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**death magick**

remind me why we crept back  
grasping credulity in our sweaty hands  
likely candidates of subjugate mechanisms devised to misshape our  
frequently riddled in voyeuristic indifference  
necromancy seeped latent without so much as a sound off  
interrupting horrible girls loving things like genius or

backflips into inky ponds in the dead of summer  
prowling among the zealots and other infrastructure of typecast where virginity, brazen  
sets curiosity upon us like frivolous, gameful seeds nascent in the granite, refusing silence  
who better than you and i to walk along the fringe of a helium core  
naked star broiling and utterly voracious lick of godhead within  
free-wheeling serpent vanishing commonplace apprehensions  
a supernatural anomaly in our midst.