

Septic Flesh, So Clean, So Empty

You come to me as the flies to the spider
blinded from my intellectual darkening
Try to move in the
holographic image of choice
and I'll project you one of my corridors

The cobweb is so carefully woven
That even the veil dressed fates
bow with admiration.
It has so many ways,
countless like my names

How I adore to mask the truth
so that only the worthy of my
generosity could find it.

I can wait enthroned in the center
of this necropolis, with patience
built upon the solid stones
of millenniums

Keep feeding on the notorious lotus
swallowing my sweet promises
to sustain your lie made world

Every bite erases the instinct
so you'll become so clean, so empty
keep on feeding me