

Divina Enema "Eaten & Forgotten"

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(And Angel said: 'Thus every one of your boasts that what he writes is new; tho' it is only the Contents or Index of already publish'd books. A man carried a monkey about for a show, and because he was a little wiser than the monkey, grew vain, and conceiv'd himself himself as much wiser than seven men. It is with every one of you: he shows the folly of churches, and exposes hypocrities, till he imagines that all are religious, and himself the single one on earth that ever broke a net. Now hear a plain fact: He has not written one new truth. Now hear another: he has written all the old falsehoods. And now hear the reason. He conversed with Angels who are all religious, and conversed not with Devils who all hate religion, for he was incapable thro' his conceited notions. Thus his writings are a recapitulation of all superficial opinions, and analysis of the more sublime but no further.')

I have done all my quests.
I am glad more or less.

Last time when I had gone -
She had screamed she would come

And try to recognise
What a deuce... Wench am I!

I shalt bring many things
When I spread my dark wings.

So ye wilt scream and cry -
I shalt hurt ye and I'll

Raise your laugh for a while
After that... Whore am I!

In the groove!

The most of you will never got to be happy at all

Because you can only weep and complain,
Because you try to remember your own childhood's
days...
I've got to remind you of coffins
And haunt you again and again
And the chain of life won't break anyway...
So, eaten bread is soon forgotten -
Taken cares soon disappear!

Angel of the dreams and nightmares
Show me the way you have flown this night
What have you seen,
What have you heard,
What have you done?
"...At the eventide
I was flying high above the woods,
I was going across the hills
Through the trees
I've seen the bloody moon in the midnight skies,
I've shed the vampiric mist on the fields
Oh, I worked very hard...
But I don't seem to have done a lot...

World needs adversities
Because they give you (opportunity to) hope -
The hope does let you get
Something's like a nice tomb.

Are you silly worm really surprised?
Do not you know, opportunity seldom knocks twice...
And your cares knock at your door almost everyday!
So, eaten bread is soon forgotten -
Taken cares soon disappear

Don't cry poor mankind, be quiet - I am here.
Soon I'll be feeding you... Guess what I brought
You as the others do need some meal. -
I will have given to you that ideal

I've ruined the human mansions -
Now there's misery and sadness there
Lick up your sweet desperation:
Have your bread and have your death!
But eaten bread is soon forgotten -
Almost all these brats ate the bread,
Devoured the gotten
I worked very hard...
But I don't seem to have done a lot...
And so I shall never stay without my work."

