

Ingurgitating Oblivion "Imprecations"

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Gazing at the idol's countenance - stern,
Lethargic - of divine voracity.
Gaping at this senescent composition -
An impromptu of the grand opacity.
This downhearted Godhead stares into nothingness,
These eyes were carved to conceive interstices
That infix the essence of the element,
Emanating sectarian envy...
Gazing at this idol's countenance - vain
Withered decayed and defaced by conceit
Gaping at this decrepit composition - stone
Woven into the stifling air it breathes
Breathing finiteness, age, deceit
I vomit forth an imprecation of the incomplete,
Cursing this ignoramus in his sacrilegious sleep.
This imprecation of the incomplete
Curses the crippled face in it's eternal sleep
Saviour clad in word made flesh turned into stone
Craving for souls to build a dismal throne
Shaped by the ravings of those lost in folly
Dreams of the filthy to revel in purity
Thy gaze meets mine - the serpent uncoils
Behind the eyes worlds unfold
In this distorted dimension dominated by disease
I move in a multitude of colours and forms multiplex
In this raped unity devoid of ease
I masturbate upon the Divine - oblique, convex.
A vibrant idea of freedom,
Dreaded as the Great Beast,
Indulging in blasphemous wisdom,
Rejoices in the intellect's feast...
Rise above the misery
Rise above the scourge
Rise above the misery that heaven sent...

I mock the grimace of this infidel nonentity
Clad in denial and masochistic vanity
In solemn posture frozen
Forlorn saint swathed in shadow
Unmoved eyes, petrified impotent monstrosity
An image of what is inexplicable unveiled
Embodiment of lust to dominate...

... Dominate the profane...

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