

Teeth of Emulation

Disfiguring the Goddess

Recoils from our offering, their birds of omen have no cry for comfort, for they are gorged with the blood of the dead. Pray for heavens sake they never come back. Lies, Communication failure. There was only sputtering of the fat melting flesh: the entrails dissolved in gray smoke. Our hearths and altars are stained with the corruption of dogs and carrion

The only crime is pride.

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The corpse of the son. Reverence is a virtue, but sleepless lives in. Your death is the doing of your conscious hand. You have the seam of the unmontanimal man. Flesh of your own flesh, corpse for corpse. The one in a grave before her death, the Other... Dead. Curses will be hurled at you from far cities. You have thrust the child of this world into living night. Reverence is a virtue. sputtering of the fat thigh-flesh melting: Our hearths and altars are stained with the corruption of dogs and carrion their birds of omen have no cry for comfort, for they are gorged with the blood of the dead.

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