

Cracker, Nothing To Believe

An Archangel in bondage,
Bediademed, sold
With a murder of ravens,
But no less Astarte to behold.
Abandoned by heaven to the dead, dark & past,
Cast her dispersions on life's brittle glass.
And though her eyes still held fire
as stone walls caged the Beast,
'Gainst the lassitudes of death
she fought but failed to greet.
Midst lies in collusion
She was martyred to teach that:
(girl) "Divinity & Lust are forever forbidden to meet"
But I swore that they would
Before the veil could part our embrace.
Twixt her cold silent hips I kissed
And promised Christendom in -
Flames...
Gravid with madness like a feculent dirge
That obsesses my heart
I am convened by words
To avenge her
Ebon splendour
And surrender
My soul to the dead to achieve prophecies
Of libidinous scourge
Horripilation braying over carrious herds
Vexing nightmares
And their weak prayers
To a no one there
To hinder her decree
To weed the world of their disease
As shadows unblind mine eyes to see
The meat that is their congregation
Oh how they plead to the skies
But this is mere foreplay to war....
Scar-riddled safron eaves bleed like the conjugal
Vestal daughters giving throat to the priest
A sycophant, the despoiler of faith
Now his skinless crucifixion needs a winged diocese...
For her interred I tore a battle banner from His side,
Splashed in red goetia,
Hues of hell & decide
Here comes the night
Its obsidian light
Is a master whom disasters
Suck upon like concubines
And under black skirts
That whisper of delight
Dark seeds in fruition
Darkened deeds to marry mine
(girl) "In death's bed I have lain
paying lip service to shame,
but for dreaming of thee I regain
I reason to seek life again."
And we smite the divine
For our true nature is sin.
To strip tender flesh from these swine
Like the lick of carnivorous winds...
The breath of destruction begins...
By forcing its Herod tongue in...
To.. The womb of the Holy Virgin...
To taste of Immaculate
Sin

From temptation's peak we will see world unfurled at last
Now the wolves of time will stalk mankind,
Shall be as one in grim repast...
Commemorating sickle moons
The pack are poised to reap
A scythe of white roses in bloom
Whose twisted thorns will keep
The crown upon a dead man
Daylights crucified in sleep.
And lives that hide in scripted lies
To the memory of a
Scream...
And we shall dance amid the ruins
As Adam and Evil
Dizzy at the falling stars
That burn fiercer in throes of upheaval.
If all must we damn for this moment that it shall be so.
Both our souls have crossed oceans of time
To grasp one another more tightly than death could alone
As Zyklon beasts reign to make carrion crawl...
Their talons of lust rake a clarion
Call...
To the lick of carnivorous winds...
Gravid with madness like a feculent dirge
That obsesses my heart
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(anyone who knows these last lines, please email me)