

Whispering Spiritscapes

Mournful Congregation

Black horses ride waveless skies
Traversed as shapeless voids
Blackless night and voidless light

Words and symbols yet unseen
Unhallowed deeds left unredeemed
We dream within a greater dream

The masque of despondency
Tethered to the rippling gaze
From behind which peers
A black luminescence

Beckoning to thee
Alluring, yet repelling
Unnering, perpetually recurring
Obscure presence in the outer abyss

Wisdom's muse or man's conception
The voice of dreaming dissolves in creation

Cloaked in tattered gravecloth
I navigate the whispering spiritscapes

"My child, you are receiving the primal matter,
Understand the blindness and the
dejection of your first condition"

I long not for life
I long not for death