

Loathe

Worm Shepherd

Clocks pelt forward, I remain stagnant in this chair, no sound,
no sentiment
My colorless eyes locked to the mirror reflecting the atrocity
before it

Every last emotion conjured into a silent, motionless, and cold
stare
The sun rises and the sun falls
Outer spirits howl with me in the fires below

Still I look into the glass
As suicide flows through my blood viscously churning
I begin to shake
Erase the sickness from the earth

I am undeserving, I am misfortune

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The curser and the unwilling
Never to change what I've done
And I suffer the consequence eternally