

The Nothing

The Breathing Process

This incantation is spoken by the serpent's father

Poison drips from the fangs as he seethes and prepares the crypt

For his prey

He sees me, he is waiting

He sees you when you're sleeping

He waits for the perfect time to strike.

The hunter's mark, thrill of the hunt, I make the perfect victim

As he wraps his body around mine, I feel the guilt sweep in.

The pressure cracks my ribs, he cracked my ribs

This incantation is spoken by the serpent's father

Poison drips from the fangs as he seethes and prepares the crypt

For his prey

Captivated by my avarice, I met my fate now who am I to blame

The struggle worse with every breath, I grasp my chest and yet I pray

I grasp my chest, and yet I pray, he held me still, and gazed into my eyes

As he wraps his body around mine, I feel the guilt sweep in.

The pressure cracks my ribs, he cracked my ribs

He held me still and gazed into my eyes, he welcomed me to hell as I died

The corpse was telling me to leave, my deprivation had left me deceived