

Lux Occulta, Chalice Of The Lunar Blood

Come! Come closer...
You, o Beauty, dressed in moonlight
and the snakeheads of ivy leaves
entwine your white neck...
Come! Come here...
spit on me, spit on me
for I am the dust under your feet
unexpected and unwanted, I am your portrait,
water and salt, air to breathe
Come closer...
let's climb to the sky
to heights of ecstasy
to hell and back
and then
I put on your tongue
one little drop of my sperm
it's bitter
tastes like old bread
tastes like stone
tastes like pain
blinded by the red suns of your nipples
gropingly looking for a source of light
I find the spring of sacred wine
pour me some
crown my pillar with your living flesh
and I will bless you with my semen
be my queen of enraptured love
priestess of the black summer night
jewels of my sperm illuminate your misty crown.