

Seven Against Thebes "Slave To The Needle"

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he was adrift in the nightline
searching for something to ground him in this world
future and past, no more lifeline
then he felt the touch and the power of this girl

she was a light in the darkness
she drew designs of unspeakable power
the ink running into the soul now
the body a canvas her visions empowered

the patterns of life were injected
into his skin with a consummate grace
until vital signs were detected
it started the journey, it ended his place

he was a slave to the needle
he learned to love this impeccable pain
the door that was opened was vision
the lines that were crossed would show him the way

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