

Appendix D: Paeon to the Gozan Matriculates

PREFACE *A composition of Zadok Priam rendered – by coincidence – in the spring of the year of the Hagibor’s birth, upon the occasion of welcoming the first class to the Sentinel’s newly founded academy in Gozan. This poem conveys the sense of hope and expectation in the early years after the conclusion of the Gnostic War. Whereas the brilliant intellect of the superb Chthon Sentinel uttered this extemporaneously, in the form of a jubilee (a poem written in stanzas of fifty seven-syllable lines), it was recorded by the Gozan minstrels and later put to music by myself, Aurousvox.*

Stanza I.

Welcome, o auspicious youth, unto academy's site!
O harvest of thy sires' ruth, do thy dame's labors requite!
For unto Gozan hast flocked valiant Akkadia's best!
Who hast Atlantis' crop mocked, or shall Karnak's breeding test?
O daughters of Berber's chiefs! O scions of Indus' kings!
O princes of Maya's fiefs! O blossoms of Cathay's wings!
Is Ataroth absented? Is Urartu invited?
Who hath Adhlun resented? Cipangu's braids I've sighted!
Blesséd be Cush' matron breasts! Praiséd be Samarra's beards!
There's Lacedaemon's proud crests! And Niya, thy serfs' revereds!
Rephaim's progeny are here! Sylvan's generation's there!
Madai provided sons dear! On Havilah's maids we stare!
 From Omega the increase!
From Enki's waters they swam! From Uluru's spires they leapt!
From Manõa's slopes a ram! From Yawan's seas an adept!
And Eridu's noblest thanes have favored spawn committed!
Mayhap amongst blazing manes hast Zadok some omitted?
But relinquish pedigree, for religion is grander –
Now deprecate each thy tree of kindred for faith's candor!
For here thou matriculate at seminary holy,
Where purposes circulate in hearts devoted wholly.
Do thou the prophecies heed? Are the oracles thy breath?
Here we refine our soul's creed, in all veracity's breadth!
Have we awaited the Stalk? Lo, the eschaton, it nears!
O children – that day, don't balk! Soon the Hagibor appears!
 Then shall be healed our Sheaf's crease!

Stanza II.

A hundred worlds' histories Karnak's libraries archive:
The pith of all mysteries is the thread to which all strive –
The coming hero, our Stalk, our awaited Messiah!
Of his appearance I'll talk, our folk's anti-pariah!
Challenges our sires tested, and surviving they did breed;
Shall their prog'ny be bested? Shall we refute our dames' creed?
But Omega's hand's perceived among myriad events,
Which by skeptics is received as our edifice' harsh dents.
Is our present crucial more, then crises of ages past?
Lo, had valor's adverse chore our fathers' talents surpassed,
Then had mothers' wombs perished, our existence jeopardized;
Rather our birth be cherished, as survival realized!

Powers and crises our heirlooms!

Their hopes within sorrows' vale our ancestors us bequeathed,
In their salvaged world's scarred dale an orchard seeded and wreathed
By the drifting soot and ash of their battle's aftermath;
Now cometh once more the clash of Tarterus in its wrath,
And our elders have retired unto their threatened idylls,
Their tott'ring limbs of war tired, having surfeit of past ills.
O our loins' aspiration, do gaze on their epitaph!
O acme of each nation, on their tomb's scribed glory's graph!
Until the Hagibor shines, as champions of the light
Thy radiance o'er woe's whines bravely emit in waves bright!
For Gnosis is defeated, but Samael doth awake:
Be not timidly seated when the demons our world take!
Arise to fight when end looms!

Stanza III.

Herein's a purpose to ode, which for mission I've composed:
That no doubt might thee erode, lest knowledge be decomposed.
Let my words thee fortify; let my music thee enthrall.
Then thy vices mortify, and thyself rouse for the brawl.
Thy arsenal's the stylus, the parchment, the podium;
A guide unto the eyeless, and ignorance' odium
Defeating by valiant faith, and thy oracles founded
On the annals of goal's wraith: an augury propounded
By Olympus' minions pure during dispersion's era.
Indifference thou shall cure in oceans' swell, in terra,
By zeal's proper foundation disclosed from library's vault.
Therefore the inundation sprung from Belial's first fault –
 That fountain of all our ill! –
Allow my fingers to sketch before thy vision pliant,
That all sermons thou might etch shall on facts be reliant.
The chronicles summarized by Zadok Priam's lecture
Hath been in myths vulgarized, entering legends obscure
Of a hundred's hundred folks across the galaxy spread;
Both tome and song my brain soaks – all the annals have I read.
Fie, our brethren who perished in cultures decadent waxed:
Their archives of lore cherished my faltering pupils have taxed!
Alas, those at the zenith of power's audacity:
What all their wisdom meaneth, did I cleave from 'trocidity!
From monasteries obscure, and enclaves of pompous lore:
Each leather spine wast my lure, and discernment my mind's chore!
 All fable's theme parsed with skill!

