

## Coven of the Larynx

Full of Hell

The larynx croaks inward devotion  
An existence hewn from varicose flesh  
Palatal tones pass dimly outward  
From a slurred and careworn wretch's mouth  
Bereft of love, self inflicted  
The molded image of a crippled whelp  
Marked with a benign crow's foot  
And wallowing in placidity

And from the same loam, I was borne and cut

A wicked lich, spiraling senseless  
Caustic pariah, pitch smeared visage  
Boring through you