Behold, he whose ebon nimbus blots out the face of god He who weaves the Lethean spirit about the dying hearts of man He who art the Black Dawn raised to enfold the earth within sta rless pitch

Concealing the splendors of heaven

Arch- glutton who feasts upon the flesh of infancy with prolici dal hunger

Imperator of beguilement and the unbroken dream whose gramarge hath entangled my being alow the soporic waters

From my somnolence I now stir, for through the pathways of thy hidden vestiges unveiled

Within this sweven underdark, I have gained the Gateway of Dawn , and I awaken

Arisen that I may behold thee, O' puissant lord, with eyes unveiled

And thy Name with the first first breath of life

At which thy gates are thrown wide, baring me no longer from th y high-sealed sovereignty

Verify I come forth in tempest, crowed with flames and a vest of unyielding night

Betwixt the houses of slumber and awakening, to slay thee with the adamant spears of my tongue

And usurp thy palace of death, sealing myself within thy starfire throne

Resplendent above

My wings unfurling sable across the blazing heavens As I consume my brood in bounty Satiating the hunger of a god