

The Ophidian Wheel

Septic Flesh

Where the crossroads meet is the axle
Of the grand wheel
The heart that reverberates my beat.

I wear the talisman of Thot,
The sign of our unity
Because it has a part of the universe
A part of me.

And my love is strong because nothing can divide
Me from the object of my ultimate affection.

The ophidian wheel

When the moon steals the crown from its rival
Night enters day. Bring forth the eclipse
The schism that reconstructs my lucid kingdom.

And all my children by their birth right
Wear proudly my crown, my horns of power
And those who sense my circle thoughts are all witnesses