

# Sine Macula, From Eucharist To Insect Form

Black corianders rain my den and dissolve my changing.  
My image of insect start in a melic dirge  
You know my image, you know my secret...  
The several natures of an illepid organic.  
Black corianders rain in my den and dissolve my soul  
A golden damnation of a sad perpetuated  
Came with me, walk the path  
Your essence reflected on me..., your liquid inside me...

Anybody you are, wherever you go  
You will have always my fall  
The wills are my black glow  
Death, Pain, Desolation, Blood: My religion is Fuck!

Black corianders rain my den and dissolve my ass  
My image of insect start in a melic dirge  
You know my image, you know my secret...  
The several natures of an illepid organic.  
Black corianders rain in my den and dissolve my soul  
A golden damnation of a sad perpetuated  
Came with me, walk the path  
Your essence reflected on me..., your liquid inside me...

I am the first Sperm of adolescent  
The light in the eye of the loving  
Im the golden tract of wheat  
The beautiful grace of your Feet...  
...Came!

You cant go back, and surrender your role,  
forgot the sad covering which wrap myself up  
before my twisted image recollect itself again;  
...and die!

Im the war,  
Let you die!, let you fall!  
So that gnostic grace pervades your spirit  
Black corianders rain like tears  
Infants of a painful present ravage graves, crying their years