

## Absu

# "Fantasizing To The Third Of The Pagan Vision"

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(Quoth the Sky, Nevermore Act II)

I stood before my reflection  
With a beloved adherent  
Waiting beneath the cross for a purpose  
To drink my tepid blood from the chalice  
Impart thou in the text of Scourge  
And cleft through the veil of the virgin  
Purity is to live  
To the highest; and the highest is unjust

Fantasizing to the third of my gentile sight  
In the gate of the mind appears  
And arise with turbulence called I

The artfullness of the blind Shabbathai  
For thee have I worshipped the Stars  
I cried, while you perpetually died  
...On top of Black Montanus of thy Septentrio  
Animus of an aged Tetragrammaton  
With stains, a lucid cicatrix of disgrace  
With joyful, elated Endeavour  
O lilywhite goat  
Frail as a thicket of thorns  
With a collar of gold for thy throat  
A crimson bow for thy horns  
O lilywhite goat  
You made ma Paganal dreams erroneous

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