

...Comes from the Mouth Beyond

RAM

The final strain has broken,
Broken the strings,
Inversion.

The abyss spews as it eats itself.
Time kicks made backwards towards the thirteen hour and
drags space with it making it void.

Within the within you are a portal,
Your a vessel of the embodied end your twisted souls
declare that the crop is ripe.

A million inner eyes open,
And the world is real again.
Too late your realise it's too late.
Claws turned inside out scratch on the back of your
eyes,
Making you see your church within.

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Your a vessel of the embodied end your twisted souls
declare that the crop is ripe.

Death comes from the mouth beyond, sensing that her
time has come, you bring forth the end divine.
The scyth of light and snakes entwine.
Hear my curse of doom.

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