Lain With the Wolf

Primordial

I have lain wth the lamb
Sang his tender praise on long dark nights
Searched my drawn face long and hard
For a sign of his light
Shoulders to the wheel for the grist of faith
Is manna for the blind
Like a child of Cain without the providence of truthJoy did come. It rose with the morning sun
Like cold guilty sweat across my brow
These are the first words that fell upon my lipsI have lain with the wolf
He seeks me out and demands my company
In the corner of a crowded room
With words of madness and water of fireHe whispers, when the demons come
Do you make peace with them or do you become one
of them? Do you?
If I give name to my furies, can you name them?
He preaches salvation in the loins of women
And the black sciencesWhen the shadow fell upon me
I knew I was running with the wolf
And it was his eyes I saw staring back
And this I learnt and this I know
You cannot escape the beast when you wear his mark

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