

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 decept the realm as kingless
Where all semen is foul, omnivorous, suicidal
I demand a Messiah!
Pathetically faint burns this flame of awarness
When the grand, imminent bereavement
Leaves me suddenly bereft
...bereft of a dominion
...bereft of air and voice
...bereft of my piss
...bereft.