Symposium of Sickness

"That's why I find it so amusing that the latter-day saints of our business... one, attribute to me motives that just weren't there, and two, accuse me of corrupting morality, which I wish I had the power to do. Prepare to die."

An encloaking, dark epoch In which all life is now appraised Another valueless commodity On which the paracious may feebly graze Indebted homage to their mammon Whilst the mort is the music of the meek Transcendence from a beatifully brutal reality Is what I seek...

Noxious, sully dolour Is not the sentiment upon which we feed But precocious consciousness Draws out a morbid nous to bleed Chiselling out seething words Which cut deep down to the bone Always legible So be it on our own headstone...

Rising to out own nadir Reality we try to extirpate Trying to raise a twisted smile Similar to that silver plate On a coffin which is joined Hammering in each final nail Last kill and testament Left now intestate...

Noxious, sully dolour Is not the thesis which is bled A precarious train of thought In which mental cattle-trucks are led Carving out skilful words Which shear brittle bones Always spelt out well We just can't leave the dead alone...

Monographic text A terminal doctrine of diseased minds perplexed Enunciated epigrams Eschatological, rotten requiems

Always our own worst cynics Exorcisers of scorching scorn Digging our own graves But never stand over and mourn The roulade now pandemonium Displaced in the muggy sods Espoused with the macabre The dead we filch and rob...

...Munificant bale... ...From the deviants staid...

Carcass

Execrations - taunting spiritual release Exoneration - upon the perishable we feast Excogitation - picking at the bones of convention Exculpitation - foul verbal conflagration...

Epigraphic text, a literary vex The macabre perplexed, with corporeality meshed

[Lead: Eschatological excavation by W.G. Steer]

Euthenic text An unpleasant journey, to a world perplexed Corporeal epigraphs Eschatological unpleasantness

Always forever cryptic Exercisers of twisted grief Helping you to dig up the interred Whilst fresh still are the wreaths The harmony now pandemonium Heard out in the muddy dirt Espoused with the bizzare We play on our own turf...

...Epithetic text...
...A macabre rality perplexed...

Execrations - literary tales of atrocities fairy Exoneration - harsh, cold bloody marys Excogitation - a narcissistic eutechnique Exculpitation - perverse artworks, so unique...

Monographic text, a literary vex The macabre perplexed, with reality meshed...

[Lead: Corpsereality by M. Amott]
[Lead: Cold logistic language by W.G. Steer]