

Battles

"Race: In"

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Cool

To slit the grinning wounds from childhood's seven
moons

The palette stained with the ejaculated passions
(Aey)

Strike from omnipotence, they all seer all deemer
And haunt my severed county with your dripping secret
games

You picked the unripe lilies, deflored and peeled the
bleeding petals

Made known to me the grainy stains, the crimson lotus
Of the black ash inheritance, the semen feed of Gods
and masters

The worms still in me, still a part of me, racing out from
leaking rooms

Swoop from broken lungs

To block the transmission to put an end to the nomad
years

Father, you are the dead god in me

Father, you are the dead god in me

Aey

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