Stanza IV.

Our Sheaf's canticle sublime thy tissues shall memorize,
And each jot digest with rhyme till its mood thee valorize:
Those fallen gods had seeded the outer garden of spheres,
Which the Adriel weeded – mountain peaks and ocean meres.
And planets fifteen hovered, awaiting Olympus' troop,
Until each crust was covered by the heels of a tribe's group.
For knowing it in advance that the folks twelve would arrive
Those deities did soils lance, and with horizons did strive,
Each a home-world to fashion for the egrets of Asgard,
All their labors' first bastion (that were entropy's first guard).
For their mission entrusted was to sanctify that land,
While the curses ores rusted (and rot spread amok unplanned).

The demons' work to reverse!

O Jotunnheim tremendous, where the Jötnar did gather;
Oracle where lore tendest, Ogres in their thoughts' lather;
Watery Mer held the fins of the Nereid's sons at play;
Through Fauna's moors without sins ranged Bugaboo in that day;
In Faerie the leaves did sing, and the Sprites their chorus trilled;
In Forge the anvils did ring, in Zwerge caves by ores frilled;
What weather severe in Jive! (Where the Imp in storm reveled);
At precipice loomed each hive – no Gremlin had Flux leveled;
The Dunkel they found in Shard, where burrowed the Gnome midst gems;
The meadows of Stitch none scarred, where Mannikins sewed earth's hems;
At deciduous Flora did the Kodama engraft;
A Dragon diaspora was at Wyrms (a photon's raft).

All these were planets perverse!

Stanza V.

For in Asgard's orchard pure were our mothers each planted,
And awoke beyond allure of follies fast recanted;
O to Shamash' brilliance see, and Seraphina behold!
Where silent Mer by glass' sea is in Nehushtan's coiled fold,
And Ymir doth hammer art to the cadence of Eve's ode.
There Metatron doth impart the spiral in love's abode,
And instructs both Hob and Troll, with the Bugaboo to roam –
To careen on the sky's scroll and trample exotic loam.
Illness of arbor and beast those voyagers did arrest
In eons before Bel creased Hinnom's vale with his keel's crest.
Therefore those planets dozen as Olympus' colony
Did spin about each cousin, attending zeal's homily!
Warriors by bridle and rake!
But another three kingdoms were for monsters created,
As desecrated thing-doms where balance was abated.
The Bacchae wild of Gnosis on Asylum would scrabble,
Where insanity's losses would scourge the Unmensch' rabble;
On Stygia would totter to Thanatos' shrines his folk,
Where each Todkönig's daughter would the Undead's frenzy stoke;
In Utop'a would the Hive in rigid enclaves exist,
And Unborn mocked those alive, scripting the Demiurge' list.
Yet merciful Hakoah had these nations briskly swept
From perdition's spare stoa before a single adept
Was by those curses tempted, and Tarterus did swallow
(From prison not exempted) those globes lest more woes follow.
Uprooted as Omni spake!

Stanza VI.

From Jotunnheim's axis huge and chimerical Wyrms's sphere
Did rotate the centrifuge of government in law's gear,
With subordinate empires by light's bridges connected –
Wherever the twelve folks' sires their energies directed.
Utterly lost to our lore all these districts have become:
For close upon Asgard's core, where warping can never come,
Are those glorious cities, each civilization's fief!
O theme of minstrel's ditties, the pinnacles of our Sheaf!
But Belial invaded: for having some corrupted,
And his powers paraded, the battle then erupted –
Both Fauna and Forge withstood the exotic armada,
While Faerie and Mer each stood in stealth by war's regatta.
 The monsters of Nod, they howled!
The Adriel were each proof against disease and trauma,
But from street to palace' roof their works suffered time's comma.
In Flora and Stitch were rent both garden and garments' seam,
While Or'cle and Shard were bent from vision of reason's dream.
Ephemeral Flux was scorched, and ruined was windy Jive;
Jotunnheim, which wast well-porched by bastion, Bel failed to skive,
While the mistresses of Wyrms did those arches each protect –
The unseen bridges o'er berm pertaining to spheres elect.
And brethren observed with tears their perverted kin each dashed
In fruitless assaults on piers – wherever the Unmensch crashed –
By the morning grown anew; still the Unclean to doom marched,
And the Unborn their lies brewed – yet Asgard stood firmly arched!
 The undying by life cowed!

