

Luxt, Devil's Advocate

Something slept, across from me holding me from childhood sleep.
Something sees, in the dark, every spark from eyes I keep.
Everything, i once feared, seems to be what i hold dear.
All the things, in my head delicious in their shades of red.

Something once, about the hour eleven thirty four I'd cower,
in my shell safe from all I'd invented frightened of the power.
Now those dark, shadowed holes, speak to me respect, I know.
So with reverence I must, trace the dust, the bottom of my soul.

I've echoed devilspeak. I've held back evil's secrets.
I've entertained the blackness, I've lusted under fire.
I've tasted searing tongue I've swallowed sweated blood.
I won't pretend to know, or even that it could be understood.

In deeper pools, comes the dark, part and parcel, swim with sharks.
Now embraced, I hold the night, bark is far more powerful than bite.
Still I see, fear controls, ant-like million tiny souls.
chances aren't, jarred from sleep, confused and lazy are the sheep

Clashing wings the flashing storm, devil's flesh, so hard and warm.
Not a minion, patron, slut, still i have been know his advocate.
Devil's eyes reflect in mine, fleshes known to cross the line.
In the lowered dripping jut, communicating wordless advocate.