

I am the throne in the foot  
I am the blur in the sight  
I am the worm at the root  
I am the thief in the night

I am the rat in the wall  
The lepper that leers at the gate  
I am the ghost in the hall  
Herald of horror and hate

I am the rust on the corn  
I am the smut on the wheat  
Laughing man's labor to scorn  
Weaving a web for his feet

I am canker and mildew and blight  
Danger and death and decay  
The rot of the rain by night  
The blast of the sun by day

I warp and wither with drouth  
I work in the swamp's foul yeast  
I bring the black plague from the south  
And the leprosy in from the east.

I rend the flowers from the hemlock boughs  
Wine stepped in the petals of dooms  
Where the fat black repents drowse  
I gather the upas blooms

I have plumbed the northern ice  
For a spell like frozen lead  
In lost grey fields of rice  
I have learned from mongol dead.

Where a bleak black mountain stands  
I have looted grisly caves  
I have digged in the desert sands  
To plunder terrible graves

Never the sun goes forth  
Never the moon glows red  
But out of the south or the north  
I come with the slaving dead

I come with hideous spells  
Black chants and ghastly tunes  
I have looted the hidden hells  
And plundered the lost black moons.

There was never a king or priest  
To cheer me by word or look  
There was never a man or beast  
In the blood-black ways I took

There were crimson gulfs unplumbed  
There were black wings over a sea  
There were pits where mad things drummed  
And foaming blasphemy

There were cast ungodly tombs  
Where slimy monsters dreamed  
There were clouds like blood-drenched plumes  
Where unborn demons screamed

There were ages dead to time  
And lands lost out of space  
There were adders in the slime  
And a dim unholy face

Oh, the heart in my breast turned stone  
And the brain froze in my skull  
But I won through, I alone  
And poured my chalice full

Of horrors and dooms and spells  
Black buds and bitter roots  
From the hells beneath the hells  
I bring you my deathly fruits.

