

Summer Decapitation Ritual

The Ruins of Beverast

I marked place in medieval summer beat
A guillotine prepared for amusement of god and his crowd
Shouting their annual menace
(Into) the cruel vacuum rapidly descending
Desiring death to anticipate the doom divine, the temptation, h
is triumph
Thus, as no martyr I burn (at) the cross
With lack of strength to climb out of the white abyss again
Behold me!
For at the depths of this spiral
Even death cannot disburden me of life.