

## Painting My Horror

Arcturus

It was a dark night, I couldn't see;  
And senses were unbound in ESP

When in dream awake,  
I'd paint,  
Subconscious, the expanse I saw

The portal to the minds eye, open!  
- I contemplated  
Who it was that pulled the strings

O those things I saw in dreadful masquerade  
Of stark madness went merry round with my head

I passed out, embraced their world  
Savoured the poetry of revolt -  
Sheer elegy of menace

I have not been the same since,  
I took on the profession of a devil  
The world I see in grotesque light  
Evil perform with the gestures of a clown

Pure I live in blasphemy  
Mephisto I am hidden in Madonnas gown  
From the code of common sense I'm free  
To(o) bad you're not here to partake my strange horror

`Cause here is where or weys will part  
I will not exchange their power,  
spring of my suffering  
I do not envy the conscience pure  
of the blind man in his bliss world  
I would not be devoid the fruit of guile