

And Plague Flowers the Kaleidoscope

Ne Obliviscaris

Kings of our emptiness, the flagellants align
Their mouths fill with questions, blessed they are by God's tokens
Ware to walk the painted...the painted
pathWalking the painted path through our plague fieldsWare to walk the painted path
Through the plague fieldsKings of this carousel, disfigured upon white horses
With Goya's claws and Dore's wings
Down golden locks to red crosses
Crowned children screaming from funeral shrouds
To rapid eye movement, heart-strings undone
...Our beautiful filth dances... and plague flowersWhy our wall to reason fall...only humanKings of our
emptiness, the flagellants align
Their mouths fill with ashes and death's tongueThe dappled dying
Flowering cold grey tombs
With crumbling walls... I feel
Our truth is laid bare...And plague colours
A masterpiece of pain
The portrait of what we are...

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