

Carnival of Disgust

Falconer

Behind the veil of destiny
The path might turn in sudden twists of irony.
Night turns to day, dark turns to light. Wielder of steel, tier of ropes.
The hooded slayer without shame and without hope.
Sentenced to death but slipped away
To live the role of a hangman at display. Come see the play of wicked irony.
Join the crowd of hunger
For the joy of the Carnival of Disgust. Lonely he walks, outcast of shame.
Fearful and spat on yet respected for his name.
Marked by the blade to be known by sight
As a walking dead man for a crime pitch black as night.

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