

Enter Suicidal Angels;

How hungry have we become;  
Like animals naked in shame  
Fed with the hooves of apocalypse  
that galloped down, disordered  
worlds behind

From word to a word I was led to  
a word  
that spanned over cultures in rage

Crimson masses, steeped in decadence  
holding our tongues to the thirsty  
sun  
So, is the future still open?  
Then enter, hornet, from our hive-dark  
hearts  
to draw down the end from within

We need not the horns  
that emanate from our warty, haunted  
bodies

Nihilist, Hedon  
the priceless art of their lives  
Sorrow is a wing laid atop their  
heads.  
Skin deep, we carve our immeasurable  
sorrow  
in the fold of your shivering arms

Hedon,  
Your children wild  
and filled with death

Jupiter in our unforgiving eyes;  
a pandemonium of bodies and gold  
Eager, as a part of your face  
and the sickness attached to your  
skin (stone)  
as the wine-rush,  
chargin from androgynous wombs  
to open free the lid of pain

Hedon,  
rinsed in post-human shadows  
a monument scorned by the teeth  
of time  
Stale-faced keeper of secrets,  
leaded with implosive fire  
the whore that carried the apostle  
to the mating point on the graves  
of giants

We look at you, afraid  
to see what we really are.