Stanza VII.

Yet foreign to violence, the colonists of haven
Merely mended their lands' fence and endured brutish ravin
With utmost patience sublime, while the legions were shattered
In clumsiness of rush' chime – for their lives little mattered.
And with their conquests undone by the laboring of foes,
The deluded throngs did shun their seducers, and from doze
Of their vicious folly woke; the Apiru they beheld
As but a deceiving folk who'd paradise' promise quelled!
Then Marduk rebellion planned, and stalemate ended in blood:
A terrible rage then fanned against those sprung from Nod's mud,
And Sabaoth pacified Amurru's insurgency
Through faculty classified for the threat's emergency.

Belial was defeated!

Then Elysium's sheer veil on those battered worlds of twelve
Did partition from death's vale all the lost, no more to delve
In sparkling Forge, or the jig of ambulating Jive kick;
In glittering Shard to dig, or be bundled by clothes thick
In carpeted Stitch, or dirge attend in glowing Faerie;
A nocturnal foot-race urge in Fauna's teeming prairie,
Or the quiet plunge in deeps profound of aquatic Mer,
Nor tread where creation steeps in Flux, or where branches stir
Without a zephyrs' urging in Flora, or the archive
Peruse of thoughts past purging that Oracle did contrive.
Alas, lovely Jotunnheim, nevermore thy spires to gaze!
Alas, brilliant Wyrms sublime, nevermore thy sights to daze!
Thus grace and justice meted!

Stanza VIII.

Now the Adriel traveled at nearly infinite speeds
Along those bridges raveled by Dragons for pilgrims' needs;
Faster than photons' careen are Tiamat's brood at play!
Now shuttered by Asgard's screen were the pontoons of Wyrms' bay;
And Belial's sorcery was with his body dispersed –
Merely knowledge cursory the Apiru scarce rehearsed,
That remnant of Marduk's purge who to slavery were bound.
No wizard survived wrath's urge; no magician could be found.
And the Titans decided the survivors to scatter –
Lest their sins be elided – on a hundred worlds' matter;
The aliens each seeded with the penitent fallen,
As malignant tares weeded and sown abroad as pollen.
 Twas edict of the Seven!
Nod was evacuated, its citadels demolished,
While parting actuated by Ymir's gong forthwith swished
The Adriel each unstained from their family's faces,
And the exiles were chained unto a frontier's graces.
Amurru in ruins lay, an empire duly smitten
As crockery's brittle clay is pulverized by mitten
Of its potter's bitter fist. Yet one potsherd did remain:
Still Amurru's language hissed, the Apiru yet to stain.
And this diction had power, by the Ether's song imbued,
So that the slaves did glower and magical arts accrued –
Until their shackles were shed; then the races twelve each learned
That grammar which dreaming fed, and their native parlance spurned!
 Little's the lump of leaven!

Stanza IX.

Long was the Diaspora following Amurru's fall,
Where amongst novel flora and fauna of each globe's mall
The dozen peoples did roam, and dominion each attained
By power and factions' foam wherever Nod's mem'ry waned.
The Apiru were dispersed and their talents did mingle
With Ogres in lore immersed, and Dweorgs beneath shingle
Of mountain's forge, or with Imps that windy cities contrived;
In worlds where the sun's slow limps with the cloying darkness yet strived.
And witches with princes fought, while coven and cabal danced
To a warlock's chanting fraught in dreamy glyphs where tongue pranced!
The Gremlin at berm riddled, and the Pixie dust gathered
From trash of idols whittled, while Dunkel the Chthon lathered.

A myriad's chronicle!

