

Quickening

Esoteric

Hallucinations enter the shadows...
Losing the mind
On this path to oblivion
So much time lost in chaos

As I descend
Succumbed to the unfathomable
Abandoned beyond all control

Skulking, scraping, the barren wastes...
Formless predator of the mind's domain

And as its presence draws near I sense it
Knowing within its pull I can be forever lost
A part of me
I have become