

## **In Tha Umbra "Grace Dementia"**

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Confess

That in trim golden gardens death breathes the abysm

That the dark nymphs sting on heavenly failure

And bid the soul of orpheus to sing such notes as

Armmagedon

Apocalypse and unbridled holocaust

Thou hast entombed

Sphere born that harmony consumed

Attired with stars and able to pierce

High-raised saphire-coloured death inbreathed

A shrine

Scythed in the palest shades of black

Confess

That minute drops from off the eaves of damnation are  
nigh

That rotten trophies such as fecal angelical heads were  
harvested

And let the horrid tunes hung feral beneath the  
firmament

As solemn tunes have sung

Of the end drear and grace dementia

Death, where is thy sting?

To bite cruelty in a silver platter

Euphonious ravens to choir for a tragedie

With undiscording melodious noise with harsh din

Old of dying essence from where ambrosia blooms

In perfect diapason and tuned with the fiery hell

And in depraved delict, delight or denial

Open wide the gates below through velvet curtains  
undressed

Haste thee nymph, and bring forth

The winds that froze the golden zodiac

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