

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