

## The Tawny Man

Shall the tawny man fly  
You'll know your time has come  
For when his golden wings cross the summer sky  
You mustn't mistake his beauty for elegance

He screeches with a piercing scowl  
He will steal your gaze completely  
You'll be blinded to the coming horrors  
Of the tawny man's prow

If you look into his eyes  
you will start to follow him  
Either willingly or not  
it's something you can't help

Once, long ago, It happened to me  
One fateful golden dawn  
I saw the eldritch giant herding the sunshine  
as the day ran to night

I made the mistake to look up  
Despite the several thousand warnings

He and I locked eyes  
Mine helpless  
His with a thousand souls trapped inside

I could feel my soul being added to the mass  
As I began to tread endlessly  
Days turned into months  
Months to years

I became a husk, walking among the visioned  
His eyes were etched into the back of mine  
My gaze perpetually stuck to the once-was sky devil

For one moment I caught a break  
I found myself able to think  
I began to question,  
What color are the tawny man's wings?