

# The Kovenant, The sulphur feast

Thirsting, waiting... - I drank a sulphur feast  
Then, silently...in an instant.  
Your flesh become me  
...and I was forlorn  
My grave rose to the west...  
for centuries long forgotten  
Relentless as the hungry gates of dawn  
and there, amidst the rubble...  
of stones and earthly flesh,  
...I laughed and served a sulphur feast.  
And still it haunts me...  
Drunk, with power  
I struck at the sun  
...engulfed, fiery instant  
Gobbling, gobbling...  
I devoured the stars  
My universe torn asunder  
Then, as dusk unravelled...  
the brittle of my bones,  
...a shredded mould of obelisks grotesque  
I stive beneath the essence...  
derived from mortal men,  
...caught between two parallels of death  
Thirsting, waiting... - I sailed a sulphur sea  
...of putrid furious flesh - A  
parody of feasting fools...  
where prophets and madmen - ...walk hand in hand