

Wilted Moon

Worm Shepherd

I offer my indisposed shell to the contorted shadows lingering
across my room
Besides them the only eyes fixed on me are my own tears flowing
obsessions in the mirror
Gripped with stiff hands
I relinquish my right to live amongst the sea of entitled manne
quins
Futile attempts to rise into the sky leave me perilous and dry
Haunted by the clergy I chose
Let me go, I wish to decompose
Constricted by crippling insecurity

Without the sun I live
The aether calls, to relieve the earth of my wasteful existence
When the sun is buried beneath the hills
Ethereal winds pull my desire to the blackened skies
Moonlight guide thy hand and tie thy rope
Without the sun I die

The aether calls, to relieve the earth of my wasteful existence
When the sun is buried beneath the hills, ethereal winds pull m
y desire to the blackened skies
Moonlight guide thy hand and tie thy rope

Discover me in the woods I explored as a child
My neck hung from the thickest branch for the flocks to feast o
n
The brain matter representing untapped potential
Feet suspended a mere inch above the dirt

Leaving enough space for rodent swarms to chew upon the limbs t
hat could never walk to the pedestal set
Day by day I wither away
Blissfully into the ether I stray