

## **The Monolith Deathcult "Den Ensomme Nordens Dronning"**

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The huntress from the land of Magog  
Manacles on her seabed  
Mauled in the deep she waits  
For the Czar of Mesech and Tubal  
The blood of the 118 drips  
From her glowering gaping mouth  
She patiently bears suffering in the Barents abyss

'Eternal Father, strong to save...

K-141 headed north for a Russian naval victory  
Armed with 24 "Granit"  
She prowls through the Barents Sea  
118 hearts beat as one when Kursk submerges  
From the mighty ocean depths  
She is the bride of Gog, a post-Soviet Czarina  
The Czardom's silver bow,  
CzArtemis leads a fleet in bloom

Drunk with exuberance she arrogates the briny deep  
Invulnerable became funereal  
After insubordination and sabotage!  
A deathly blow from within, the assassin assassinated  
Now 117 men must die for  
Der Dolchstoss of one Judas Ephialtes

In a solitude of the sea  
Deep from human vanity,  
And the Pride of Life that planned her,  
Stilly couches she.

Steel chambers, late the pyres  
Of her salamandrine fires,  
Cold currents thrid, and turn  
To rhythmic tidal lyres.

Till the Spinner of the Years  
Said 'Now! ' And each one hears,  
And consummation comes,  
And jars two hemispheres.

Over the missiles meant

To smite the opponent  
The sea-worm crawls  
Grotesque, slimed,  
Dumb, (and) indifferent.

And now the Queen and Antaeus lie dead  
The twain forever converged on the seabed

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