

December Wolves, My Bible

For these pages will be the knife to his throat!
A desolate island, summers once only to incubate dreams.
My saliva... an ocean of thought was the allergy.
Saviour Centipede Pyramid bitch with a segmented neck.
Wait in the hallway and burn all the pages you take from me!
One again I, frothing and bleeding, deserve to die.
They won't let me!
The Gard factor thus be unveiled (Hail!).
No neck left now, shaving red hair in the shape of a heart.
Lift your head and show me the blueprints.
Pave my way to the utopia betrayed by this mirrored myth.
Take me now that I might find a good reason to die with.
You promised me! when will I ever learn???

A desolate island, summers once only would digest the dreams.
(In a) wet vagina, these servants of god will get rid of me (patiently).
Dump out the satin bag, filling the halls with the smell of the spell.
Hang your head in the rain and pave my way to the arena,
betrayed by a spineless whore.
Take me now that I might find this life's exit door.