

The Sulphur Feast

The Kovenant

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 struck at the sun
...engulfed, fiery instant
Gobbling, gobbling...
I devoured the stars
My universe torn asunder

Then, as dusk anravelled...
the brittle of my bones,
...a shredded mould of obelisks grotesque
I stive beneath the essence...
derived from mortal men,
...cought between two parallels 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