

# Akercocke "The Serpent"

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The slate grey cloud  
That harnesses hail  
Unto the hunter and hunted  
A haunting chord  
Of longevity sounds  
Like the voice of God in the rain  
[Sister Redempta :]  
"Thou who ridest on  
The wings of the wind  
Deign to commune with me"  
Essence of innermost arcana  
Espositor of emblematic death  
Circle of black evocations  
And pacts  
Pentacles and sigils unholy  
The lance, the nails  
The cross and diadem  
Thorned and bloody  
[Charuch :]  
"In nomine dei nostri  
Satanus luciferi excelsi"  
Incensed, the limbless forms  
Of their first hour  
Sing unto the moon  
Traacherous rains that  
Encumber her way  
Soak the habit through  
To the skin  
The almadel shudders  
With the manifest form  
A serene and angular figure  
With the taste of menses  
Rich on the lips  
The horned spirit seduces  
[Charuch :]  
"I am the way,  
The truth and the life"  
Inchoate vision,  
Abstruse, Charuch  
Like a breath  
Captured in the night air  
Versicles 'pon

Royalty of spirits  
Of the cardinal points  
Of Hell  
The bosom of night  
Boasts a rhythm of storms  
With a vagina wet with lust  
She dreams without sleeping  
Of a goat faced god  
And stigmata that  
Drips blood like wine  
Holy sister  
I crave your benediction  
For your indulgence  
And intimacy  
But your blessings are lost  
On an unholy host  
Willfully damned  
Such as me

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