

Trauma, Dead Macrocosm

Foredoomed to choose the most disgusting form of all,
Sacred ablution into the temple of all blinded,
Into broken retorts, here lost life huddles low,
Deprived of courage and mortal burden,
Brought on the female shoulders out of obscurity
Out of obscurity
Carnivorous creators of horror are ready for slaughter,
Fallen into the depth of all gaping,
Sliding down into the depth of shaggy combs
Of matriarchal inner matter,
Through the fragments of blood garners cut with spines,
Longing to the taste of ascetic flesh,
This is the legacy of titans stream through the veins,
Panorama of passion battles,
Pathos of heroic spirit tired with struggle,
Anathemic lust besieged with metaphors...
Silent liturgy of empty moralized conscience
Out of dead macrocosm
Blasphemously, fading away... ramped and torn apart flesh,
Night riders of poured moisture,
Delusioned in boundless breath of the dead macrocosm.
Following the leprous ways of the purulent messiah...
Bridled black divinity of erected intellect