

Propitiation

Incantation

Weeping matrons bow at the dawn
Groveling upon a path withdrawn
Second death, fire starts churning
Throes in frenzy inspires the blazing

Pillars of four, vagrant tribes once swore
Bull of the east, flame permits the soul's release
Infants are fuel, servants to the bestial
God's ruinous flock, indulging the hunger of Moloch

Dispossess what you bore
Brilliance of suffering illuminates the night

Smother the sky with the ashes of plight
Charred remains, once offspring, is his delight