

Deep Tracts Of Hell

Aura Noir

I can scarcely lay claim to flesh.
Though it is dreamed for, wept for.
And it shines like dark gems.

...It is the noise and the dancing,
And their joyless hearts.
And all the pleasures one might have.

Derelict tracts of hell.

Then all these slices came through to my hands.
To erupt in welcoming darkness.
And it shines like streams of pain.

...It is the hearse and the vulture
And their swollen yarn.
And all the breath to mourn them with.

This is the tune of sparks,
The tone of relentlessness.
The spiral scar.

This is the wounds that sneers,
The trance of credence.
You are my art.