

## **Bishop Of Hexen "Diaries Of Primeval Tragedies"**

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Angry are the clouds which anesthetize  
Former besetting episodes of assertive pain  
An overwhelming blend of harmonious mirth & awe  
Proclaims with much pride-dawn's out bursting rage  
Cometh ye all astounded faces  
I plea to thee-hear me now or nevermore  
Poor puzzled pieces of human wreckage  
Your wounds of heart & soul may heal-when shared  
Surround me with your precious presence  
My only request for now-is your dearest patience  
Cull the words which portray your might  
From miserable tiny pebbles-to stones of awesome  
sights  
From rotting pallets filled with mold & mice  
From grey hidden corners contaminated by the  
diseases of the soul which  
dies  
Red shiny ink spills our luxuriant opera on-yellow dusty  
pages  
Bathe with sweet nectar flowing from-aching mind-  
cages  
Looking back-glaring at life  
All these years of death-from Christs murderous knife  
The drought which, bit by bit, gnawed our pride-  
Insulting holy lies which poisoned meadows of the true  
dark-guide  
Absorb with joy-the sweet new blood

Filling every heart-beat and instincts-slumber yet  
starved  
Find me your poets, bring forth your bards  
Let them sing kisses of evil to other world-parts  
I can hear the owl recite  
Diaries of primeval tragedies which confide  
Truth & knowledge of matters we must tend  
In theaters of witchcraft-we pretend  
The craving of dreams to form the prophecy  
Open vein-shaped roads resembling our complex-  
conspiracy  
The rythem of the march excite to tears in our eyes  
Don't other dare bark towards us-lest we rid them like  
flies

See my trembling cut open fingers  
They remind me of the incredible secret which still  
lingers  
Free yourself from all those lies which are told so often  
For now our referendoms web-is catiously woven  
Follow that trail left by the witches-most dark & pale  
Embellish poetry in veins to breed-  
Together to submerge & sublimely-bleed  
Restless retch anchors of holy clay  
And gather triumphs to harvest in the golden fields of  
may

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