

## **Disfiguring The Goddess "Teeth Of Emulation"**

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Recoils from our offering, their birds of omen have no  
cry for comfort, for they are gorged with the blood of  
the dead. Pray for heavens sake they never come back.  
Lies, Communication failure. There was only sputtering  
of the fat melting flesh: the entrails dissolved in gray  
smoke. Our hearths and altars are stained with the  
corruption of dogs and carrion  
The only crime is pride.  
The only crime is pride.  
The corpse of the son. Reverence is a virtue, but  
sleepless lives in. Your death is the doing of your  
conscious hand. You have the seam of the  
unmontanimal man. Flesh of your own flesh, corpse for  
corpse. The one in a grave before her death, the  
Other... Dead. Curses will be hurled at you from far  
cities. You have thrust the child of this world into living  
night. Reverence is a virtue. sputtering of the fat thigh-  
flesh melting: Our hearths and altars are stained with  
the corruption of dogs and carrion their birds of omen  
have no cry for comfort, for they are gorged with the  
blood of the dead.  
The only crime is pride.  
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