

Cauldron Black Ram "Imp"

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A corrupt dance
Copulating merriment
Upon foul divinity

Know ye a scar most black
To the bone
Cantankerous to your pumping
Wishing heart

Excretory incense cleanse filth with filth by way of I'll
Imp a tiresome devil

Devil sometime an imp

Cackling scout to undesire

Trident brand strident pulses in a crackling fire
Ritual licking and kissing soot of hearth

The trolls eye a glowing coal
Dies when rapture ruptures from the witches gut
Gut feeling fire a wearisome imp

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