

Ecdysis

Code

Slave / Awake in the tumult / Bray / Bold for a lost sun / Here
/ In the gut of the tempest
Chains / Wither away / And in this incarnation / The storm has
sent it forth a / Slave
To boil back with a dark love / Rage / In ceaseless cycle / A m
antra / To bide into curses
And break open / On the caustic current / And in its deconstruc
tion / The storm has fashioned it
A son - Quake, stoop / Such things hang about his shoulders / S
himmers of Perdition

caught between brush strokes and the oil / Shake, Grow / Feed u
pon your burdens
For, beneath that fragile colour / A pearl in the friction slow
s

Wave - you vapours / You refracted, wandering lights / mere tea
rs in a canvas of saturating blight

His core, this Caliban, of barren rooms sewn up / And stare aff
licted by / some greatness in decay
And I would be burned / (I would be burned) / By the flails beh
ind / (flails behind)
Those boiling windows / Where a ravenous spawn (ravenous spawn)
/ forsakes its skin
(forsakes its skin)
in silent struggle / And where all light tapers out / and a dar
k horizon is spread / Fevers of his fierce design
in sable tremors tread / In blasted cacophony / In will out of
agony wrought / He thrives in the torment
His inimical whispers like birds / Raise in the eye / Ravenous
spawn / Forsakes its skin