

## Polar Hiss Hysteria

### The Ruins of Beverast

At the womb of the stone torches crouch for shelter  
Shaped clouds from glimmering lands  
Have been reaching out too far

Here ache for an intimate saviour  
Catch a carrion moon, hear a grieving sun  
And a grim warning not to leave the village  
When the polar night falls...

Sought a golden view from the white roof of earth  
No safer triumph, no holier supper  
Clawed his soul, began to eat his frozen heart  
Perish in polar hiss hysteria!

Red rises the haze between teeth  
It has thus been since ages  
Yet the chants have lost all tragedy

Many have come to be slain upon the alter of ice  
Many that imagined footprints of God  
While the noise may throw wires and sever heads  
These wombs had never given him birth  
To raise sword against the void that feeds  
Is a sign of a savage trance  
And a hissing trance is wherein he remains  
He who is drained of pure red  
Polar Hiss Hyteria!