

There with them is error  
We are sacrosanct  
A taunting of ravens to you  
My swarms have fit the holster  
My faith burnt every house  
Like no other manger  
I am emptier with doubt

Bare them  
Sevens  
Three to a pall  
Marks the  
Venom  
Lush and terminal

When I became your larvae  
You fed me from your plates  
Now my slouch is nervous  
Sinking by the face  
Wrinkled by this gravel  
Skinless trace of time  
Wear your cobwebs proudly  
In your cheap and brittle sight  
My glands emit this carnage  
These pews bend back your knees

That uniform it wears you  
When the ultimatum pleads

Bare them  
Sevens  
Three to a pall  
Marks the  
Venom  
Lush and terminal

That cesspool it becomes you  
Just north of the eyebrows  
Squat the hole for a pucker  
When the rations go blonde  
The salted stitch is patient  
Waiting to engulf  
There is plasma from this hoax  
Pretending to be us

Embalming all the fluids I must I must  
I prefer to burn it I must I must