

Bethlehem

"Devilcrazy God Thirteen"

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I am not only a color
but lately 17 and 3
As the 11th will eventually die.

Time is brief and never longer
therefore I allow my shoulder to bury
and all my fingers line one by one
Then I can deny the black hole
and deeply fold in a chasity of insights

Next time we listen to your blood and it results in the
sin of my strangled sprat as half watch the loud pitch
laugh in your vicinity
And the evilly humored temptation tarnish fruit-bearing
Suicide
My saddle will skid no further into tomorrow
And in 1955 the dead will die in the infernal oblivion
of my own domain
However, we won't conquer like Erinnyen in page two
but
rather stalk our soulless nature in 3 shades of grey

To Caress a delusion sometimes causes a peculiar
presence which behaves how a deeply sunken razor
would
sound in blood and consequently our echos let a glow
in
the breastless Bestiarium.
No
As my poisoned Shadows broke in two from the
Zodiacal
Light and only farther a displeased death of the
struggling odoring
Shock of a horned blade in the perfection of
Animalistic Lust
Decorating itself in a disgusting Vesture
Bacchanten Climbed Icy Abysses yet, it won't Bring
Forth the tender damnation
Necessity to breed is blinded by the Oviparious yearn
for death.
And those not against God & Lucifer are suspicious

A dissolute force highhandedly requires danger
When Death Rings for several luckless Maids
Bluish Anarchy will instill over the Gates of Naked
lust
Only an elder enrichment of the boiling-points to
forgive my life
Will the Blasphemous Origin contribute to all the Graven
Feet of the downfall.

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