

Old Skin

Acid Bath

We smoke the toenails and hair
Of the wiseman
Under a BLACKGOD's thumb
We dance like painted puppets
She bleeds orgasm in techni-color
An ocean of alien mystery
We eat the wiseman's eyes
For sight that we might
See the darkness if we kill
The lights fast enough
We eat the brain and pray
That our eyes can open wide enough
We burn the dry shell, a funeral chant
The pulse quickens and we dance
As the blossoms fall
A scattering of dust to the winds
This celebration of old skin
I feel every flower that is
Screaming to consume you
The earth and sky your cradle
The earth and sky entomb you
So is the way of forever
Teeming with simple cruelties
Beatings in cold rooms
Hands and head not found