But as to word: twas power! The Apiru had diction
That assembled lore's tower, yielding magick's addiction;
Dialects deprecated by the alien system
Were groanings all vacated of Ethereal wisdom.
For parlance doth channel thought, and our ambition parses
With prepositions unsought, while churns all our souls' farces
In language' matrix rigid, carving our dendrites' alleys
From sludge inert and frigid to triumph's pastured valleys.
Notions inconceivable to Olympian lingo
Were to fact receivable when screeched by rebel jingo:
All our folks' unholy speech didst the mind's dominion urge,
And real'ty did impeach, thereby feebler laws to purge.

The exiles each prodigal!

Stanza X.

Yet the Adriel ventured from Jotunnheim's hidden docks
Unto peoples indentured and fastenéd by Bel's locks,
To the whispers beholden of their enemy's genius.
A hero they'd embolden, mixing heterogen'ous
The beatific motive in their mentee's selfish clay;
A pestilence by votive intercession in plague's day
The Deathless would abrogate, and tyrannies each soften
By philosophy's abate, or shoulder a child's coffin
Past sorrows without assuage – these the angels among us,
Our cousins beyond our gauge, each innocent to sin's fuss.
How they their brethren's spawn loved! Elusive, lest twere worshiped,
They our conscience to acts shoved, that else from saga had slipped.

Our saviors these anointed!

So the eons did careen as a thousand worlds did float
In ignorance of that screen serving as fair Asgard's moat.
Some to pinnacle did rise and to ruin did collapse
When they did wisdom despise, and power's term did elapse.
Others in savag'ry brute did yearly fail to emerge,
Or desolate of law's fruit did harbor mere freedom's urge.
Some by their tyrants plundered; some by diseases stricken;
Others burned when hail thundered from a comet's tail thickened
By its broom-stick's cold debris – all these from annals deprived,
Though scholars may disagree as to cause, where the harms strived.
Yet the survivors arose on civilization's rungs,
And gazed where the frontier grows, chanting with bravado's tongues.
To the stars their prows pointed!

Stanza XI.

But to the era modern doth my composition strive,
When as wild'ness' marauder the Mandjet did the skies rive,
And connected scattered worlds with bridges of art and trade.
Through nebulas' cloying swirls the Sentinels bowsprit's raid
With spirit intrepid urged, Zimbabwe unto Axum,
Until ignorance was purged, heeding the pilgrim's maxim.
On Colossus' peaks we spake in the Apiru language,
And upon Uluru's lake decried Atlantis' vantage;
In Niya they accepted what our hearts by speech conveyed,
While Ix nowise excepted our meaning in words arrayed.
For the wizards of Gomer and the witches of Cathay
Our vowels in pitch' homer did hear on reunion's day.

Happy that filial trek!

Before the Gnostic War burst from Gomorrah's princes dire,
And the Bacchae flopped accursed through Sodom from damnéd sire,
The highways were erected from Eridu's halcyon
To Adhlun scarce detected by Benaiah's galleon,
And peoples their dances mixed in plazas foreign and far,
While strangers their glances fixed in hope against Asgard's star.
Twas Alcibiades' sheer craft, and Mammon's gold, with vision
Of searching Thoth, that our raft chartered the Sheaf's incision,
Nimrod gusty at the oars, with Asaph's anthem about,
Myself at the engine's cores, a dreamy foam the froth's spout
Beneath our boisterous keel! Hector with Circe by hand,
Through the ancient night to steal, all our dozen's golden band!

The days before friendship's wreck!

Stanza XII.

But Belial's sons did flock from those scattered kingdoms broad
And hulls did hammer at dock of cities beneath their rod;
The Watchers they called themselves, who the Watcher did follow,
Though interspersed among Elves and Jötnar who did swallow
Puissance' prevarications – these had Amurru retained
By faith's silent veri'cations, and their sire's purpose maintained
Though cousin by cousin blind through millenn'a of their ilk,
Until they gladly did find those suckled by the same milk.
These didst madness' whispers heed, and the doctrines of their Hell,
Eager to publish by deed what eons' march failed to quell.
As a storm's flotsam gathered, these miscreants did arrange
Their phalanx by woes lathered, the Sheaf once more to derange.

How doth wickedness flourish?

To return their fallen lord from Tarterus' blazing hole
And reclaim by hex and sword the empire that Marduk stole
Was their community's goal, and that wizardry complete
Where Belial played the mole – to burrow by churning feat
From the citadel of Nod a passage unto the Pit,
And tearing open by prod of vicious lore, there emit
The culture and burning mood of that jettisoned Abyss,
That the Three might carry feud – whereof their war did desist
By Omega's fiat strong – unto the galaxy's sword,
And poison life with death's wrong wherever the maggots bored.
For many had each succumbed to Unmensch curse, or the bane
Of an Unborn their soul numbed, or to Sheol's pact were fain.

