

# Involuntary Doppelgänger

Archspire

Dead lives rive  
From my human hide

When the cult had come for me  
I could have got away, but didn't  
I couldn't be the one to cause this any longer  
Had it been a day or a year inside this skin?  
I could not tell, the faces I had captured over centuries took hold  
I became a kind of hunter  
Eating pelts of pleading meat to acquire their appearance  
Taking their form with will alone  
Alive and crawling out of me  
To catch its prey  
Shed you foreign poison peltry  
Take the rind you want

Seen to be a wicked omen  
Despite attempts to hide my live birthmark  
Crown of a dark demon tar  
I'd taken back with me from the other side  
There is no God  
For if there was  
Then how'd this evil take me?  
It seeped and crawled its way along my face  
As mother wept

Stealing identities from every skin it sees  
Growing with urgency

When he tried to cut it off  
Many a time to no avail  
It would take my livid father's manic features  
Laughing at him as he tried to hack them off his son  
Knowing that he could not end my life, he took his own  
Mother mourned the death of him  
And knew that many more would follow  
If I didn't leave right then  
Heading out into the woods  
I promised I would never come back  
I thank the dead that she knows not what I have become

Taking over adolescent tendencies  
To feed  
To hunt  
To kill  
To change  
Decades take me deep into the curses endless undertow  
There is no time or end behind this epidermal prison  
My thread of youth imprisoned  
Tortured by immortal victims

I am the involuntary doppelgänger

I can not stop it, my skin is alive  
All of the time I've spent inside it  
I never thought it could be calling out to any other  
Involuntary doppelgänger

Had it grown bored of its feed or gained knowledge with time?  
Whatever the change had been  
I felt it emanating information  
Had it tried to send a beacon warning them to stay away?  
I heard the voices calling back  
Involuntary doppelgänger  
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One last face it had to acquire  
Before it's caught  
The menace cloak found her  
Still alive and skinning bodies of her own

It appeared she had done the same as I  
For all this time, to see her son again  
And there I stood  
The cloak of others made her impossible to recognize  
She carved me like any other martyr of our curse  
When the cult had breached our cabin  
Taking me to be a random victim of the doppelgänger  
Heading out into the woods  
I promised I would never come back  
I thank the dead that she knows not what I have become

Taking over adolescent tendencies  
To feed  
To hunt  
To kill  
To change  
Decades take me deep into the curses endless undertow  
My tongue speaks in a cadence that only A.U.M. can decipher  
Void of bidding heading out a very inner wreathing  
Of a demon with intent to animate and be gone