

Septic Flesh, Phallic Litanies

Welcome to the joyous carnival of passion
Where the mind surrenders to the animal.

Smell the seductive odor of the naked skin
Bathed in the exotic oils, the potions of desire.

It would be folly to defy the eldest law
For resistance will only supply the fire of lust
With her wooden excuses.

We are here to drink this old wine without remorse
To spill the fluid of Genesis
In abundance because we all know
That as this elixir of life will flow
We will be left exhausted but smiling.

Nails sink into sweaty ground
Marking dionysiac stings
Sparks set from velvet tongues
That bring close soft orange lips

Phallic litanies

Paths lead inside warm nests, that scared shrines of sin
As serpents we crawl beneath
The guises that we all wear.

It would be folly to defy the eldest law
For resistance will only supply the fire of lust
With her wooden excuses.
So it will grow stronger and stronger
Until fatally it will consume the renegades
With the flames of their denied satisfaction

Phallic litanies