What doth rebellion nourish?

Stanza XIII.

Their cabal aggregated while commerce about us throve;
From the sane segregated, their father's scourges them drove.
But mastery of arts sparse the cult's archons eluded,
And their schemings were but farce until the gate occluded
Was by their senior broken, a man they had recruited:
My mentor in lore spoken, who'd all eldritch vaults looted
In those myriad archives, and ever the yearning had.
Here tongue with my sorrow strives – Alcibiades the mad
For motives false assisted, but repented of folly
As consequence persisted; thereat ended times jolly,
When that warlock (the greatest) consented to the labor
That inquiry be satest, thus preparing war's saber.
How talent is corrupted!
Mayhap my friend discovered the location of Nod's Tel,
But no throne wast uncovered as a signpost unto Hell.
Rather another locale in Gehenna's Hinnom vale
Had painted a fiend's decal among a volcano's shale,
Where Faust's research had yielded Bel's original landing-site;
He'd an influence wielded the Watchers among by rite
Of his intellect awesome, and Apiru pedigree –
Though dearly their trust cost them – sprung from Belial's own tree.
How it transpired? We surmise (for none may query that sage!)
How Bel's minions horror's cries against Faust's mercy did wage,
When as ambassadors blithe they haplessly there ventured,
In Tarterus to long writhe, where man had not adventured!
Yet demons thence erupted!

Stanza XIV.

The hinges were doubly swung: to Tarterus those scions
By feverish visions stung did sink, while Abyss' lions
From their den snarling emerged, as mists of malevolence;
For their bodies the ghost urged, as vomit past the sole fence
Of sanity against strife. Mayhap those Titans lesser
Deserted – with ruin rife – unto penal assessor
Each their broken chariot, while their masters yet remained,
That Hell's proletariat might pros'letize for lords chained.
Alcibiades these fled, and the Sentinels rallied,
While from Hinnom the plague spread, and Gnosis' minions tallied.
For Sanity's Throne they served by the Bacchae's recruiting,
And toward their banner swerved the Fauna-were mob, hooting.

What an evil Faust released!

Unto Gomorrah's tyrants, and the magisters of Dearth,
And Sodom's dark aspirants, and Rus' lords wearing their worth;
To Hyperborea's crust, where frozen lay Niflheim,
And among Gehenna's rust, where smoldered old Muspelheim.
Then Gurgum howled and Ix gnashed, while Colossus bellowed loud,
And Aesir's batteries clashed – twas the furor of Gog's cloud.
While was sealed the Golden Pact and the Republic founded,
The Watchers did straight enact an agenda confounded:
Oblivion power preached, and the ethics of breeding.
The Ogres' minds he first breached, with their dominance' seeding,
Followed by Jotunn and Hob, with Gremlin, Bugbear, and Troll –
Unto the Mad King's piled mob, each race assigned to war's role.

Demons' leaven in the yeast!

Stanza XV.

The Gnostic War's omitted, as thou each educated
By steady sires, transmitted via psalms dedicated.
Twas a forty years' deluge that a hundred planets smote,
And a genocide too huge to abide amnesty's vote!
The billions that were dispatched might cemeteries engorge –
Therefore graveyard worlds were hatched where ruined lay Gnosis' forge:
Pluto cold, Acheron sparse, and Cocytus of the void;
Sodom bearing remorse' farce with mausoleums employed!
But the oracles declare how Thanatos shall recruit
Her legions from the crypt's stair, of Gog's ash a rotten fruit.
And followed complacency from the victor's laurel crown;
Yea from valor's vacancy cometh terrors to us drown.

O times, are our sons equal?

The Republic did arise via conflict's crucible,
And soldiers stanch'd Bacchae cries, while horrors perusable
By both chaplain and sentry were from souls' vision expunged.
We Sentinels those gentry of chaos – whence demons lunged –
Did each their tenants expel, and enemies converted;
Amities did we compel from that rabble perverted.
Alcibiades those fiends to their prison did banish,
That by his sorcery's means each possession did vanish.
Coriolanus the first! Pericles' station he filled,
But by Gomorrah was cursed; some he turned, others he killed.
Thus cycles of doubled scores did allocate sorrows' trend,
Until triumphed Asgard's mores, transforming foe into friend.

