

Ruins Of Beverast

"Summer Decapitation Ritual"

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I marked place in medieval summer beat

A guillotine prepared for amusement of god and his crowd

Shouting their annual menace

(Into) the cruel vacuum rapidly descending

Desiring death to anticipate the doom divine, the temptation, his triumph

Thus, as no martyr I burn (at) the cross

With lack of strength to climb out of the white abyss again

Behead me!

For at the depths of this spiral

Even death cannot disburden me of life.

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