

Sacrilegious Murder

Eighteen Visions

vitiate this worship.
piercing my skin with three nails.
unworthy fuck.
parish under my reign.
i'm hanging in the church of the wicked.
sacrificed...and now i'm god.
wading in the void.
our grace sleeps from severed veins and salted wounds.
only to drip to the sands below where purity and sanctity are meaningless.
it filters through each vein falling forever into desolation.
dance with me one more time.
blistered shells of existence lost.
rest hand in hand with infantile corpses.
paint this portrait red. black sunset.
a stillborn.
miscarriage.
graze my skin with your touch.
celestial praise.
you are what is divine.
dance with me one last time.
and now i'm god.