

Brocas Helm

"Torches Of Nero"

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Sewn into the skin of wolves to be mangled by
Savage dogs awakened by the scent of fear
Frenzied by the taste of blood disfigured survivors
Attempt escape quickly seized to amputate both
Feet bound tightly by a rope attached to a post
Daubed with pitch and set alight to act as torches
In the night choking clouds of smoldering flesh serve
As reminder for those who would be next.fire...
Bursts into the bones skin drops like melted wax
Bowels fall out from the torso combs tear away at
The ribs Christians enflamed in Nero's name tasting
Their fires of sin blood flies across the fire filled sky

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