

"Daemon Damned Dream"

By Robin B Lipinski

Word of mortal clay, ashes clinging to life, death only one breath away.
Rejecting the spirit, seeking the way, striving to find the old Way.
Mother or father rejecting, they and you, have nothing more to say.

Finding your answer, or did the answer find you?
Magic is but a word, a word you think you'll find.
You are but of matter, a work of clay, ashes clinging to life, death only one breath away.

Enter my world, Kokb'ael ael tou sin tai, rejected in spirit, old in the Way.
You seek horror? Pain, dark and deep? Cast aside your foolish way and try the old Way.

Simple, so simply to be.
Gather sharp stone of obsidian; go ahead, I'll wait.
Gather both hands now, around the point, thrust up and into your chest.
Feel the pain, watch your entrails spill red, so hallowed, you dread?

You say, "I can't."
You are but of matter, a work of clay, ashes clinging to life, death only one breath away.
You are you because He still has a say, yet, so do I.

Enter my world, my dream so pure; spill your blood for me.
In return, I'll let you enter my dream.
Oh, to hear you scream, it brings an inner feeling of pain.

The...

The End