

Christ Agony, The Triangle

[Sonnet]

Care-chamber sleeps, sonne of the sable night, brother to death, in silent darkness borne...
Relieue my languish, and restore the light, with dark forgetting of my cares returne.
And let the day be time enough to morne, the shipwrack of my illaduented youth...
Let waking eyes suffice to wayle theyr scorne, without the torment of the night untruth.
Cease, dreams, th'ymagery of our dayes desires, to modell foorth the passions of the morrow...
Never let rising sunne approve you lyers, to adde more grieffe to aggravat my sorrow.
Still let me sleepe, imbracing cloudes in vaine, and never wake, to feele the days disdayne.

[Throne]

The purple of the moonlight throne
desecrated with blood
abode the apostles in madness
The might possessed heretics
only the dark ritual is libirated...
The ornament of moon's beauty
In it - my semen will give birth
to the glory of the night