

Wretched

"Cimmerian Shamballa"

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Splintering blistered fingers. Chalk smears cake my body white. Sweat perspiring down my face. Retracing lines to tighten this seal. Clandestinely twining with devilry coursing through the night. My wicked enchantments hurl my body as it's careening through dust. Through dust and light I feel I've made it. As my heart climbs through my ribs it tells me so; the specter shows me so. The darkness surrounding is growing as the specter sheds to begin anew. Within it's body they are glowing on through her. Their faces shine fiercely with such deep sinew. This crooked mystery envelops all space around me as the many faces speak as one. "Why have you come here; what has brought you through? Why have you come here; what has brought you through to my domain!" My body falters. I feel myself begin to crumble as rickety noises force themselves from my throat. I begin to form some sense into an explanation. "I need to see this, to feel this, to breathe! To see, to feel, to breathe in your miasma." "Take refuge in the carcass my darkening soul. Albeit by the force of beauty incarnate, do not release yourself into this world. Here your essence is soluble."

(Solo: Funderburk)

I am Cimmerian Shamballa.

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