

Vendetta Red, The Great Castration

He drew a question from a curtain of flies,
"Are there colors in the dreams of the blind?"
He knew the answer when you tore out his eyes,
"Does black count?"
Flaccid the severed member you clench.
Exalted walking carrion stench.
Your scorned lover was a street working wench.
And she whored you.

Rejoice and join the great castration.
Sharpen your knives.

They swarm down a manicured talon flood.
Like frenzied harpies in a rapture of blood.
How comical we used to call you a stud.
Now you're stumpy.
Fervent disciple my unholy desire.
Shriek harmonies in our immaculate choir.
And set these androgynous corpses afire.
Those sexless seraphim are memories.

She won't pick your bones after all.
Your skull took its place upon the wall.
Where her spirit scarred you,
those maggots are married to you.

RAPE

They found her swinging from a pipe
in the basement of the church of Jesus Christ.
We sang RAPE.
We know whose hands are stained red.