

## Bethlehem

### "Through Stained Touch Of My Nemesis"

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Possibly, unexpected  
Allowing a Scorpion that  
Of what we still don't know  
And let it fall in sculptured blood  
By the Swing of his scrotum

The Putatives Grade your pre-judging swoon  
Overflowing bashfully to the view of a Shaved God  
in the brutal Darkness of an abandoned Horse eye

A second Scissor obtains admission  
over fivefolds of sorrow  
and it wasn't just the Chaos  
knitted like clothes  
Then when a flaming creature did it  
in the self-chosen dances of death  
And the Darker ones lead  
The Seraphs who hurriedly chase the sounds  
To Keep back the thoughts of Bursting  
A pissed Eel,  
Whose effigy steps over the edge of the Abyss

No Flames reach me  
and no one is already there  
Where my death Discords with  
an Enslaved toy base

No Nail Shadows tears through the stillness  
Of my submissive return home  
Yet, only to Directly sit itself on a shorter sword  
belt  
Over the consumed shame of my darken ardor

Death Believes negligence instigates with vehemence  
across the pale ashes that broods a ready to fry Love  
and the once straight beam is now bent  
and strapped to the wick no more.

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