The Red Passage

A dive up with head down moth-winged Angel's shriek excretion condensed diginity disrespect

The Crown of Manhood means nothing here not for the sheep they pray they bless the buther's knife

A chant of turbid light sombre consolation caryr me, oh Hydra Mother to gods of festering wounds

The Crown of Manhood means nothing here not for the sheep they pray they bless the buther's knife

A chant of turbid light sombre consolation carry me, of Hydra Mother to gods of festering wounds