

The Howler

Fungi From Yuggoth

Here is the angel of the world's desire
Placed on trial
To hide in shrouded alley silhouettesWith cigarette coiled
To stike at passing voices
Dark and suspect
Here is the howling ireHere is the sacred face of rendezvous
In subway sour
Whose grand delusions prey like intellectIn lunatic minds
Intent and focused on
The long thin matches
To light the howling fireNo, no, not me,
Burn, I don't wanna burn

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