

Through Caverns Old and Yawning

Xanthochroid

What a friend
What a friend
Has Torment
Found in me

My chest, my chest
A cavern
Wherein he may dwell

My eyes
But shadows
My mind, my mind
A void

Unable to escape
This vile, vile
Carcass

I shall remain
Purposeless, purposeless
Without thoughts

But what a friend
What a friend
Has Torment found in me