

Harken! Ancient tongues are roaring,
From a distant realm they emerge.
Rending this deathly hush asunder
as a ferociously clashing surge,
against the dreariness of
eternal slumber.

Embarking the bleak vessel to set forth
across the ageless sea of deliverance.
Cloaked in garments of deluding secrecy
an emissary conjured, a fallen presence,
a benighted king soulless postulating
a direful theodicy.

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From a distant realm they emerge.

The source of conjuration slowly yielding,
driven out for it is nonsignificant
to a mortal dust traversing godhead.
Through a transcendental quondam tyrant,
maledicted and banished unto the habitations
of the hollow shells of the dead.

Harken! A rejuvenated tongue now speaketh,
obedience unto me, for I am mankinds dread,
praise be unto me, for I am maleficence thrice,
Limited being - thy skin unclean shall be shed,
Finite and imperfect, ennoblement to the greater
is ineluctable the lessers demise.