

I tasted the fever of Your existence  
seems like cold grain to my mouth  
I stand aside, I stay away  
transmuting my quicksilver blood

KIA - that I may see  
ZOS - that I may touch  
insipid are the describing words  
the self needs no vulgar praise

This worship has no supplications  
my rite is to live and do  
things naked, pure, of honest lust  
the throbbing vortex feeds on it all

Sleep is the best of possible prayers  
the winged eyes are blessed to see  
downtrodden deception of every torment  
transpierced hymens my lust adores

Many images yet one raw flesh  
animal steps I love to tread  
an ideal point where Time is Space  
memory giant sores this journey must heal

Lady of Mourning and her monsters  
lay down the scythes for here I come  
joyful and priapic my baby soul  
a new-born one, ten million years old