

Diaries Of Primeval Tragedies

Bishop Of Hexen

Angry are the clouds which anesthetize
Former besetting episodes of assertive pain
An overwhelming blend of harmonious mirth & awe
Proclaims with much pride-dawn's out bursting rage
Cometh ye all astounded faces
I plea to thee-hear me now or nevermore
Poor puzzled pieces of human wreckage
Your wounds of heart & soul may heal-when shared
Surround me with your precious presence
My only request for now-is your dearest patience
Cull the words which portray your might
From miserable tiny pebbles-to stones of awesome sights
From rotting pallets filled with mold & mice
From grey hidden corners contaminated by the diseases of the soul which
dies
Red shiny ink spills our luxuriant opera on-yellow dusty pages
Bathe with sweet nectar flowing from-aching mind-cages
Looking back-glaring at life
All these years of death-from Christs murderous knife
The drought which, bit by bit, gnawed our pride-
Insulting holy lies which poisoned meadows of the true dark-
guide
Absorb with joy-the sweet new blood
Filling every heart-beat and instincts-slumber yet starved
Find me your poets, bring forth your bards
Let them sing kisses of evil to other world-parts
I can hear the owl recite
Diaries of primeval tragedies which confide
Truth & knowledge of matters we must tend
In theaters of witchcraft-we pretend
The craving of dreams to form the prophecy
Open vein-shaped roads resembling our complex-conspiracy
The rhythm of the march excite to tears in our eyes
Don't other dare bark towards us-lest we rid them like flies
See my trembling cut open fingers
They remind me of the incredible secret which still lingers
Free yourself from all those lies which are told so often
For now our referendums web-is catiously woven
Follow that trail left by the witches-most dark & pale
Embellish poetry in veins to breed-
Together to submerge & sublimely-bleed
Restless retch anchors of holy clay
And gather triumphs to harvest in the golden fields of may