

Diabolos Rising, Necromanteion

The living skull of the necromancer
Spits forth baroque twisted truths
Like a dead electrified tissue
Of a scattered religious spirit
Worm-seals of binding spells
Weaved in the icons of a thanatotope
Reflected through a funeral spectrum
That was once found in a necropolis
Cosmic wounds sculpted on cadavers
Exhumation of eternal enigma
That lurks in the haunted cells
Of the hermetic nectar of the dead
Like a self-devouring snake in flames
Painted on the magic epitaph
That holds for all the little mortal souls
The gentle master, black angel azrael