

Magenta Ritual

In Mourning

Light has begun to subside
And the fall of a drained sky remains
Breathe, drift into the night

Drown the malevolence in disdain
The wait is over
Loosened grip
Beneath the swarm
Aching with lesser glow

Descend, one final cut from the blade
Ascend, give guidance to the sun
Heed the light with ravenous hunger
The rising is in sight

Journeying to the darkness of hearts
Bound by lingering mist
Yearning for a lower state
Careful not to reach the contrasts

A sign from beyond
In the shade of magenta
One final bite from the snake
Uncertain arm unfold again