

Carved In Stigmata Wounds

Secrets of the Moon

These are the spiritual forms of coma
We have entered a new definition of tradition
With wounds that cannot be cut
Any deeper any wider
Idiosyncraticun human instincts of man

Turning strength to a wreck of weakness
With fire and steel burned onto their foreheads

Brandings which mark a new act of behaviour
As we feed angels with pitch and tar

Centres of inhumanity
The foundationwalls of Utopia
A kingdom of splendid might
A stronghold of inviolables