

# Armageddon's Evolution

Crionics

The thunders of judgement and wrath  
Are numbered and harboured in south  
In the likeness of an oak whose braches  
Are nests of

Lamentation  
And weeping laid up  
For Jehovah  
And his servants, which burn  
Night and day  
And vomit out  
The heads of scorpions  
And live sulphur  
Mingled with poison

These are the thunders that roar  
With a hundred mighty earthquakes  
And a thousands times  
As many surges  
Which rest not nor know  
Any echoing time

Here and rock  
Bringeth forth a thousands  
Even as the heart  
Of man does his thoughts

Woe! woe! woe! woe! woe! yea woe!  
Be to he who sits on  
The holy throne in heaven  
For his iniquity is  
Was and shall be great

Come away! but not your mighty sounds!