

Lux Occulta

"Spite"

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My mockery is spelled in ink across these shapely.
Curves
Of bone under this wrapping flesh.
My hate won't dissipate so quickly with the coming
flame.
From all the tongues that echo all the old apocalypics.

One step beyond might grab their gaze from all the
flashing lights,
But fifty thousand paces and we'll own their eyes.

The fire in my belly building words so butcherous.
The fire in my lungs ejects them forward.
The fire in my head has taught me well, and time is
short.
This fire in my crotch contorts my core.

The devil in my eyes The evil in my heart
My one desire, consumes your fire
My one desire, devours your light.

As angels all fall down, So sick of guarding fools.
Into the black we'll make no sound,
The choice is made, these angels know no rules.

I mock your truths, I mock your words,
I mock your safe secure absurd.
I mock your ways, I mock your lives,
I mock your devil's god's and cries.
Will you have strength, enough to try,
Or simply chew out your own eyes,
In disencrypting this sharp smile can you decipher
What just might not be so wise?

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