

## The Artifex

Abbat

Reclined in swathe of bedlam's grimoires  
Sheathes of ancient vellum cradle skull  
Sigils scour sallow skin, copper veins  
Drip gnosis, draw mind from mortal lull

I pluck the stitches, stun the senses  
Milk the pain I graze  
I storm the portals of dead immortals  
Trapped in yesterdaze  
I dive to new depths, plunder sunk wrecks  
In culp of fetid drain  
I seek the artifex, disenchant hex  
To lift this curse of Cain!

Artifex absorb a corpus  
Alchemy in limbic vortex  
Archetype bequeath a gene  
To murder Eden, dismember dream

Beyond arc of reaper's lethal grace  
The shade of Cain shrives guilt in mud  
And golems raised all display his slain  
Brother's bludgeoned face