

Merging With Sword Onto Them

Leviathan

The essence of seraphim
Merging with sword, onto them
And the seamless garment like the morning
Dipped in the blood of men
Made as the filth of the world
And overwhelming to direct vision

Becoming the agents of torment
Veins filled with the serum of prophesy
Becoming the agents of torment
Eyes weeping the tears of prophesy
Become the agents of torment
Ears with with the semen of prophesy

Ultimate acts of perverted intimacy
Nary a soul left without the punishment
Mountains now full of yours
Surrounded by their own graves
Let no warning sound from the trumpets of gold
Become the beginning of the end for the land of the
living
Delivered to death those of the whole of the globe

From the death of all
Also claims those who call for it
And none shall escape this

Be as shadows amongst the nations
And cause great mourning

Wings upon wings upon wings
Cause men to die
Filled with iniquity and perfection
Swallowing the holy mountain of god
And its fiery stones
Incense down from capsized center
Raise this voice to the ashes of the world
Still hemorrhaging from the intoxication of rhema
Dwelling within the hand of desolation
Merging the sword, onto them
The heir apparent
And inflictor of delicious agony
The whole of the human race
Gone as T-lymphocytes