The Spirit of London

I am the spirit of London

The flicker of dirty yellow lamplights

The dark specter floating through dreary fog

I see what the beady-eyed soot mice see

Silent armies watching passing feet through dripping sewer gates

I whisper with a voice full of sharp metal secrets

Glinting knives and spilled red seeping through cobblestone cracks

Crimson rivers of copper and salt

Sinewy arteries oozing from a gnarled old heart

Leading you down the twisting alleys of Houndsditch and Baynes Row

Deep into the city's soot filled underbelly

Belching smoke and half-digested dreams

Churning and gushing over sleepy rooftops

Down where the blackness is thick

Where the shadows are twice as alive

And tenfold more wicked
Here dwells the scum of society

Thieves and vagabonds alike

It is a ghostly place

A sinister place

A place fraught with danger and magic

My favorite place

Shimmering constellations dance before my eyes

Tangled webs glimmering cold and distant

Like threads of silver woven into the black cloak of death

Shooting stars and tendrils of energy reaching out to each other

Twisting and writhing through the inky darkness

Stabbing deep into my heart

Drowning my soul in mad delight

Raging through my veins as liquid fire

Burning bright with furious passion
And intoxicating me far more than any wine

I am filled with savage and primal pleasure

For I am the spirit of London

And this is my home