

## 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