

Vesture Dipped In The Blood Of Morning

Leviathan

Heart replaced with stone and a necklace of scars

I plunge this equation into mine veins
Mine voice so far from mine voice
Mine hand so far from mine own hand
Voices from the angel on mine left thumb
Whisper terrible words and perversities

From a long flagellated vessel

Oh more, much much more is found of us
From the pandemonium
Begins the nativity of sin and death
Becoming most vain serpent
Everlasting perverse calculus

Heart replaced with stone
And a necklace of scars

From a long flagellated vessel

Now mine voice, mine hand, and mine heart
Herald the glorious becoming
The most vile of secrets
All of this troth
Given to mortification
Face down and obedient
Truths illuminated, no longer obscured
Full in emptiness complete
In wonder of malignant spirit
Impious yet desiderative
Plunge this equation into thy vein
Regurgitating on the crown of Sabbath