

# The Eleventh Commandment

Bethlehem

When the dark lord told me to live  
I felt the raised lust of possession

afterwards the death yell of an impaled nineye  
gotten through my dutiful ears

I had to think of all the lost creatures  
which strived of their existence  
in the streaming of my black blood

nocturnal shadows, which glorified  
the resurrection like trumpets  
offered me the right way into hopelessness  
enlighten my path into inaccessible license