

Thin Concentric Circle

Barricada

Concentric circles thin near the pentagrams to imprison Him....

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Black maculae on white skin !!

The endless and the magical, the liar and the gazing,
The power for centuries forgotten to reach...
The light of ending cosmogonies to open wide the gates
A passage to walk backwards.
The coffin and the blazing, the shroud and the chilling
He removes his cross, black claws devoure.... a frozen light.

Obliquus and rectus, imprisoned Dogma
The truth now to face.