

Arzachel, Clean Innocent Fun

I'll be on my way, he said
As the knife quivered in his eye
I laid down my heavy head
The screaming wall began to cry
You lost your last hold on your flimsy mind
You know you've done it now
I turned my head and looked behind
At the blood welling from his brow

The harlot slowly crossed her legs
Vanished into a drowning child
Forty rows of angry spikes
Each one through a squiggling limb
The glass faces of the frigid mares
Dragged and sheltered in the wind
The cold draught brought the stench of pus
The boil bubbled on his flesh

The grey mist wafted in
Undulating, shrouded all
I was walking up the endless steps
Oozing purple from the cracks
Blazing Betelgeuse lit the way for me
Laser heat transmit my soul
The pressure force forced me on
To the long knife at the end

The wave rocked by brain
Crashing, smashing, all wrong
Lighthouse beam cross the black waste
Split the black till it was dawn
My mind returned to that stale room
That head took all his brain
Slowly, slowly it died away...
Would I ever be the same?