

Lux Occulta

"Mary Megaladon"

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This mass of black, in drifting back through systems
infinite.
Cradling light and frozen biting christ is crimping it.
To throw a spanner in the works and break it into bits.
Leaving the damaged blasted energy unkept, unlit.

Smoldering centuries tenfolded into burning time.
What was an eyeblink seems eternity massive, sublime.
Forever can't exist in parallel, but bent it flows.
Into itself until there's something, so the story...

Cold
I am the rip, the body stripped,
The naked trip, the sharp cold lips.

Cold
I am the end, god's ex-girlfriend,
The devil's breed, lilith on speed.

Come feel my skin, come taste my soul,
Come lick my edges till you bleed.
Come into black, come deepest hole,
Corrupt and cold and let me feed.

Cold.

Warm wet and now it's pouring.
The old man's fucking boring.
God's flock is shocked and whoring.
His name to rot their cores sing...

Cold.

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