

Xipe Totec

Incantation

Cloaked in a veneer of death
The defeated's putrescence
Drawn in every breath

The third month approaches
The red smoking mirror encroaches

Twenty dawns arise!
By bone wand baptize

Through a decaying face
Gaze into a living god's eyes

Twenty suns set!
Shed the mantle with no lament

Your flesh gives us power
Our enemies failure, (their) final regret

Godly existence behind decay
The night drinker