

Grief Of Emerald, Deformed Imaginations

naked and pale are your words of salvation
drowned in fake presence , forever
a feeble attempt to evoke a reality
blindfolded from life , death haunts you down

injected by fear and created words
the hands of God strangles you
inhale his guidance , bow before him
obey , serve , adapt and die

mirror images of God
preaching
deformed imaginations
accepted

gathered throats , religiously cut
"marionettes kneel , question not"
stillborn sons , baptized
with empty eyes staring towards heaven

alike his words you?ll never be
stigmata wounds you?ll never see
thy precious horde will die with thee
everlasting flames , purgatory , burn with me