Cryptopsy, White Worms

It's almost night
The clouds are streaked with violet
And the moon is bright
Banish your innocence

There is no breeze
Disquiet lurks in silence
By this place of power
Your sins must escalate

What has come before
And recurs perpetually
Is on it's way
Cherish each atrocity

Woodland dark surroundings
Ill lit by twin beacons
A black car approaches
With two men inside it

With the right temptation
Murder needs to prompting
The man riding shotgun
Has just killed his own son

To nurture the white worms

Still and isolated
The woodframe house stands vacant
Humans that once lived here
Can no longer be found

And yet all are present
Well fed and ghastly white
In the mound of moist earth
That sits just by the road

His rigid features inexpressive
He flings his son's blonde head upon the heap
This last act earns him his metamorphosis
For he who built the house is at the wheel

To nurture the white worms

Darkling souls, though larval
With each sin can mutate
Into something dreadful
Before dawn, you'll pupate
And feed on innocents
Nourished by more like you
To someday haunt the aether
In obscene evolution

The house is hell
With it's windows all agape
Through these come some worms
And they have sprouted wings

Fear is forever, the objective
To goad the rest of humanity
Into acts of pervert nature
And bring out the worm in all of us