

The Triangle

Christ Agony

-prayer

-sonnet

Care-chamber sleeps, sonne of the sable night, brother to death
, in silent darkness borne:

Relieue my languish, and restore the light, with dark forgettin
g of my cares returne.

And let the day be time enough to morne, the shipwrack of my il
laduented youth:

Let waking eyes suffice to wayle theyr scorne, without the torm
ent of the night untruth.

Cease, dreams, th'ymagery of our dayes desires, to modell foort
h the passions of the morrow:

Never let rising sunne approve you lyers, to adde more grieve t
o aggravat my sorrow.

Still let me sleepe, imbracing clowdes in vaine, and never wake
, to feele the days disdayne.

-throne

The purple of the moonlight throne
desecrated with blood

abode the apostles in madness

The might possessed heretics

only the dark ritual is libirated..

The ornament of moon's beauty

In it - my semen will give birth

to the glory of the night