

## Lux Occulta

### "Fiend"

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Spike, my vein. Deliver me from tedium.  
Ease, this pain. Stop my mediocrity.  
Dust, my brain. Speed the seconds faster onward.  
Bend the sane. Into something more than  
commonplace.

I, fiend on. Into the endless dawn of each new day.  
Friends have gone. So I find good comfort in this haze.

Life, is slow, slower still to one - such as me.  
Dull and low. Typical, extreme only in - plain.

I am a remnant of man. I am a torn, broken plan.  
I am lethargic, I am weak. I am inheritlessly meek.

I am the licking of the gods.  
Upon your wounds while you still plod.  
I am the packing foam of love.  
I am the push that comes to shove.  
I am the cracking skin upon.  
The face of everything you long.  
I am the scab, I am the germ.  
I am what you refuse to learn.

I am a piece of withered mind.  
Too late too tired to walk the line.  
I am a relic of this race.  
These humans soon to be replaced.  
There has to be, some something more.  
There must have been a simpler course.  
Something I simply could have forced.  
An easy path straight to the source.

I'm sinking into bloodshot time.  
I'm blinded by nothing sublime.  
I'm gasping buried in my dust.  
Tell me in which god do I trust?  
I am the bloody nose of time.  
I am the never moving line.  
I am the breaking bones of life.  
I am the cheating in your wife.

I turn the key, I break the lock,  
I suck the skin, I live the flock.  
I am the never ending chain.  
I am the filth pulled from the drain.  
I am the cracking skin upon.  
The face of everything you long.  
I am the scab, I am the germ.  
I am what you refuse to learn.

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