

Dodsengel

"Stellar Masturbation"

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I found a dark meditation
In a colourful constellation
An enlightening expulsion
A perpetuating stellar
masturbation.

Exempting pain and pleasure
From good and evil

I became Lord Chaos
Cursing his own saintliness
Approaching serpentine holiness.

Points of moments
Points of proponents
Stretching out to Pan
Tracings of scarlet blood
lo lo, Aaaaah!

... PAN.

PAN PAN PAN!

Revere the point of no return
Caught on a path
without concern
For ends, bends, or because
Curse them, curse
them, curse them!

Objecting relations and
external persuasions
Do not pass judgement unto
judgement of Love
Do what thou Wilt is
thine only right!

Yours is yours
And mine are mine.

