

Monumentum, Consuming Jerusalem

I kissed Pilato's Hands and touched the Nails in Jesus' ones
Making the Favorite Jewels of my Wife with His collapsed Eyes
In the Pure Waters of Baptism, I have baths of Iconoclast Youth
On the Humiliated Cross of Christ, I hang on the Ghosts of Moral Slaveries

Two Thousand Years and I realised Vatican's foundations
Rise-up on Earth Entrails
Two Thousand Years and I realised Vatican's columns
Are full of Reptiles drenched with Wasted Prayers
My Flight is now Nocturne, Unsoiled by Celestial Trinities
Your Beloved God, my once Unrequested Shelter

I saw him drowning in my Excrements,
in the Dim Light of a no-Consolation Oracle
I won't be Chained to you Forever
I Won't be Victim of my Human Desire

My Flesh not praying for Mercy anymore, and my Soul has gone
Leaving a Black Web on its Place...
...a black Web Devouring the Once deposed Egg
Gift of an eighteen years Soul Transcendence

I, the Delivered Treasure
I, Field of Misery
I, Enfeebled Cobweb
I, the Mirror Phobic, the Neo-Phobic
I, Marbre Noir
I, Shadow of Myself
I, Tragoedia

[Lyric: R.M./A.Z.]

[A.Z.:vox+F.N.:Choir+R.M.:Guitar,bass,keys+M.C.:drums]