

December Wolves

"My Bible"

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For these pages will be the knife to his throat!
A desolate island, summers once only to incubate
dreams.
My saliva... an ocean of thought was the allergy.
Saviour Centipede Pyramid bitch with a segmented
neck.
Wait in the hallway and burn all the pages you take
from me!
One again I, frothing and bleeding, deserve to die.
They won't let me!
The Gard factor thus be unveiled (Hail!).
No neck left now, shaving red hair in the shape of a
heart.
Lift your head and show me the blueprints.
Pave my way to the utopia betrayed by this mirrored
myth.

Take me now that I might find a good reason to die
with.
You promised me! when will I ever learn???
A desolate island, summers once only would digest the
dreams.
(In a) wet vagina, these servants of god will get rid of
me (patiently).
Dump out the satin bag, filling the halls with the smell
of the spell.
Hang your head in the rain and pave my way to the
arena,
betrayed by a spineless whore.
Take me now that I might find this life's exit door.

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