

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