

## Goblet Of Sulfur And Poison

Nightbringer

I upturn the chalices of flesh upon the serpent laden altars  
Of Ophion's wrathful aspect and lay vigorously  
From the gathering vermillion pools,  
Beneath the blood-born caul,  
Shrouded within the shades of Nehemoth  
I bare the funeral lamp down the corridors  
Of Somnus' spiraling tomb  
And trespass beyond his muted gates  
To stand before the dim throne of Moth  
That I may drink from the cup of his left hand  
the sacred wine of the abyss.  
Death-grail of sulfur and serpent-blood poison  
That slays the body and eclipses the soul.  
I shall drink the essence of the Drakon  
And in death be inhumed and reborn.