

Psychocult Hymn

Secrets of the Moon

He has slided a painstaking life
Until he faced that death is about to stay
In a pace unreachable for human fools
In an ignorance that leads to destruction

Fuddled and frightening he draws last pictures
For remembrances to come and to go
As he grasps for worms creeping on ashes
The last supper, the last power of reasoning

Disembowelment
Obscene visions
Streaming the mind of our central figure
As shit runs down from stillborn knees
As they stone him with all their force

This is a hymn for the beast
That lives in the hearts of its followers
Staring on seas of gore
Trampling on the bodies of the beloved
He is standing breathless
Helpless and worthless
Transcending into nothingness
Swallowing by the extravagant

The stiffness interrupted by some last twitches
Bygone for years it seems
And for one moment someone asks himself
If he would stand by and watch the scenery
By those to come next