

Divina Enema "V. Thing"

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(But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged; this I shall do by printing in the infernal method, by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying infinite which was hid. Messiah or Satan or Tempter was formerly thought to be one of the Antediluvians who are our Energies.)

Is it true what they say:
"If the sky falls we shall catch the larks?"

As you'll see if the sky falls
We shall catch no pretty larks
If it will have done, my dearest
We shall catch some evil demons

They'll be biting our fingers,
They will have devoured the earth
If you'll have invited them
You shall not be disappointed.

And what have you preferred to toll
Though there is nothing left at all...
Needs must when the devil drives -
There's no need to fear or cry

Night has come and day had gone
Having led chaos to enthrone
Try to save your soul and head.
Meet the omens of THE END!

BUT...
For evermore the first and foremost
SELF COMES FIRST

If you really want to watch all the omens of that end
Don't complain then - try to hold future troubles in your
hand

Even if tomorrow's cares shall fit you like a glove

Anyway I wash my hands off -
SELF COMES FIRST -
Goodnight, good luck.

Don't you care about existence:
GOD will take it for HIS own.
Only Devil keeps your body:
GOD will kill it.
Oh!

Don't you pray of this to your GOD? -
Wait for so-called judgement-day.
Don't you care about your body?
Don't you care about its way? -

Only Satan saves its life

Death won't come into your house
Whilst you stay in Satan's town
You won't die -
You'll never die
While you're standing upside-down

If you'd been slave of desire -
You became the Devil's child
Stay alive among the fire -
Self comes first...
Burn, cry...
Goodnight.

OH NO, NOW I HAVE KNOWN -
I AM A THING AND NOTHING MORE.
I HAVE LOST MY KEY
HAVING CLOSED MY DOOR TO MY LORE -
I WON'T TAKE IT ANYMORE.

My body doesn't have a name,
(Nobody does know it anyway)
I do think of chance that I could get:
"Who does need the useless one like that?"
Nobody does know my misery.
They say:"Nobody's interested in my fate!"
How many fools also lost their key yet?
And that's why they'll come here later than I will!

They always come too late -

I have to leave these gates
Unless they'll have returned
I'll waste my hate no more.

I am the THING on the endless shelf of life,
The nameless one among the countless names
I am the THING that does try to survive
Amongst the devil's court -
That's why I belong to him -
I am his THING.

Why do you think you aren't a THING? -
Then you cannot see the wood for the trees...
Do not you understand we are THINGS in a hand?
We can't see a GOD while we're down on our knees...

WELL! - I am just a THING and a THING that's useless
WELL! - I am just a THING in a Devil's hand
WELL! - I am the silent shadow in a Lucifer's looking
glass
WELL! - I am just a THING that you won't be able to
understand.

No way to mind - that's only reason why I'm silly slave -
I am not a worm, I am a THING in a darkest cave
Ain't no fallen one that does try to save one's creepy-
crawly ugly life.
I am the THING that's never going to die!

Why didn't you think us to be a THING?
You know - you could see the wood for the trees
Do not you understand - we are THINGS in a hand -
We can't see a GOD while we're down on our knees

Do not pass by my place
Mistress of the chaos:
Take me down from my shelf,
Try to see,
Try to guess
Which way shall I go,
Which road shall I ride,
Though I will have stayed there
Where I had been before...
You are poor mortal whore!
We shall go side by side
When we're met face by face...
Try to distress me. -
Are you trying to guess?
You are also a THING!
Babylon whore,
Sweet mistress of the chaos,
Didn't you guess
Who I am,
Who you are:
We are one and the same -

We do play hidden game
"FIND THE THING - FIND NO ONE" -
And your quest will be done.
Sweet mistress you'll have gone

I am not a drunken swine
That used to lick up last drop of wine
I won't change the mind of mine -
I'm the THING that's never going to die

If you can't believe in peace
Call your Devil: 666
That is catching sick-sick-sickness
In our cheap existence:

I think having lost the key
The others could not get in
And they'll be staying outside
Until they're going to die.

I have opened secret door:
We are A THING and nothing more
We've been put by... and not arrived,
We do become almighty sacral pride

Of our taker,
Almighty maker,
Our creator,
Our tormentor,
Our offender,
Our defender -
WE ARE A THING.

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