

Serpentine Admonition

Glorior Belli

Ashes of malice remain in this liturgy
And you cherish mysteries of my body & blood.
At morn, at noon, at twilight dim;
Lucifer, Thou hast heard my hymn!

When storms of fate overcast
And clouds reveal a shredded sky,
Through all energy I feel,
Lucifer, be with me still.

Thus, in discourse, villains whiled away
The night that waned & brought no day.
They entered my severed heart & reach into my bones.

O, wherever your image may be,
Nothing shall block my way.
Thou hast bound many eyes but the strains still arise!

Groan with the ashes of lamentation,
In all grief-stricken mourning and bitter complaint.
Lucifer, Thou hast heard my hymn!

Play on the zither of salvation & the harp of misery,
On the tabors of prayer and the pipe of praise without end!