

Purgatory Spiral

Xasthur

Neath whose rays we lay together
And those bright nights on glassy waves
When we would glide lightly away
From the grain
For wicked flights of pleasure

Those visions fade
Like ghosts to life's parade
Though incisions once made her so vivid
A scarlet whore
With both heels in the door
Of a heaven severed from me, insipid!