

A MAN ABOUT TOWN

WORDS BY
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THE DRIPPING MOON
GLAZES A FRENZIED CITY,
WHAT SEEN SHALL CONFOUND
AND MORE'S THE PITY!

AN ARTLESS CREATION
OF CORPULENT HORROR
LET US SOJOURN WITH HIM,
THIS MORBID EXPLORER.



PREY STALKED UPON
BY AN UNHAPPY FATTY.
A HUSHED MEAL.
A CYCLOPEAN BEEF PATTY.



ATTEMPTS AT RESPITE
SOUGHT IN VAIN;
A PANORAMA
OF NON-EUCLIDIAN
PLANES.



SHIFT! CRACK!
THE PAYEMENT
SCREAMS!
CONTAIN!
OH, BOTTLE
THESE STYGIAN
DREAMS!



CALMNESS
'THEN A QUICK SECURITY
A NEED,
A HUNGER,
FOR BETTER PURITY.



GRACE AND PIETY GONE -
LESS AND LESSER -
RENDING NOW
AN AGED CONFESSOR.



WITH SHADOW CAST,
THE MANGLED LOT
ALL WERE EATEN
AND ALL FOR
NAUGHT.



ABHORRENCE THEN
AND EVIL STILL
HIS CRIES RING OUT
WITH A FETID TRILL.



THE SONG OF NIGHT
ONCE AGAIN BECKONS
LEAVING HIM TO VENTURE
FOR SECONDS.



END.