

Epicures messiah, deliver us from our selves.
Our love affair with our own reflections, from
immorality and all it entails.
Hedonists, prostitutes, heretics.....they all see they
to eye?
The pursuit of pleasure and our carnal nature, the
prize for which we'll die.
Hail death, hail sex, hail lust, hail horror, hail
pleasure, hail pain...
in our emptiness we have nothing to gain.
Aristipus is dead.
We'll join him in the dirt.
Pleasure is our primal pursuit.
We will sleep in the earth.
The human exhibit.
The menagerie of lust.
Feasting on whore's flesh.
Gaze upon harlots and sluts.
To bed ourselves in filth,
to replace our hallowed ground,
bare the greed upon our palms,
infected loins abound.....
bar code sexuality: our romance factory.
The impulse: our animalistic nature.
Hard wire our desires.
Worship ourselves in the church of fools.
Idol worship idle hands the deprivation of man.
The illusion of human misery.
Vanity, lust, sex and death.
Behold the human machine.
The lust industry, towering smoke stacks to the sky.
Dominance and falicentricity.
this is the rape of the intellect.
The in circumventable abyss, insurmountable, mass
appeal.
Narcissistic bliss.
carnal creation and cadavers.
The morbid obsession with our own reflection.
The hallow act of adoration.
The need to slake our own lust.
the human machine.
The viral infection.
We are both pest and pesticide.