

God's Ensanguined Bestiaries

The Ruins of Beverast

Immemorial parchment skin... what horror fills your scrolls!
All exegeses of the foulest words failed to proclaim what your
lines unfold
In darkest chambers of celestial dust
All despondency found a written word
Out of silent elysian libraries
Emerged God's ensanguined bestiaries...

Pictured occidental beasts, aeons of filthiest glory, liquefied
in sacred ink
Those impure fables seem to ruefully conceal a primordial holy
instinct
Ancestors ruined descendants
In Amok against all wisdom and salvation
Eschatological testimonies
Composed God's ensanguined bestiaries...

Furthermore is there a beast named man
Thereof tells God
Whose peculiarities are threefold
Covering the tracks of his atrocities
Storming onwards with his eyes closed
Raised and extinguished
As the fifth shame (from last)!
It was not spoken well of man...

Soiled, unregarded tapestries
Faded, salvational calligraphies
Out of elysian libraries
God's ensanguined bestiaries.