

## 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]