

## My Last Words

Crematory

The lavishness of life is my  
Decision  
The souls of all souls lie  
Securely in my hand  
A life is my servant and  
Nobody touches them but me  
I burn myself in the coldness  
Of the wind  
He hates and tortures me,  
Betrays himself  
But i am silent and mock him  
In spite of pursuit  
I hurl leprosy, pest and smallpox  
At him

These are my last words  
These are my last thoughts  
My last way  
These are my last words  
These are my last thoughts  
My last way  
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My last way  
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These are my last thoughts  
My last way

I behold the names of his holiness  
Because i grind them between my jaws  
And cut them out my body  
The power of the pentagram  
Does not frighten me  
I am the master of the triangle  
Be careful and warned because  
I will not outwit him  
I will spew words and  
You will need them  
As the call of his holiness  
But they will be nothing more  
Than one of my farces

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These are my last thoughts  
My last way  
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My last way  
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My last way  
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These are my last thoughts  
My last way

I am the master of all forms  
All forms arise form me

I am the form of all forms

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My last way

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