

Broth Of Oblivion

Aura Noir

Sourceless, rythmless, heartless.
I scan the desert.
Since I, in my beasthood saw the dancers there.
As my hands, two tiny figures, came visible,
Like a carniver of flesh.
A union of monstrosities.

Curveless, boundless, eyeless.
I flee from the source of my agony.
Since I, in my beasthood, took form
In new, alien anatomies.
My limbs towering, mounting in celebration.
Murmuring the approval of new glories;
New threats, new intimacy.

With this, I am fit to charm the Devil.
Sneering down my pale face.
I am erect with his anger and lust.
I am the grace of them all.

Still sneering, drooling, floating.
Breeding curves of hell.
And shreds of pre-human gloss.
This softens those songs to dust.