

Lux Occulta, The Heresiarh

See the generations lost
drowned in cold waters of Jordan
Sheep led to the slaughter
by humble shepherd Kephalophoros
See their heads enchained with crowns
and their flea-ridden royal cloaks

I curse you - trembling knees
bending too easily
I curse insidious hands
stretched out for more alms

father and son, skin and bones
footsteps printed in a sand
this is the time and the place
to throw the mask away
Judge for you'll be judged
Every single word counts
He who has no name
Omnivorous emptiness
Virus that feeds on life
Antithesis to synthesis
He who is the heart but has no heart

I breed fears hidden just beneath me skin
pretending a dragon-shaped tattoo
I breed all fevers and plagues
stuff them with milk of my veins
you can find my Sacred Church
carved in the black skin of Earth
Garmonbozia
My cellar
Anywhere

read my names written in the water
The Fish
read my names written in the air
The Not