

Sine Macula, The Locusts Ride

(Sex, religion: an impossible dual concept?)

Joel (1:2-3)

Your nature ravage my conscience elating my soul
Your indefinite sex betray divine meanings
A s*****a on your member a scarlet wreath on your heart.
Dance on the altar! Sput your Seed!

A flash light our secret, our wounds, our past...
The locusts time!
My flesh devoured by wonderful and mystic creatures
The locusts ride!

Your tiresome age erase my human limit
Your penetrating eyes betray divine meanings:
A golden cross on your nipple a bright lymph on your veins.
Dance on the altar! Spout your blood!

Joel (2:3-2:2)

A flash light our secret, our wounds, our past...
The locusts time!
My flesh devoured by wonderful and mystic creatures
The locusts ride!