

Worship the Night

Dream where winged pixies swap coins for tiny teeth and visits from erotic vampires conquer a penumbra cloaked in contemplations not suitable for daylight ruminations.

Be a shadow without judgment, jealousy, and self-reflection. Let images of old ghosts drift in foggy miasmas floating over eyes closed in shades of fragmented deliberations.

A new day brings another apocalyptic prophecy hidden in dogma and southern slang, these fables ooze of white lies and the insignificant pretensions of long robed seraphs.

Slide back into an introspective solar eclipse with those sleazy monsters who nicked a soul an echolalia of prayer didn't keep. Curse the coming dawn, worship this night.

When day fades to dusk the lamp light makes those murky parts of town seem safe. Know the god of opaque illumination won't cow the visceral shadows until sunrise.

The night hides a clandestine place where nervous lovers dread the daybreak as one, sharing sin, carnal secrets, and a flash of creation granted to all under the shining sun.

Worship the night sky with the last thought. Look for a rapture in inky Stygian shadows, delve in the black depth, sleep deep and dream of mystical unions with salacious sirens.

The sky lit for deceivers brings back the lie, devils left in daylight run back to rip at ones heart and mind, know the world in darkness it ends in blinding sky.