

# Twelve Tribes, Abaddon

agathodaemon he sighs in his whispers towards the skies  
you tyrants unfit for this phantast covered to prestige  
in his reconciled nest just as you promised  
from his last glimpse of life the sunlight blinds his eyes  
fallen is abaddon she has become a cell for demons  
for every foul bird every beast for the angels have  
drunk the wine of her licentious passion the kings of the  
sky have fucked her untouched strike down the blistering sun  
downtrodden aura hoax the sidewinders pave the way  
to orcus necropolis black abaddon lay wretched in disgust  
exhaled by the breath of god onto glass as though  
it was scribbled in my flesh you die silver flames  
stare back at me and stretch from his chin to crash down  
on my skull long faced descendant  
why must you gather at the stage of my fall  
you should be crawling at the side of my foot as dagon  
and believe i saw michael with the key as imprisoned wings  
curl detached from forever from heaven down  
arioc uzziel down moloch and so very low he climbs  
beneath the dead below the orchid blossom go now  
cherub unfeeling sew your fragrance sadness into the quilts of  
those who wish to wither in you blink as i spit gist in your mind as  
you are no glistening son of mine wrestle you pawn through three  
hundred and sixty sullen degrees of patients unknown.