

The Anguished Throne

Worm Shepherd

I've seen their eyes
Close with the light
Over waves of...
I've seen their lives end before, over again

Where is the key granted by the sleeping king?
I hear a voice, but there's never any semblance
Of the message written on the walls of the well
I can hear the twisted readings ring within me
But who speaks to me?
And whose tongue dared betray the highest?
He must attest to this, the throne stripped of essence

I walk through the garden, as the grass wraps around my feet
It drains the body and the blood
Stripping vigor and hunger in entirety
You are pertinence, and if I fall into the earth
Please promise this world the body and the blood

Weaving through the trees, sprinting intensely away
From this grisly continuum
Yearning to open the gates
Before the rain floods thy kingdom
The throne room waits and crumbles
The clock spins rapidly

I must pull from the scrolls
And ignite the flame of the conscious ones
A tool to wind the hands of time
To a raging halt

I walk through the garden, as the grass wraps around my feet
It drains the body and the blood
Stripping vigor and hunger in entirety
You are pertinence, and if I fall into the earth
Please promise this world the body and the blood

Please promise them, that I will not go to waste
My body, blood, and teeth shall feed
Nourish this world and blanket the underworld
Permit there no wickedness upon any tree
He who grants eloquence to the worms
Pays forth every life indebted to the whole of the congregation

Not another passage escapes the horde
For it has been woven into their bellies
The malady that sang this world to sleep