

Children of the Urn

Funeral Mist

Forgotten ash, children of the urn;
Lifeless song from lifeless choir,
Unavenged ghosts begging to return
As foreshadows of holy anger
Silhouettes of wrath divine -
I am the moth of demonic hunger
That ageless thirst for the poisoned wine -
The grave is feeding, devouring; inhaling whirls of life,
As monuments of stone and copper are being raised along my spine

Now rise and sing with joy, for I come...

With glad tidings of pious ire and gospels of rushing death
A lump of flesh evolved by fire and with blunt trauma blessed -
I am the shadow, the great ox standing upon your chest,
As the last ride is growing higher -
Never again shall the flood rest

Anthems of ash
Nothing left to burn
Long-dead psalm from long-dead fire -
Faith beyond death:
Children of the urn

In heatless rites of absolution and inverted alchemy
Shall I turn these angels of prostitution
Into demons of chastity
For I am winter, the blind snow!
Yes I am the dead tree
But only that which was never born
Can truly be considered free

And every eye shall bleed and then shut.

So, take this bell and ring it in the darkness;
Stand and greet its backwards dawn
Give praise and sing for the blind with gladness,
While I unhinge my jaws
The boils are bleeding, festering - Does Job fear God for naught?
Or will we find the light revealing
That in this realm I am but a thought?

Now gather round, for I come...
With a new light from an old tongue