

Sepulchre

by Wormwood Folly

Its surreal, dark, abstract...I wrote it off the top of my head last night.

Sepulchre

Chapter 1 of 1

Its surreal, dark, abstract...I wrote it off the top of my head last night.

Distant calls from Dreamland –
Their orchestral opus is eternal
Piano on my spine, drum over my heart
Xylophone over my rib cage –
Play the strings over me.
My breath is the north wind
And my pulse is the war drum
Play wars over my skin
Like a game of soldiers.
I am incarnate to magic.
Necromancy. Death lover.
Corpus Delicti. Homage me,
I am the Goddess of Necropus.
The Green Fairy, oh she dances –
Like a sugar plum, over your tongue
She makes you believe you could
FLY. DIE. REBORN. SIGH.

Death and alcohol and magic free

Rise for me, do as I please,

Become my apprentice, serve me well,

Be my child – I will see you in Hell.

© LAR 2005