

## Katharine McPhee

### "The Last Wound"

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Halluzinations, blurred sight.  
Darkest shadows cast upon my crown...  
One thousand years get more to come.  
- A thousand years, and they will be gone.  
As they lifted him up on to his cross.  
I was the splinter in his chest.  
The whipping scourge on his pale cheeks.  
And empty coffin for the dead.  
With fiery sword and harnessed wings.  
The light of a dead million stars.  
On the top of my spear I shall awake.  
Call me the Prince of Winter, call me the Lord of  
Wolves.  
Nightmare, endless, the freezing downs...  
The sign of Upophis Destroyer, Star of Bestial  
Fornication.  
Ghemhamforash is forgotten.  
Five wounds of deliverance through wrath.  
The tree of Sephiroth is burnt.  
The joy of heavens exist no longer.  
A wooden rack to carry away the hope of the world.  
A state that is baptized to the Usurper Lord of Mayhem.  
... And the thorncrowned clown of miserable fate hath  
lost the battle.  
Aralim are weeping, poisoned nails split human flesh.  
The first one crackth the palm of lies no justice shall be  
done.  
The second fixeth the feeble hand which tried to put us  
down.  
The third and fourth they crush his feet.  
Which stalked the salty sea.  
Those are the nails that help us win Satanic Victory.  
The last wound on the naked corpse.  
The spear hath pierced his side.  
Our dream of vengeance hath come true.  
The gates stand open wide.

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