

## Pivot

### "Xv. Lair Of The Aquarian"

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A sense of unknowing, a loss of faith. Time is forgotten in the chasmic place. Chased through the blue, moving with provoked intensity. Lurkers of the depths chasing after me. To see the ashen and crimson so close now. To know that there is no way out. Ostracized by the living to become part of the beast. A final resting place, the last feast.

To relish in life. To bask in one's death. Reaching ever forward taking one last breath. Entwined in tentacles that will not release me. Lost to the belly of the beast that will consume me.

To live free is a lie. As all living creatures must surely die. I hold no regards for the past. The future is where I will rest at last.

To relish in life. To bask in one's death. Reaching ever forward taking one last breath. Entwined in tentacles that will not release me. Lost to the belly of the beast that will consume me.

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