

Nature And Organization, Skeletontonguedworld

And as she sleeps around her bed
The blinding deadbled world spins
Black sightless firepierced black universe
Empty the fire as she sleeps
The sleepy skeletontongued world
Massed blast of storms and sand rolls
Oh lovely world - come alive for me
The longtongued god is not real
He drags the chain clasped in his wickerfingere hands
This brother is paperthin - form but no substance
Neverlived so he is not dead
This is man's fear made trash...

...And as you light the incense stick
I pray that your fingers may burn