

Worming Nightfall

Job for a Cowboy

A landscape of mountains and filth floods my perspective
Nightfall worms its way, mutating the air into a black mass of secrets
It's alluring as I stand on the summit of self-destruction in all of its brilliance
I have a panoramic view of my prodigal fate with a nose dive out of existence
My untouched eyelids unlock in a pineal gland trance of blasphemy
My cerebral matter synthesizes a sharpened warmth forming a kaleidoscopic ecstasy
A fond farewell decent morphs to a stairwell of a hallucinogenic world
Lost in a sea of illusions and alternate reality