

POET



PALLID BLOOM

THE MANUSCRIPT

A PRIVATE LETTER · LYRICS · ARTWORK · CREDITS

VOLUME I

PALLID BLOOM

*A small piece of the music,
kept between these pages.*

For anyone who has listened,
and anyone who has found a part
of themselves in a song.

OCTOBER 16, 2026

A LETTER FROM AIDEN

To whoever is reading this,

I don't know your name, where you are in life, or what brought you here. Maybe you've been listening to POET for years. Maybe you found one of my songs today. Either way, I'm glad you're here.

It's strange to write something alone in a room, about things you barely understand yourself, and then learn that those words found someone you've never met.

Over the years, people have told me things after shows or sent me messages about what a song helped them through. I remember more of those conversations than they probably realize.

And I hope you know it goes both ways.

There have been times when I've needed this music, too. Knowing that someone out there connected with it has helped me keep writing on days when I wasn't sure what I had left to say.

I can't promise every song will make sense to you. Half the time I'm still figuring things out myself. But I can promise that what I share under POET will come from somewhere real.

I hope there's something in these pages that belongs to you, too. And if there isn't, that's okay. I'm still grateful you opened them.

Thank you for giving something I've spent so much of my life making a place in yours.

With love,
Aiden

THE WORDS

See these lights in demi-glow
Poisons, putrid in my mind
Falling upwards into blight
I'm war torn, lost, and ever-blind

Rip, through my arteries
Clotting, writhing, gnashing teeth
In this pallid bloom of rose red
Cut me open let me waste

Underneath the maggots crawl
Burnt up marrow, charred remains
Eyes keep peering into ash
Visions that cauterize my veins

THE WORDS · CONTINUED

Rip, through my arteries
Clotting, writhing, gnashing teeth
In this pallid bloom of rose red
Cut me open let me waste

See these lights in demi-glow
Poisons, putrid in my mind
Falling upwards into blight
I'm war torn, lost, and ever-blind

Rip, through my arteries
Clotting, writhing, gnashing teeth
In this pallid bloom of rose red
Cut me open let me waste

COLOPHON



PALLID BLOOM

Written by Aiden Shaw

Produced & Mixed by Jesse Hardiek

Mastered by Jamie King

Visual & Artwork by Aiden Shaw / Rhythmical Robot

Thank you for being part of this.

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