

The Tortured Path

Worm Shepherd

Life is lost
The blood sits cold
And it circles the stone floor beneath me
I awoke on the nether side of that deafening well
And whilst the coward's clock spun further into the beast's unyielding jaws
I lay comatosed in inscrutable wars for ages, for ages
Below this bloodied floor churns a biting frost

When will this end?
And when will they die?
When will they die?

The scorner's cloth wrapped tightly around my shoulders
I sit starved and set to feast upon the weak that roam that distant land
The glowing fawn sits trembling circled by wolves starved and betrayed

Rise
Hold
Starve

Innocent yet symbolic of the suffering cast upon their weathered claws
Petrified before the snarling salivating beasts