

What Fresh Hell

Leviathan

Take wings at Midnight,
Under glimpses of a uncertain Moon
Her thoughts become scarcely human,
They infest and cloud her mind
And she longs for this rotting ill,
And the grim bolt of her king
She waits in bestial desire to meet her master's last
words
"Do you think I would except just any soul willing to
give itself to mine power...
I torture and chastise you to ripen you for mine
embrace...
Taking wings at midnight"