



WALLED-IN,
A HOLLOW PILGRIM
[PERFORMED BY LIM - ANNO MMIX]

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My jaw, slacked off, spoke to me raw.
[I'm] Choked enough as it is, for me to bleed on a joke.
The hoax is on me.
Bless a defunct soul, and a brain's inevitable stroke.

“Term” my way up and turn down a sure grip on stability
Fertile numbness I will soon suppress to a higher decree
but I clearly digress...
Such is the *wormwood Work of Words*; birthing *Adversity*

Let me first get re-acquainted with this ugly self of mine
Shatter a mirror, shout, claw my eyelids out,
Smile and disagree with my own theories
Of an “I” that still strive, try and try, but fails to see.

I'll keep on doggin' myself silly;
Synced to the riffs of rust-against-teeth melodies.

While I may be losing the gist of my surroundings...
I do know bane & blight to sit well and burn vigorously under my sheets
The pills may suggest other thinking, suffocating under layers of lingering
But my deeds; indeed creeps the livings as if I was a wretched fiend.

Verily I say unto thee:
My theistic name may well be *Gabriel*,
Yet *Samael*, wrapped in ophidian properties,
Has long ago bled the light out of this veiny translucent skin,
Blistered-blue and old as fuck.

When *Art* tends to imitates the fabrics of the suffering
Why not bid life a fond fare-death
And lay silky still in your bed and dissolve back to sleep;

Walled-in, a hollow pilgrim...
...seeking yet never reaching.