

Lamb Of God

"Terror And Hubris In The House Of Frank Pollard"

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All the fucked up things trap & punish me I cannot
explain my problem.
Kill my hopeless life I cannot be hypnotized. You owe
me.
Push aside the veil to welcome in the visitors.
Eyes like halogen illuminate the soma peering out of
spherical night mask.
Paleolithic subconscious icons lumber through
dreamscape archetype of archangel.
Topside its far worse- infants painted gauze peer
through murky jars; soon I'm wearing the skin
of the morning star.

Green locks my name fills an empty banner. Frank,
what have you gotten me into now?
I am not afraid to speak my heart & mind it cannot be
saved sell me over. Fuck your hopeless
world, I am blacker than the sun. Tragedy. Have you
seen the speedy, yes?
Bleeds through the sleep onto the page. I'm sailin'... it
must be done

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