

Fucked Up, The Two Snakes

Heaven and Hell in the hands, a spell to combine the Gods.
Sublimate the odds, two globes divine, synchronize the lobes
Vesica contained, consonance attained the two snakes born
of the womb. We spill out of the fish turn Pisces to twins,
divide twelve into six, two halves of a whole tug at a singular
soul wound round a staff. Two snakes compete for control,
the two snakes cognitive dissidence of the soul let them struggle
to eat it whole. So let the hands of fate slither like a snake,
constrict around the earth strangled by its girth plant the staff
genesis. A tree plant, a serpent seed into the mind to bleed
wisdom unwind to the dark concede to retreat from light to one
side. Confined the two snakes, canons and cancrizans tempo
in time mezzo in space and face south to climb twelve strings
serpentine cadence condense but unwind the snakes refrain
a fugue to see we are blind. The two snakes' spagyric spirit
addition begun manifold within springs the bind, undone
Manichean dream turn the halves to one. All the stars combine
to a single sun, lies to truth and dust to life, close the whole
and bring black to white, boil the fire and drink the flames,
detach from life to live free again the two snakes.