

Axamenta, Demons Shelter Within

(London, England. March 28th, 1879 A.D. 3:25 AM)

I opened my eyes and again there was nothing to fill this void

Whichever path I travelled
It lay distant in oblivion
Fled out of whispering winds
To where voices slay
A cobweb of jagged sulfur
Envenomed my benumbed senses
Fled into shimmering doubts
Where sanity is slain

The lights from the bridge they bleed
Creating crimson streams beneath Thames' cold gaze
Enslaving demons shelter within me
Staring at the depth I see
Shapeshifting images of me
Forever these demons shelter within me

Struck by horror, realed with wonder
A face was spun in moonlit mirrors
Swept in fractures, pain inflicted
A crepuscular eve in torment mended
Reflections drowned in mirrors
Memo! ries now mere burdens
Timespawned for a new purpose

Besieged from lurking desires in mind
Psychomaniacal attraction inside
The "identity no longer alone
The sense of time forgotten - forlorn

As fate lay dying aghast
A deadbolt to insanity - I slip away.
From these demons who shelter within me.
Fingers now clung mists asunder.
Loathsome winds whispered unleash the fear.
From these demons who shelter within me.
Staring at the depth I see.
Shapeshifting images unleash the fear.
FOREVER MORE.