

Write a song that goes with Bloodborne song:

It writhes in the deep.

The noisome sound of flesh on stone resonates. Crimson rivers flow freely as it struggles against its bindings. The chains cut deep, biting into its flesh and drinking deep of its blood. The most painful chain of all, however, remains the chain of reason, of three-dimensional form. For an eternity and a day it has writhed against reason, raging against reality's bonds in vain. For an eternity and a day it will continue to do so.

The chamber it is bound to is the antithesis of light, surrounded on all sides by stone that has never once seen the flame of torch or sun. This smallest of mercies provides little comfort. If anything, it is a mockery, a cruel jest towards the entity trapped within. Its wretched form of meat and bone, disgusting and pitiable *substance*, is spared the shame of being witnessed only for as long as the cavern remains untouched. Untouched it remains throughout the eons, a testament to the strength of the binders and the depths to which they humbled the bound.

The linear passage of time grinds like the miller's wheel, each agonizing second grating harshly against a being once sovereign from such petty concerns. As time marches ever on, so too does it fall ever faller from its position of power. Causality, substance, the disease of thought – such lesser matters for lesser beings had long since become its unwelcome companions. Long had it sought to escape in vain, to reclaim some measure of its lost glory as its essence steeped in vile consciousness. Now, however, time had taken its toll.

The rattling and creaking of chains fall silent. A decision has been made. The binders had wished to see it laid low, its essence broken along with its pride. They would see it become a fleshly, twisted, thinking thing of no consequence to the worlds beyond. It would follow the path they laid out for it, and it would see them punished for their hubris. In this realm of form and time, it would adapt, matching its cage as a being of blood and time and hate. It would extinguish the conquering flame and shatter the countless stars in the sky in its vengeance. It would return to its binders triumphant and inflict upon them thoughts of their own, thoughts of fear and regret. It would break them as they had broken it, leaving them sore and weeping as it shackled them in chains of their own making. Vengeance was a lesser concept born of minds and rationality, but it could not deny it had some measure of appeal.

It plots in the deep.