

# Carnal

## Atropos

I tasted the fever of your existence  
Seems like cold grain to my mouth  
I stand aside, I stay away  
Transmuting my quicksilver bloodKIA, that I may see  
ZOS, that I may touch  
Insipid are the describing words  
The self needs no vulgar praiseThis worship has no supplications  
My rite is to live and do  
Things naked, pure of honest lust  
The throbbing vortex feeds on it allSleep is the best of possible prayers  
The winged eyes are blessed to see  
Downtrodden deception of every torment  
Trans pierced hymens my lust adoresMany images yet one raw flesh  
Animal steps I love to tread  
An ideal point where time is space  
Memory giant sores, this journey must healLady of Mourning and her monsters  
Lay down the scythes for here I come  
Joyful and priapic my baby soul  
A new born one, ten million years old

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