

Miguel Migs

"The Shepherd And The Atheist"

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Time has a way
Of reflecting itself
In the mirrored haze of the past
Perished in the coldness of my dead eyes distant
And dreaming in fields

"I beg of you, come closer to me
Why must thou hide, if thou art supreme?"

Perhaps to hide the emptiness
Also distilled in me

I was never made in any fucking image

That which I was,
Cursed with a human heart
Though I never asked to know you, you lay here with
me

"I beg of you, come closer to me
Close enough to feel the spear in your side..."

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