Jabberwocky

In the Labyrinth

It feeds off fear, our souls it's prey. Black eyes burn through the path it takes. Soft pulse...soft gaze...am I too late? Project...protect...absorb...create. Lost within my own identity. Shadows converge shedding light beyond eternity. Shed that grin from your featureless face. This tongue now speaks your language. And what I now taste is bitter...lifeless blood. Tempting demise. Hollow in it's guise. It's appearance lies. Vindication arise. Ludic luster, transcend the flame. Consume, exile, sever the hate. Acrid blood flow exudes coarse veins. Confront...surpass...absorb...create.

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