

## **Bloodlet** **"Husk"**

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Dead words these seven tongued devils speak this only  
soul begs to be released encased this crumbling husk  
watching their lips move they say nothing primal  
fingers peel back the layers searching for something  
barely remembered it manifests itself as godlike  
shadows on the edge of my mind the potent image of  
an archetype shakes the earth breathes in the sky  
alone in these oceans of black something brushes my  
leg in the darkness below I see white slide over it's  
back dolls eyes its teeth rip wide jaws part and I stare  
down the throat of god

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