

Destinations

Gesaffelstein

It's just a temporary slide back in the abyss.
I should've seen it coming from miles away.
They've been armed in a sacred cult structure; shielding me of my oblescent dagger.

There was a purpose upon the horizon; a destination

-tangible & fragrant.

& I march to ban you

& I march to ban you

& I march to ban you

And I march with a thousand.

It's not surprising I should find myself flailing, having across a bridge of certainty.
Back behind enemy lines with no work till Tuesday; I didn't even fuck with the temptation.

Got down, with little to do, I welcomed old habits like a long lost friend..

To Spite You

Ashore 'bout a week in Venice giving themselves up to the strengths of the menacing darkness.

The shrieking howls; light or grey & feeble.

The sulky trees sad, dropping their knees in defeat.

The temperature falls.

There's a big light switch on.

& from time to time

Pharos from the cats

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>