

Augie March

"Beatus"

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[Music: Patrick & Mathieu]

Long lost hours locked in, drenched in fear
Faint steps resound closer, impending pains to
withstand

All senses out to the debauchery,
He will come secreting Eucharist again
Black robe, the veiled ogre, prayed his way to the fresh
meat
For the shepherd also dines on lamb and he bends for
the frail and tender.
Nightly taught in vice, housebroken with virtue, tamed,
humiliated,
To God the souls, but the flesh he'll takes care of...

Magister, Magister, dolorae inferis
Magister, Magister, in caudae venenum est
Magister, Magister, caro mea vere est cibus.
Torrente voluptatis, tuae potabis eos

(He stalks the corridors, question which room he'll
sneak in
Shivering puppies' cringe, praying their turn has not
come)

Et clamor meus ad Te veniat
Pulling sheets overhead in hopes to be spared
Exaudi meam, miserere nobis
Whence the evening came, he brands his cattle for life

After eons it is time to go
All of them empty shells walking, overused toys
To nowhere they march, martyrs of lust
In the making, more martyrs of lust
Until guns blow or creaking ropes swing
Beatified carrions in betrayed faith

[Solo: Mat]

[Solo: Pat]

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