

## 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.