

Pagan Lorn, Prone

Why should I deny
That I will not resist
How could I decline
When I am still prone
Welcome
To the weird travel through my wood
Of uncertain emotions
The wedlock between laudable and barren dreams
Welcome
To my world
A circus of nakedness
Chase these thoughts away
Take my lust away
Welcome
To my inner side
Enter the disaster
Drill yourself into the fat
Go inside
Welcome
To the sexual and imperious art
Chase these thoughts away
Take my lust away
Sell me a smile
And I will give you happiness
Drowning in tears of hate
Material man
Tortured man
No man
Hammer and the meat will die
Through the laughing face
Breaks a resounding disgust
It tries to inhale my life
It pins your flesh in my open mouth
My thoughts crawl into your hole
Any nerve in an evil minefield
Will burn me out
Because home is where the lust lives
Hammer until the meat is dead