

Race In

Battles

Cool

To slit the grinning wounds from childhood's seven moons

The palette stained with the ejaculated passions

(Aey)

Strike from omnipotence, they all seer all deemer

And haunt my severed county with your dripping secret games

You picked the unripe lilies, deflored and peeled the bleeding petals

Made known to me the grainy stains, the crimson lotus

Of the black ash inheritance, the semen feed of Gods and masters

The worms still in me, still a part of me, racing out from leaking rooms

Swoop from broken lungs

To block the transmission to put an end to the nomad years

Father, you are the dead god in me

Father, you are the dead god in me

Aey

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