

# Vesture Dipped In The Blood Of Morning

Leviathan

Heart replaced with stone and a necklace of scars

I plunge this equation into mine veins  
Mine voice so far from mine voice  
Mine hand so far from mine own hand  
Voices from the angel on mine left thumb  
Whisper terrible words and perversities

From a long flagellated vessel

Oh more, much much more is found of us  
From the pandemonium  
Begins the nativity of sin and death  
Becoming most vain serpent  
Everlasting perverse calculus

Heart replaced with stone  
And a necklace of scars

From a long flagellated vessel

Now mine voice, mine hand, and mine heart  
Herald the glorious becoming  
The most vile of secrets  
All of this troth  
Given to mortification  
Face down and obedient  
Truths illuminated, no longer obscured  
Full in emptiness complete  
In wonder of malignant spirit  
Impious yet desiderative  
Plunge this equation into thy vein  
Regurgitating on the crown of Sabbath