

## Arcane Pharmakon Messiah

### The Ruins of Beverast

The giant excrement accumulation still awaits mine  
My fetid, pestilent, venomous faces  
Prepared to devour all, but not yet willing  
Not sufficiently mortal  
I should rapidly unmask what breeds this gleam within me  
A lure for the beast  
...to creep ahead  
...to bleed, to howl  
...to exult  
...to mutilate the mind  
This is a futile, miniature moment... again  
And an atrocious castigation that befalls me  
For a peek out of the crypt  
I decipt the realm as kingless  
Where all semen is foul, omnivorous, suicidal  
I demand a Messiah!  
Pathetically faint burns this flame of awariness  
When the grand, imminent bereavement  
Leaves me suddenly bereft  
...bereft of a dominion  
...bereft of air and voice  
...bereft of my piss  
...bereft.