

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

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