

Dirge "Mériidian"

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Meridians cross the sphere
Razorhands slowly bore
Circles after circles
Reach the heart, grip the core
Crimson nails scrape the rust
Of a dying sun turning pale
Scarlet eyes, pouring ashes
Like lava in the veins of hell

This world deserved better
Than this skyless ground
Of reptile flowers
And sleepwalking hounds
This world deserved far better
Than this endless flood
Of centipedes soldiers
And octopus gods

I'll redescend along meridians
Like the moon dives in oceans
For I have known days have passed
I'll be gone in a quicksand-smile
My pale sun deserves
One last time... to burn

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