

Egregore

Shylmagoghnar

Deep are the fathoms of misdoubt
And shadow locks away
A form beyond all insight, upheld by countless facades
Luring with eidolon, His mouth burrows perversely and waits

Transmigrants, both hardened and unborn, be wary of faith
To the hopeful and lost surely He shows no quarter
His appetite grows with each victim that He uncreates
For the One torn from Nothing, how could quanta ever satiate?

The Worm deceives across all planes, resentful of the shore
His face forever shifting, obscure barbs slowly grasping
Woe onto pareidols, knowing not their apocrypha spelled doom

When you're alone, be not afraid
Child of the sea, remember the waves
In time, the tide will wear away intransigent pretense
In this charnel pit
Advocates who imposed your guilt will meet their grisly end

As I approach the pungent cave, suppression shapes the calm
A waxwork from the inside, distorting sound and eyesight
Arises from the depths
Bewildering me with all-eclipsing beauty

The depths of thine impurity
Enchant thine aroma
Repent and onto me approach
Inebriate by the underflow
Omnipresent I am to thee
Now relent and be not aquish

Come closer
Come hither child
And gaze upon the maw

Tumbling forward in throes of seduction
In a flash I feel serene
Filled are my thoughts with embracing this shepherd
Forswearing my own beliefs
Languidly, the embrace narrows around me
Out come the wolf's cruel teeth
Just as I'm about to lose my discretion
I see the clutches that feed

The host of my grief
The nightmares where I was naked, scared but unable to flee
The abhorrent beast that chased me through trees
Shapeshifting to constantly deceive
Me into compliance and become reliant
To this loathsome parasite that feasts
Upon my dead dreams
And robbed me of my ambitions to just be

I cast aside the flaccid cage
My wits return to me
Your golden pillars I find

Immure the meek and purblind
Who praise your tyranny
Mistaking it for their own probity