

Chalk Face

Enochian Crescent

A chalk face
Of a dead son of god
Reflects on a blank stare
Of his dead servants
Populating this deceived necropolis
That still thinks it lives

Let all sons
Of our inhumane father
Claim rights for a synthetic chalk face-on
As ancestors
Of the black art and worse
Give-aways for a swine head

No son of god has missed
A chance for earthly love
No son has ever missed a chance
For love with daughters of Eve
...or those of the first wife of Adam

A chalk face
Of a dead son of god
Blushed with pious for taste of blood
And sweat
And semen and passion
Behind the kiss of the one he adorned

If you'll be his servants
Then let us celebrate
The first and the only true
Christian marriage
Of a prophet and a prostitute

No son of god has missed
A chance for rebellion
No son has even missed a chance
For rising against his father

...and not refute the gospel of truth to hank
As reminded of when we are drunk
Of thick smell of love
Panting passages of arcane hours
In our high mass in the dark

And a choir of latex-nuns
Exalts to crescendo before
Languid embrace of dawning revelations

Three art race of QBL
And of angels fallen
And of witchery and sword
And of Tartarean abodes
Night, unknown, chaos