Now cometh treaty's sequel!

Stanza XVI.

Thus is our Sheaf's history, o daughters and sons of hope,
Who by marriage' mystery hath arisen from wombs' scope,
Each for a crisis hallowed by parents' admonition:
Yonder are fields now fallowed – yea, Stygia's thy mission!
And of present, the status? The mixing of peoples strange,
And warping of space' lattice, with transgression of Sheaf's range
By Morpheus' diseases, and the Adriel prophets
Foregoing idyll's eases to arouse virtue's profits.
The Gnostic storm uprooted both city and tribe entire,
Who fled where calm each suited, far from the ancient caste's spire;
Outer planets colonized by fugitives of Gog's hate,
And bigotry demonized in the frontiers' wild estate.

An upheaval that dispersed!

Facilitating their trek were the highways of travel,
Where through the galaxy's wreck – there fabric did unravel –
Each armada's road took course by chisel of Ether's paw;
Logistics were traffic's source, following on commerce' law.
Resources being required for each planetary siege,
Or silent clash (where expired in solemn voids serf and liege
Of a frigate's crew) above the dusty bastions of globes
Devoid of fraternal love – so arrayed in dreamy robes
The prospectors charted far the outer reaches of night,
And migration by prow's spar became each fugitive's right.
An ocean become knotted, where pauper and merchant sailed,
As fortune each allotted – and the Lower Kingdom quailed!

In warping's tangles immersed!

Stanza XVII.

Alas the membranes were stretched where the warlocks' visions prowled,
And nightmare's abyss banes retched as Tarterus' belly growled.
Ectomies of space with stitch that infections scarce restrained;
Mayhap sutures sewn by witch or panting priest were much strained,
And Ether's inflammation in the creaking joints released.
Then spewed a mind's damnation upon estates brusquely leased
By Shamash' patient favor, and incursion of stale dreams
Would corrupt order's flavor – ever echoed each soul's screams.
Yea the inferno was sealed, excepting Faust's irruption,
And no demons here'bout stealed to further our corruption;
Yet whispers malevolent did madness and harm propel,
And fissures were relevant to our failure to repel.

Our garden we have ruined!

In Gozan's study of Three a trilogy is divined
Of creed's diabolic spree: follies triply forth opined,
And dualities schismed by perversions forbidden,
Principles in us prised through what Omega's bidden.
Of body and soul, which cling in union subtle through life –
This Gnosis smote by the sting of his troop's degrading fife!
Of woman and man, which get sentience new (seed and egg) –
This Azazel doubts by fret of family's staunchest peg!
Of mortality's term, stretched unto death's bed from crib's shade –
This Samael hath re-etched for folk loathing the Styx to wade!
And a hundred lesser haunts their gospels impure each moaned,
Our foibles driven by taunts beyond havens that grace loaned.

Our hedge by monsters bruined!

Stanza XVIII.

So our undying uncles from hidden Olympus flew
To relieve the carbuncles that their nephews did each rue;
Avoiding contention straight with the infernal powers,
These angels with mercy's freight did nurture sickly flowers
With counsel and unction grave, fallen champions to sprout
Wherever the poor might crave, setting evil to its rout.
So both the Pwene of Punt and Abyssinia's cult
Did earthly pomp's shackles shunt, and messiah's search exult;
So the Adriel did preach, that Shiloh's heir would arise
When Samael's paw did reach past bastions frail, stoking cries
From Gnosis' victors placid; that Hagibor from among
A generation flaccid would emerge by bugles' lung!
O that anointing hasten!
Yea, and contrary tidings are by Belial's sons screamed,
Of Abaddon with chidings in gauntlet's hand, his foes reamed
By Thanatos' pike, and flail of the Three's destroying prince
Employed to make the Sheaf quail – that this Thorn shall bloom's life rinse!
Shall Apollyon the gates breach of the shuttered flaming pit?
This aim Belial's slaves preach, that rising Nod may realms split.
For Amurru they would forge from a Stygian tomb-world,
While from Tarterus' dire gorge the Demiurge' plot's unfurled,
The living remnant enslaved unto solipsist deceits.
Thus the captive fools have raved of their fallen gods' conceits:
What Gnosis' malice planted, and Thanatos will water;
Ahriman rears – thus panted the rogues. Yet shall it totter!
Our Stalk shall the Thorn chasten!