

Crematory, My Last Words

The lavishness of life is my
Decision
The souls of all souls lie
Securely in my hand
A life is my servant and
Nobody touches them but me
I burn myself in the coldness
Of the wind
He hates and tortures me,
Betrays himself
But i am silent and mock him
In spite of pursuit
I hurl leprosy, pest and smallpox
At him

These are my last words
These are my last thoughts
My last way
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My last way
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I behold the names of his holiness
Because i grind them between my jaws
And cut them out my body
The power of the pentagram
Does not frighten me
I am the master of the triangle
Be careful and warned because
I will not outwit him
I will spew words and
You will need them
As the call of his holiness
But they will be nothing more
Than one of my farces

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I am the master of all forms
All forms arise form me
I am the form of all forms

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