

Immolation

"The Tongue Of Pain"

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The tongue of pain,
A sip of blood,
Delicious taste
Of precious mud...
The gold of sweet
On gummy skulls,
A smile of trash
On lips of gulls.
Your poisoned friends
Are seeking sky.
They flock and drug,
They fuck and die.
The Moon-face grins,
It swallows tides.
Its soul sleeps.
In dreams it cries.
A wave of fluke
Will sink your hate.
In sea of silt
It can't but wait.
It keeps a gun
With sickly pills
To cure earthquakes
Or the thrills.
Your being is fiction,
Your dream is mire.
You rave and rove
And set on fire.
Can't stop your race
In bloody rain.
A flash of dark
Will full your pain.

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