

You Come To Me At The End Of The World

"You come to me—
me, at the end of your world.
to save your miserable lives
Why should I?

I owe nothing to you—
you who severed my head,
you who spilled enough of my blood
to stain the earth red.

You beg me—
just two drops,
that is all, no more, no less.

For one drop is death, a venom's kiss,
from my left, it runs like this—
fire in a vial, one taste to end it all.
But from the right, a single tear,
holds life itself, untouched, sincere.

Never thought you would crawl to me,
to Medusa the cursed,
your whisper of salvation rehearsed.

Shall I deny you? A taste of your own lie,
for all you took, unasked, unsaid—
the birth you stole from me in death,

You feared the power I kept hid,
yet here you are, with your bruised pride,
seeking the poison you tried to hide.

You accuse me of being cold,
having a heart turned to stone.

Did I not beg,
did I not scream, and weep—
as my cries vanished beneath his tides?
Your gods claimed me, left me cursed,
and now, after all they took, you ask—
no, you beg, mercy!

Mercy! You never knew the word,
yet wish me now to save your pure,
your poor, your meek, your innocent—

I WAS INNOCENT!

None came to aid, none came to hear,
and still you dare speak of innocence—
I was alone, abandoned in fear,
yet now you dare cry innocence.

When yours are the hands that defile and
deceive,
again and again, you're the reason I grieve.
It is your doing, your fault, we stand here
today,
in ruin, in rot, the world in decay.

And now you come to me to save
The very hands that sealed my fate

Now that it is you who will suffer
You beg? You kneel?
Ha, you make me laugh

You know as well as I,
Men once came with spears, steel bright,
with cruel prayers, voices spiked with spite,

Tell me—did you come here, pure of intent?
Or like Perseus, blade in hand, bent
on slaying me, seizing all that you can,
to leave me cursed, defeated, stripped of all
command?
Is that why you crept here, fearful yet bold,
hiding sharp steel beneath promises told?

Perhaps I should end it now,
one gaze to still your breath—
turn fool to stone, let fate be sealed in
death.
How simple it would be...
to be done with you at last.

Pathetic—you think I do not know
the way fear takes hold,
how it settles, dark and cold,
a shadow creeping beneath your skin,
seeping deeper, sinking in.
It steals your strength, strips you bare,
leaves you hollowed, raw, laid there.

Such a delicate, visceral thing,
I know all its contours, every tremor, every
sting.

It coils within you, quiet at first,
a cold, slow creep, an insatiable thirst.
Feel how it pulses, winding tight,
a whisper that builds, devours light,

a masterpiece, etched in every shudder and
gasp,
a silent hymn to my own dark craft.
Oh, how I relish the dread you wear
the helplessness woven through every
stare.

How it thrills me—
the shiver that shatters your spine,
your breath caught short, each heartbeat in
time
as if death itself had whispered, “You’re
mine.”
In a chill that grips the heart, unthreads the
mind.

Each pulse a warning, every thought
confined.
whispers silenced, cries unheard,
no mercy given, no shelter, no word.
Yes, fear is an old friend, one long interred.

And now, here you stand, pleading for
reprieve,
mercy... from me.

Luck is with you, your pleas have not been
in vain.

For my heart has known pain.”

(For even now, as I choose to relent,
I feel the weight of their curse, the scorn
they sent.

Poseidon’s cruelty, Athena’s wrath,
Perseus’s blade that cleaved my path—
they twisted my fate, left me betrayed,
and still, you ask me to save.)

“So, feel this mercy, rare and strange,
I will give you what you demand—
two drops, one from each hand,
But know this well—I do not do this for you.
My kin who will suffer, it is for them I
choose.

If I lend you life, it is not a gift,
but a debt you owe to those you left.

So heed this warning, or face my wrath:
no harm shall touch, no voice shall cast
its venom on those you once outcast.
Swear to honor, swear this vow,
and I will grant you, here and now,
that for which men have fought and died,
for which wars were waged,
and loyalties defied.

You came to me at the end of the world,
A merciful monster with darkness unfurled.
Of sound mind and body, this vow you
tether

Remember it well, for I will hold it forever.

Know this, as you carry this debt tonight,
For should you return, to challenge my
might...

On some damned “heroes” quest.
I will not acquiesce.

A fate awaits, worse than my stone sleep;
You will wish for sweet, merciful death.
one drop less, is all you’ll reap

Mark my words, and mark them twice,
defy this oath, and pay the price.”