

## Woebegone

### Arsonists Get All The Girls

Portal of entry gravity  
The sands of time  
Differently in this place, in this quest  
I've been armed to the teeth for weeks  
And it not even light enough to suffer  
Backwards to front with no direction  
Polar shift begun years ago  
And I in fatal time, I've just arrived  
I've relied on myself  
In the life that lays behind me  
But this place has no mercy  
Wraiths and the bodies of troubled dead  
Stack we at the heels of marble floor  
Beckoning, beckoning for m breath  
They want me to run  
Adding to the thrill of their hunt  
Shield the voltage  
A starlit sanctuary of arcane  
What becomes those who wander  
This place, what becomes of them,  
What becomes of them  
What becomes a person in this place  
Handful of life  
Slipping though my fingertips  
I'll never leave this place  
This life's been stopped  
And split to fraction  
it's only fair to  
Give them what they've asked for  
A hunt, thy caught me alive  
I feel the trickle down my spine  
Memory was only mine to give  
But was torn from me so reluctantly  
Years torn from me  
Handful of life slipping  
Through my fingertips  
I'll never leave this place,  
This life's been stopped and  
Split to fraction  
It's only fair to give them what  
They asked for  
Priorities elude me what was my purpose here  
I fell beyond the hands of life  
Hands controlled are not unto me unto me  
A breath of irrelevance makes me  
Captive to the arcane