

## Leviathan

### "What Fresh Hell"

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Take wings at Midnight,

Under glimpses of a uncertain Moon

Her thoughts become scarcely human,

They infest and cloud her mind

And she longs for this rotting ill,

And the grim bolt of her king

She waits in bestial desire to meet her master's last words

"Do you think I would except just any soul willing to give itself to mine power...

I torture and chastise you to ripen you for mine embrace...

Taking wings at midnight"

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