

The Sleep of Ishtar

Adramelech

Binded into darkness, the light of night dark,
thousand wounds bleeding to the sea below seas,
Beyond the gates, dead immortals sleep,
scattered dreamless slumber; stalked, torn and slain.

Without her powers, powers of upper worlds;
victim of dead stare of the faceless gods

Beyond the gates
the queen of heaven
slain by sixty,
torn by seven

Her sisters death,
Ereshkigal rejoicing,
the queen of graves
in the house of dead

Ceasing procreation,
as the mortals feel the gods fear
as the doors of Ganzir
close behind the morning star