

Departure from the land of glory;
subversions of mythological intention.
Breeding heroes amongst amiable men
consumes the bequeathed of their exigence.
Arrows thrice dipped in phantasmal hydra's blood
soar over skyward frowns.
Terror in shallow shadows,
bloodlust atop towering shoulders,
shameful muses fabricate postmortem.

Hermits and cowards,
dwelling in mounds of blood-soaked sand,
we speak in the tonnage of hooved footsteps
and descendent metal.
Scars age upon layered golden fleece as chalices rise.
Ambrosia; purity,
the virgin prince's consummation,
the maiden's campaign.

Through such means rivers rise once more,
revealing the rotten stench of ten thousand mares.
Metaphor alludes further than intention,
the black needle strikes each string in isolation.
Fool and warrior;
king and peasant,
To each a melody; none a symphony.