

The Depths IV - Summit's Delusion

Cancer

Come climb the summit this misty dawn
See the spectre when light first spawns
A living titan amongst ghosts of Earth
Who carves the skies and mountain's hearth
Where crimson fire and guilt colludes
Plumbed to the depths of solitude
I gesture in faith - it gestures as well
I bow as its servant - it mimics my shell

And by this altar the veil dispels
The delusion itself a reflex of myself
A wretched partner who razors respite
Anchors at centre of dreams in my mind

And though he may drift between storms and tides
Like spectres amidst showers he draws back in time
The Dark Intruder - my mirrored reflection
To daylight what else be hidden forever