

## **Asmodeus**

### **"Sator Discordiae"**

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As twilight befalls  
This never ending day,  
It tints the horizon into  
An adumbrating red.

It seems to reflect my severe wounds  
But I respire within a cold breeze.  
I invoke the icy winds to sweep upon  
My desecrated countenance.

They shall be the remedy  
From northern domains  
To re-engender the estimation

Which I once held.  
Their irascibleness  
Should spill forth  
The envy in my veins  
And their unsullied  
Hands should disperse  
The germ of the ergot  
Into the furrowed soil.

There should be  
Bred the discord  
Which would be  
Spread like a wildfire.

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