

Pulldrone

Ethel Cain

One, apathy
I am what I am and I am nothing
Two, disruption
There goes a great shudder through the muscle
A shimmering of bells through the mist
Three, curiosity
One quick moment to crane the neck
I have always possessed the insatiable need to see what happens
inside the room
Four, assimilation
Lo, wellspring of knowledge
Of feeling, of sensation
Beauty, overwhelming
I will dislocate my jaw to fit it all in
Five, aggrandization
The pull, yes, the pull
Send down your cordage of suffocation and let me in
Six, delineation
I want to know what God knows, and I will be with Him
Sent over the edge, I sigh
Flush against the veil, I sing
Seven, perversion
It is no good bearing false witness
The sinner's errand
I am what I am but we are not the same
It is no good speaking of fairness, the fools errand
Eight, resentment
Are these laurels to be proud of?
Let me tell you how much I've come to hate you since I began to
live
Hate, hate
Nine, separation
I was an angel, though plummeting
The stars are as beams shining through the wheel
I am sure that Hell must be cold
Ten, degradation
Nature chews on me
Eleven, annihilation
This agony
Such is the consequence of audience
I will claw my way back to the Great Dark and we will not speak
of this place again
Twelve, desolation
Therein lies sacred geometry of onanism
Of ouroboros
Of punishment
I am that I was as I no longer am for I am nothing