

Ruins Of Beverast

"Arcane Pharmakon Messiah"

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The giant excrement accumulation still awaits mine
My fetid, pestilent, venomous faces
Prepared to devour all, but not yet willing
Not sufficiently mortal
I should rapidly unmask what breeds this gleam within
me
A lure for the beast
... to creep ahead
... to bleed, to howl
... to exult
... to mutilate the mind
This is a futile, miniature moment... again
And an atrocious castigation that befalls me
For a peek out of the crypt
I decept the realm as kingless
Where all semen is foul, omnivorous, suicidal
I demand a Messiah!
Pathetically faint burns this flame of awareness
When the grand, imminent bereavement
Leaves me suddenly bereft
... bereft of a dominion
... bereft of air and voice
... bereft of my piss
... bereft.

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