

Nelson Dilation

"Whatever That Tempts"

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From distant wave to hurricane
From secret lust to world aghast
And pain inane
Yes, chaos proliferous
Chaos spawn, grown
From serpent speech to deeds eldritch
From blow to storm
From high-raised hands to interment
And hate innate
As the plot unwinds
As these pestilent spores we imbibe
... Forever rage's becoming guide
Burn every seed-
Whatever that tempts, that enslaves,
Whatever that they've unleashed upon.
Us; another triumph of hate
Another spirit in quest
The link of wrath in a chain of scorn.
Every doubt...
Too blotesque the icon they paint
What is this substance to call it God?

The poison is vomited out,

It's a vicious art.

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