

Touched by Jecon  
The inciter  
Well-rounded womanflesh  
Doth tempt  
The angels of the watch  
To sin  
And their sons are  
Nephilim

Thrice blessed are we in his garden  
We have the world, our health, our kin:  
As we ťgo forth and multiplyť  
We take form each other's skin

Endogamy: the choice of millions  
In (all their) elemental ugliness:  
In the echoes of repetition  
Imperfection sires itself

Nothing in life  
Has any business being perfect:  
It's an affront  
To anyone with good taste

Choice is divine  
So choose family over strangers:  
Why trouble the waters  
Of the gene pool for a mate?

Carbon Vessel  
Carbon content  
Carbon copy  
...Carbonize...

Like a lump between two surgeons  
Man quivers 'twixt desire and need:  
The law is the will, and we've chosen  
The kingdom of which we would be

In filial sect  
We are genesis incarnate:  
In our faces  
We see manifest destiny

(and) leave nothing alive

With thoughts of heaven come deeds of flesh:  
We'd look once more upon his holy visage  
And our children whom we've known and wed  
(are) our means to recreate his image

In lurking fear of his displeasure  
After dark, between their cries  
In the eye of the beholder:  
This is where beauty dies