

Glory Bronze

Liturgy

Gashed shoulders and crippled loins
Huge steampunk boulders
Nestling between cargo khaki knees
Magenta flush across your cheek

Eyes on the horizon
On the oasis siren
On pairs of Tits

Helicopter of vultures
Tornado senselessly a'whirl

You diagonalize
You tear the continents apart
And plunge into the gulf
And flush your eyes with crime
And hoard up all the rubles

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Along

As the blood of God
Bursts the veins of time
Give your avatar a kiss
An sbyss spits out another sbyss