

The Imperfect Vision

Enochian Crescent

Who are you
That rides my back at the break of dawn
Whispering too fast and too feverish
Words for me to understand their meaning
As swiftly as you appear
Daemon of the morning, you are gone
Leaving only unsetteled warnings
And the unpleasantless of being
Spiritually ran through

Who are you
That lurks over my shoulder past midnight
Quick movements in the mirror, shimmering
Cold stare boring through my spine
Somaesthesia
The presence of a ghastly sprite
Or another undead yet living thing
It is enough, here I draw the line
Be banished hereafter and hitherto

Who are you
The serpent I caught in my dreams
On the pitch black attic of the skryers mansion
You made known my true name threefold
And the troubles ahead
Lest my habits are carried to extremes
Raced unwittingly towards ademption
Of virtues we cannot alone uphold
This transmutation, who are you?