

"Dakangala
Among The Legions."

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I seep into the consciousness
of Fools who've sold their dreams
And gradually am my wreck of havoc
by edging through the seams.

I am the sin of royalty;
all lusts personified in
And hinge myself on Loyalty
to darknesses untried.

I am the great consumer of contempt
who also grandly metes it out
And merciless to prey in hand
no matter how they twist and shout!

A riddler of dementia;
robber of graves and sleep
Whose sole intoxication lies
in the gloom of Souls I keep.

For I Fear someday I'll make a trade
of all Souls For my own

When the gatherer of measured deeds
seats me back upon the throne.

Claudio Oswald Niedworek



So I'll thank you masses in advance
For being so willing and content
To be governed by the guided ones
by whom your Souls were sent!

I am but servant to my pride
of Legions in their Lair
Who guard a weary Landscape
and drink in its despair.

Claudio Oswald Niedworok.

To reap the whirlwind.

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