

Samhain, The Howl

there is a human slaughterhouse
up on the hill
the road is red
and those who ignore
and those who pretend
it does not exist
end up in it's hull

my blood goes to work
i hear the howl

there is a grove of bleached bones
where lupins vomit childrens limbs
taking all their liberties
with parts of human anatomy
and in the hollow of a restless soul
lies no remorse and no disgust
every kill is clean and pure
every thought is cleansed in growls

there is a grove of tortured forms
where all is dark and deeds are foul
and those who ignore
and those who pretend
that the howl is a joke
their children lie dead