

Atrox, Look Further

In the shade, in the cold, a grey pastry, a sallow dough. A giant lump of some /&%/ substance
Wallowing in an over-sized glass jar. Quivering, gurgling. Reminding of muddy aspic. It looks so &
Like a giant mite about to burst after gorging ichor. Taking *&()?'#"%& shapes. Stre
towards the yellow light.

Excreting a trail of milky pus through the surface rendering.

Outgrowths form in no time, falling off. Tongues emerging from the orifices. Froth and drool drying
smouldering and steaming off.

Looking is not seeing is not understanding is not believing is not agreeing. It looks so *%#()=. It sw
think it will #/\$L@(?.

Waiting is not longing is not hurting is not bleeding in a world trapped in a world trapped in a world.
with the yellow rays scorching it. It's throwing a crust, which cracks and unpeels, reminding of flock
The two of us can't coexist.