

Terror & Hubris In The House Of Frank Pollard

Lamb of God

All the fucked up things trap & punish me I cannot explain my problem.
Kill my hopeless life I cannot be hypnotized. You owe me.
Push aside the veil to welcome in the visitors.
Eyes like halogen illuminate the soma peering out of spherical night mask.
Paleolithic subconscious icons lumber through dreamscape archetype of archangel.
Topside its far worse- infants painted gauze peer through murky jars; soon I'm wearing the skin
of the morning star.
Green locks my name fills an empty banner. Frank, what have you gotten me into now?
I am not afraid to speak my heart & mind it cannot be saved sell me over. Fuck your hopeless
world, I am blacker than the sun. Tragedy. Have you seen the speedy, yes?
Bleeds through the sleep onto the page. I'm sailin'... it must be done

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