

# The Burning Season

## Primordial

Bring the women  
and children before me  
Let us make rivers of their blood  
Bleed for me...I wish it so  
and streams shall meet such rivers  
and seaward they shall flow  
See the shoreline scattered  
with their precious skulls  
See the tide come in  
as blood to meet their bone  
A grotesque promise  
Beneath a crimson sky...a seasons birth  
We'll drown the newborn like unwanted dogs  
and condemn them to their desperate gods  
We'll take a needle, to the arm of the world  
For it is our season  
We'll burn the temples, of the righteous  
Rend them as ashes, to the four winds  
As ashes... to the four winds  
The winds of a new season  
All is all for the taking, to Rise Phoenix like from the Ashes...  
A twisted and revelatory dream of the new Aeon..."

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