In The Garden Of Dispersion

Behemoth

On the hill
Where sun behind horizon hides
There is nothing
Except my breath
And crux of events
And some crux of our handsOn the hill
Where shadow wings fell
Wind rose ye to song
And we plunged in its deep
And in plaintive waterfall depthsEvanescent recollection of atavism
Secret of living in ye death posture
And then
Your seal in the garden of dispersion
Closes your mouth
Closes your eyes
Closes your earsIn the fields of Eden
Under your first tree's rotting root
There is feast
Typhon's feast
And night came moonless
But yet your light appeared
Picture of sigilic angels
Grafting in our holy body and mind

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