

## Lux Occulta

### "Locust"

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Closed your eyes. Shut your mouth.  
Bound your wrists. Spine pulled out.  
Full of you so you have  
Become my shedding doubt.

I suck life from your weakened little hole.  
I feel lust, and control your little worthless,  
Every little splinter, every little shiver, know.  
Your apathetic flesh is more alluring than your soul.

Frail legs crawling slow, under translucent glow.  
Some things are better left undead and so it goes.  
Come falling from the wind, to bring the jittered end,  
To strip the world of all it's leading to temptations tin

So lick the plate clean child, and dry your wettend  
smile.  
It's an acquired taste, the souls slide down better, after  
a while.  
In dark the locusts breed, just live to fuck and feed.  
Such little creatures, we can't help but suck you of your  
needs.

So swarming covers you, oh, but you thought you  
knew.,  
Tthe warning heeded not unfolds, beneath an acid  
dew.  
This ticking in your brain, hard strikes the writhing rain.  
You feel a million sets of reaping 'cisors clamp and  
chew.

A drain of heads and tails, drown out in buzz your  
wails.  
Not even marrow left to tell the living of your lies.  
And as the harvest fast, becomes the then, the past,  
The tiny eyes that smiled your passing seek the next  
blood from the skies

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