

The Alchemist's Head

Primordial

We are in deep water now
Our rotten bond is a sickness of soul
How we loathe and envy
All murderers in equal measure

What pale god is this
Whose robes you wear
What iconoclasm upon the
Wings of pestilence
Has swept the halls of the pious
And dulled your blade
As you prepare for death

When he had spoken
Stretch out your arms
Embrace the flame of fire
He was consumed and arose
You will have this world
Whether you will it or not
In hell's cold light we will sit
And judge them all

If there is a reward for this
When shall it come?
When shall the trumpet sound
Ominous and deep
To the ends of the earth

[to William Blake]