

The Sulphur Feast

Covenant

Thirsting, waiting... I drank a sulphur feast.
Then, silently... in an instant. your flesh become me
...and I was forlorn.

My grave rose to the west...
For centuries long forgotten,
Relentless as the hungry gates of dawn.
And there, amidst the rubble...
Of stones and earthly flesh,
...I laughed and served a sulphur feast.

And still it haunts me...
Drunk, with power...
I striked at the sun,
...engulfed, fiery instant
Gobbling, gobbling...
I devoured the stars,
My universe torn asunder.

Then, as dusk unravelled...
The brittle of my bones,
...a shredded mold of obelisks groutesque.
I stive beneath the essence...
Derived from mortal men,
...caught between two paralells of death.

Thirsting, waiting... I sailed a sulphur sea,
...of putrid furious flesh - a parody of feasting fools...
Where prophets and madmen-... walk hand in hand.