

# Akercocke, Promise

Draw near, partake of this altar  
For you are fairer in beauty  
Than other daughters of man  
Recognize and embrace  
This glorious proclamation  
Of eternal damnation  
Place your faith in sex and death  
Rather than the wisdom of the divine  
Have no pity for those  
Who mired in prophet delusion  
Content to be servile for a lifetime  
It is better to be king for a day  
Your passing will scant trace in history  
Wiped from memory like a forgotten dream  
Like sand slipping through fingers