The guardians of a contorting dimensional paragon
A.U.M
A.U.M. sent us to find and retrieve the artifact
In the house of change
Where the king came back
Through spontaneous regeneration
Reliving Kairos in the king's hell
Becoming the mimics from the triplets' well
Exhuming infinity to find a hand
A child made out of teeth, feeding on blood and sand

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The air his fouled breath
A stench of salt, of blood and rot
The sky, his mouth, the stars open sores
The shoreline is his jaw, grinding for meat
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A dark horizontal
Flooding the linear land with the sand of its own
In the parallel dunes of its hourglass
We are buried
Mountains unstable and hideous
The guardians of a contorting dimensional paragon

Raised blades of land stab skyward
Through the ocean's skin
Storm winds true their edge to scalp
The curve of Earth

Peeling off the rind, revealing a house made of living tissue
Yelling out its mouth for me to regenerate, in it

In dark horizontal
Ahead, a panting land approaches
Flaring vibrant coastal glimmers
Mend the distant fraying seams
Of a violent waters restless bedding
In this house the disease of dream
Course in the veins and arteries of the walls
Imagined infections thrive
They blister and breed under the floor
Their many roots are breaking through
Saplings sprout and secure their place
Growing into trunks of flesh and boil
The pillars of man's deepest fears

Enclosing me in a forest of unforgiving mental genesis
I mold this house of clay bacterium
Where I sculpt my own organ prison
In this house beyond our time, this house at the end of the Earth
The artifact's resting place

A dark horizontal fear
Defying the linear

Lost in this storm and exhausted of options
I crawled to the bow of the boat and leaped off it
The figurehead came alive
And it clawed and it grabbed at me
Desperately wailing in agony
Failing to capture my fall
Diving through the fog
Through the gray and green
My hands bound together as if in prayer
I cut through the mesh of black liquid surrounding us
Fighting against the live current of thousands of
Thousands of eyes and hands
Miles I swam
Through skin and limb

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