

In Tha Umbra "Through Lycanthropie's Trod Communion"

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To morphe of angels into animal warfare
Demonic philia old to tilt constellations alight
Horrors in the pack that ply steamingly to hog
Tread inveighed against the light 'o night and shades
And of orpheus to sing enchantments drear
There, where nymphs haunt of fauns, furies and
centaurs
To wear their sapphire crowns as with the twilight
In principesque lore communion perplexed morphed
deities
And so gazed upon the clustering locks
Wreathed thence in orient liquor of ambrosia draught
Of phoebus as the potion of beastly antropomorphia
Through lycanthropie's trod communion
Swift as the sparkle of burning heavenly gardenia
Therefore intemperate thirst fond
Not to still the wild winds when they roar
But hush the waving flames to eden's glancing
disgrace
Through lycanthropie's trod communion
The wild winds haunt and roar swift and merciless
Hear asphodel descending to fetch upon the sheep
To abide and arm for war as bidden to the carnal
garden
"All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect in their misery;
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement"
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat"
Clutter'd round morphing beast in joint community
Through trod wolvern anthropomorphic twilight
Loathe shattered upon the feeble
But boast forth in lycanthropie's trod communion
Draught liquor from ambrosia's own womb
To change the resemblance of the mourning heavens
"These my sky-ropes, spun out of Iris' woof..."

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