

Thy Serpent

"The Fall Of Astraea"

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Kneel,
Before the sunset of epoch
Eve of omens gathers me
To weep the fall of Astraea

Seals,
Of shaped dogmas famish
Misery forges stream anthems,
Lies of tortured patriarch

Seek,
Zeaphon seek and always find
That prophecy forms circle
And diviner has forked tongue

So falleth the morning spear
These lunar mantras of heresy,
Whispered in costumes of day
To merge and the invade.
Nightfall summons vigil
So dies the oath, and oblivion
Vanished pyres of midnight,
The fall of Astraea

Bleed,
Gabriel bleed and always scream
All thy archlies sweet
Never belived and yet obeyed

Sleep,
Ithuriel sleep and always dream
Fabled utopia of grace
Nevermore

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