

## Ador Dorath "Words"

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We seduce angels  
The angel is presumed to be seduced  
We seduce ourselves  
We forget about our... and their naturalism  
They are fiery and wing footed  
Visit us  
They reveal secrets  
Embody in plants and trees

We do not mind  
They have wings... we are glad  
We like it  
They also have horns  
They are picking on us face to face

They creep in our sleep and dreams  
We open our hearts to obsession  
Seducing and teasing them

They are creeping so still, in quiet  
The ones that could not be seen  
Take heed of them  
Who could you trust in?  
In them, in us, in me... not in you!

The ghost is cogitation  
The word is the body of a thought  
Thinking needs a speech  
Conception calls for word  
Poison is expected!

Words are Angels, winged words  
Like arrows, like poison  
The words are the most dreadful of all the angels  
You have to perceive flawlessly when Angels loses  
wings

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