Hail Satan

Eden Maine

I'm not so sure I should not us these dirty leaves to
make a crown for your heart.
To sit alone with your flesh made up from this undervalues earth.
And it seems funny that you should tattoo an angel on the body of the very skin you are trying to escape, ironic even that it is the human mind that scares you most.
But where man has failed.
And with your bloodied and tired hands lead them to the shadows.
Where they will feast like pigs at a table fit for a king, where the heart is betrayed and consumed by greed.
Slowly to fall, slowly to pass.

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