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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