

# Vanguard

## Closure in Moscow

My curse is alphabetic. Dianetic-Crucifix.  
Your curse is post-magnetic, now they suckle from your drip.  
Their curse is so pathetic, they're the real heretics.  
Our curse is not kinetic if they couldn't break our grip.

Foetid leeches sap their glands of inquisition.  
They need blinding sustenance.

Don't you dare speak that name.  
Don't you ever speak that name.  
Break the very tenets that you spit in my face, now I'm ready to obliterate.  
So send me all your preachers, and I'll put them all to shame.  
I'll be the vanguard of their fall, middle of their falter.  
Bezel in their rings now dropping all the stones.

This serpent on my doorstep, well, he's got a sweet southern drawl.  
Lulling so you may invite his venom.  
Oh, he was knocking, but didn't know it's coming.  
Oh, he was knocking, but didn't know my mutation was imminent.

He couldn't help it; spouting invocations.  
I said unto him:

Don't you dare speak that name.  
Don't you ever speak that name.  
Break the very tenets that you spit in my face, now I'm ready to obliterate.  
So send me all your preachers, and I'll put them all to shame.  
I'll be the vanguard of their fall, middle of their falter.  
Bezel in their rings, now dropping all the stones.  
First you'll oscillate, and then you'll feel the fire burn and formicate,  
while all your words are coming out cancrine.

Don't just let him rot this hall.  
"I couldn't do that even if I wanted to."  
Don't just let him rot this hall  
"I couldn't do that even if I wanted to be saved."  
Then you'll all fall in silence.  
Then you'll all fall.

And I will tell you all, as I said to your serpent:  
Don't you dare speak that name.  
Don't you ever speak that name.  
Break the very tenets that you spit in my face, now I'm ready to obliterate.  
So send me all your preachers, and I'll put them all to shame.  
I'll be the vanguard of their fall, middle of their falter.  
Bezel in their rings, now dropping all the stones.  
First you'll oscillate, and then you'll feel the fire burn and formicate,

while all your words are coming out cancrine