

## Divina Enema "Darken The Murals"

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(There they were revealed by Men who occupied  
the sixth chamber, and took the forms of  
books and were arranged in libraries)

Alas for woe! Alas for woe! -  
It is high time to see the foe  
To know the law does claim your soul  
Alike the mute and helpless doll  
Thus claim you for its very own.

However the shadows grew longer and longer  
As evening fell - don't go beyond the last house  
Your village remindeth me an island in billow  
Of pestilent breeds have been running 'gainst us

Ye shalt die  
Well to be sure!  
But whilst ye are drowning - ye need no cure  
Don't implore  
Don't supplicate  
Ye shalt rot to the core before it's too late!  
Ye regard this solace as amongst cavalcade...

Of ire and delirious barking at church  
There is no need to go there without faithful torch  
The murals of hers do encumber to see  
There is only one way to contumacy

Down the face!  
The face of yours  
Come closer to the grace like that  
Shut it so close...  
As ye can...  
Imbrue her hills  
The harridan's corpse was entwined 'bout by the...  
Great worm's asp alike  
That's your funeral... Hih!

Lo, Thou hast procured her fragrant  
Thou didst debar her insolent folks  
And as ye look through those mirrors on her walls  
There are gargoyles flit ye about!

What were ye looking for?  
What were ye looking at?  
When this ae had been found by you  
Had ye expected thing like that?

Indubitable ae's deep coomb alike  
Darken the murals - do not see the light

Under palatial family vaults  
Lay open the graves... Let their prisoners rise!

Their eyne's dry...  
More so than thine  
Dauber of murals that shalt never shine  
Solemn hues which nane wilt ever see  
Thy art is the way to contumacy  
Hath anyone e'er confined thy legacy?

Do not crepitate!  
Soporific anthem is swimming so slowly...  
It's protected by them  
By the superstitions do rule everywhere  
Can ye die?  
I deem ye should give it a try!

Sylvan dark  
Decrease the light  
Shall ye fly towards the dawn o' total night?  
Sleepwards red and feculent sky  
Why have ye never read my rhyme?  
But anyhow... ye should give it a try!

Abysm provideth thy fall  
Abysmal mirrors on her walls  
Thou shalt acquire their mercy back  
If thou believe them - fall adown and break thy neck

For the sake of evil  
For the sake of... I don't care  
Why do ye always try to attain "famine of yours" so ye  
acquire your pain

Mortals! Why was your quest so discourteous then?  
If ye might have seen whether gift would be sent  
down...  
E'en my sight was aghast when that shining nail  
Was being pierced through the chest of the mass...  
knife alike  
If ye e'er want to see - do not look for your eyes. -  
And then - in days of yore - ye may creep to and fro:

Care of mine wilt be taken by ME: say FAREWELL

...to be continued...

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