

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.