

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!