

## **Black Horizonz**

### **"Avant-Garde"**

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Sophisticated enchantments  
Of impressive abhorrence  
Created not for human ears  
Joyful eulogize annihilation  
And continuous ordeal

Verbalized in deepest odium  
By a psyche beyond any idol  
From the end of the vortex  
A place devoid of concern  
The absurdist's elation

Creeping keen on your deliberation  
Skulking in circles for the impiousness  
Assassinating all divine virtues  
With alluring somber momentum  
To relieve it's voracious hunger for sin

But though it feeds on beautiful souls  
The fatalities become enriched  
By sipping the potion of clarity  
From the unambiguous chalice of scorn  
Whenever their spirits get spoiled

And as now the grave canopy unfolds  
Over your mental magnificence  
Imbibe the fiery draft from this goblet  
To amalgamate with the avant-garde  
The perverted cult of transgression

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