Vader, Carnal (Live)

[Music: Piotr Wiwczarek, Lyric: Pawel Wasilewski]

I tasted the fever of Your existence
Seems like cold grain to my mouth
I stand aside, I stay away
Transmuting my quicksilver blood

KIA - that I may see
ZOS - that I may touch
Insipid are the describing words
The self needs no vulgar praise

This worship has no supplications
My rite is to live and do
Things naked, pure, of honest lust
The throbbing vortex feeds on it all

Sleep is the best of possible prayers
The winged eyes are blessed to see
Downtrodden deception of every torment
Transpierced hymens my lust adores

Many images yet one raw flesh
Animal steps I love to tread
An ideal point where Time is Space
Memory giant sores this journey must heal

Lady of Mourning and her monsters
Lay down the scythes for here I come
Joyful and priapic my baby soul
A new-born one, ten million years old