

Slipping Through The Hands Of God

Eighteen Visions

just burned.
bow down.
this ugly scar will mend itself again,
but when will its figure die?
pierced through the heart.
i watch the red elixir spill from the center of its life.
i depict eighteen visions for its demise.
not even water can bring back two thousand years of life i've w
atched die.
rise to your glory on the third day.
you are not my christ.
rise. utopia.
damned to hell.
i rest this figure of ideal perfection.
there will be no funeral for this profane existence.
always on the left hand path.