

The Promise

Akercocke

Draw near – partake of this altar
For you are fairer in beauty
Than other daughters of man
Recognise and embrace
This glorious proclamation
Of eternal damnation

Place all your faith in sex and death
Rather than the wisdom of the divine
Have no pity for those
Mired in the prophet delusion
Content to be servile for a lifetime
Tis better to be king for a day

Your passing will leave
Scant trace in history
Wiped from memory
Like forgotten dream
Like sand slipping through fingers...