

Bodiless Sleeper

Spawn of Possession

Sunless skies stared at him as he escaped
Warned by doctor after doctor but nothing could keep
him away
From that which for years had kept him insane
Obstinate and keen to seek out all remaining elements
pertaining the blemish on
his soul

Ran off with a strong conviction that what he had seen
was real and not
imagination
He knew it, he felt it, all those pigs in white scrubs
tried to fuck his mind

Locked away since that delirious day but now free by
choice to once again
Rattle the forbidden cage, deep in those treacherous
woods he found it
A spot on the ground, marked with the three pebble
stones he once found
He should've walked away instead he ferociously began
to dig deep

Clawing through the dirt and roots, unfed desire, a
resurrection at last shall
spire
With nervously chewed down finger nails, kept on
delving further down
What he finally found was breathing still, breath of
the

Bodiless sleeper revived, tender skull acquired

Deformed beyond reason, he gently pulled it out of its
hole
Lips touched, tongues played, time to do what had
remained unique

Insurgent abominator wrecker of all shifting prayer
Though no one can comprehend its meaning and its act
Bodiless sleeper revived
All the knowledge in this head he now possessed to stir
from resting
Forever since he got caught he knew replacement was the
key
Tender skull acquired

Their bristly chins scraped one another
As he measured between his shoulders
He made a mark at his neckline
Where the blunt and rusty saw soon would be placed

Closed his eyes and let the jerking motion cut to
finally remove the weakness
His head fell off yet still alive, his headless body
replaced it fast

Slowly he worked with a needle and thread to carefully
secure the head
Connected they fused very well, the stitches healed so
nicely
This body now wanders around slightly confused but with
knowledge like few
Under the three pebble stones, grave of the head is now
empty