The Ruins Of Beverast "Theriak - Baal - Theriak"

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And then he fell, and darkness crept across his eyes, And atrocious arch pounced into his mouth, and all through ran the brazen lance,

Deep inside beyond the brain, splitting the white bones. Expelled were the teeth, both eyes filled with blood, Spouted wide out of mouth and nostrils, and death's black fume surrounded him.

As if rabid wolves lunge at lambs and goats, and wrest them away from the flock,

That is scattered in the mountains due to the shepherds ignorance;

Those, beholding these, immediately mob them and lacerate them, these timorous beings...

Thus lunged Theriak at Baal.

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