

Logan Lynn

"Seance / Rebirth"

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Smoke is the serpent's flickering tongue!
It floats, surrounds the sleeping child

Contains the unscrewed hands
Which can become the endusted key
Freeing the one that shall never Be free

Liberabitur, qui non liberandus

Dim, foggy, grey-eyed waking sleep!
Reigned by the serpent's magnet-grip

Willless minds observe the scene
Drowned in a web-enchanted sea
Freeing the one that shall never Be free

Soon it is done
We wake the one
Sleep high my sons
Stretch out your hands
And then he stands
And then he hunts

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