

Praise The Whoredom

Massemord

let the envy and breath-taking anger
before the madness throw a scarlet carpet of blood
and let the scream quench every candle

it is i who's coming
the one who raped the death
opening the graves
burning the names, thoughts and the need of being remembered

here's the one who has torn the innocence out of children's tight slits
the one who has covered the horizon with mountain chains of smoke
(and the heavens with the stormy clouds of ashes)

from now on
every branch shall weigh down with the burden of infants
which livid entered this world through fusty and putrid women's wombs

along with life-giving rain
the ruins of temples and thrones,
bricks of brothels and prisons
and challenging spires of human advance
will fall piercing you

there is blood everywhere and strength beyond the limits
crushing the steel melting the air

even though i'm tearing the trees out with my anger
though i'm crushing steel and a concrete burying you in ashes
and when i swallow venom especially
nothing but silence comes

my nose along with ears and gums bleeds
teeth along with nails and along with lungs crack
(yet they knit together again when the wind finally calms down)

this is my fanaticism, this is my orthodoxy
my blindness and stupidity
this my devil disguised as whore