

## Vainglorious Confession

Aeon

I have music in my hot and precious blood  
It rinses my veins from the dust of betrayal  
It flows into the deep and deeper than my  
Idea of anatomy will ever reach

To the impulsiveness and blessed urge  
To the bottom of all the defects responsible  
For my savagery and my animosity  
For my vital catalyst that keeps me alive

Oh mother you're like blood to me  
Your son doesn't believe in the evening prayer anymore  
That's what's left now of your care and smile  
Take a look at my hands - dirty chapped

My sins lie before me  
Like a feathery carpet of the past  
I tread on it barefoot  
Not concealing my pleasure

I summon the enlightened ones  
Let them cure  
My disablement!