

In Flames

"Dead God In Me"

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To slit the grinning wounds
from childhood's Seven Moons
The palette stained with
the ejaculated passions
(of forbidden, hedonistic colours)

Strike from the omnipotence; all-seer all-deemer
And haunt my severed county
with your dripping secret games

You picked the unripe lilies
Deflored and peeled the bleeding petals

made known to me
The grainy stains, the crimson lotus
of the Black-Ash Inheritance
The semen feed of gods and masters
The worms still in me, still a part of me
Racing out from leaking rooms
Swoop from broken lungs to block the transmission
To put an end to the nomad years

Father, you are the dead god in me

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