

The Serpent

Akercocke

The slate grey cloud
That harnesses hail
Unto the hunter and hunted
A haunting chord
Of longevity sounds
Like the voice of God in the rain
[Sister Redempta :]
"Thou who ridest on
The wings of the wind
Deign to commune with me"
Essence of innermost arcana
Espositor of emblematic death
Circle of black evocations
And pacts
Pentacles and sigils unholy
The lance, the nails
The cross and diadem
Thorned and bloody
[Charuch :]
"In nomine dei nostri
Satanus luciferi excelsi"
Incensed, the limbless forms
Of their first hour
Sing unto the moon
Traucherous rains that
Encumber her way
Soak the habit through
To the skin
The almadel shudders
With the manifest form
A serene and angular figure
With the taste of menses
Rich on the lips
The horned spirit seduces
[Charuch :]
"I am the way,
The truth and the life"
Inchoate vision,
Abstruse, Charuch
Like a breath
Captured in the night air
Versicles 'pon
Royalty of spirits
Of the cardinal points
Of Hell
The bosom of night
Boasts a rhythm of storms
With a vagina wet with lust
She dreams without sleeping
Of a goat faced god
And stigmata that
Drips blood like wine
Holy sister
I crave your benediction
For your indulgence
And intimacy
But your blessings are lost

On an unholy host
Willfully damned
Such as me