

## Hollenthon

### "MALIS AVIBUS"

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The ticking hour of Father Time releases memories  
locked in mind

A wandering beggar digging holes in all unspoken  
deeds of old

A yellow death lay on his face, a smile so fixed not of  
this race

Indeed he'd known where he would go, to where he  
feared it clearly showed

The devil I can safely tell

Has neither hoof, nor tail, nor sting

Nor is he, as some sages swear,

A spirit, neither here nor there

In nothing-yet in everything

He is what we are-a gentleman

A statesman spinning his web of crimes,

A swindler, living as he can

The ticking hour of Father Time released the memories  
locked in mind

The clock's monotonous tick obscured to most this  
man's so lonely cry

He'd said that with his clenched teeth, he'd seize the  
earth from underneath

He'd seize the earth from underneath, and drag it with  
him down to hell

