

# Eden Maine, Hail Satan

I'm not so sure I should not us these dirty leaves to  
make a crown for your heart.

To sit alone with your flesh made up from this undervalues earth.

And it seems funny that you should tattoo an angel on the body of the very skin you are trying to es  
But where man has failed.

And with your bloodied and tired hands lead them to the shadows.

Where they will feast like pigs at a table fit for a king, where the heart is betrayed and consumed by

Slowly to fall, slowly to pass.