

Lux Occulta

"Technochrist"

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I am the savior in the brothel, I'm the saint trading in
souls,
Christ on a Harley at full throttle, Bottled angel to be
sold.

I hide in corners of the church, the shadowed pieces of
the cross,
The flock dressed in their Sunday clothes,
I seek to cleanse them with them off.

I hold the keys to temp and spit, I know the secrets they
don't tell,
I bleed stigmata in the pit, I find the humor deep in hell.

I am tomorrow without fear, I am the past you will
regret,
I make you think the end is near,
Cause I know how it gets you wet.

I am what frightens you to sleep,
I am the only hope you've got,
Scream the praise your hole to keep,
Deliver you from all this rot.

And as the curtains close this chapter,
As the century winds down,
Maybe you'll learn from all my laughter,
Learn to swim or fucking drown.

Cause maybe this is what it takes,
Perhaps you'll learn from my mistakes,
The contradiction that makes sense,
Nail me up this time I won't flinch.

I crawl the nightlife as I bless, I pay the whores double
their price,
I scurry gladly through this mess, I am the artificial
light.

I bring the hope to those who bet,
Their lives for fame and fortunes tongue,

I am the shit that you inject, I'm beautiful, rich, smart
and hung.

I lie I cry, I lead astray, I have control over your fate,
I live for getting in the way, I love to taunt and agitate.

I'll never stop, I'll never change, eternally, I still exist,
I'm sick and sexually deranged,
Still when I'm gone, I'm always missed.

I live in blood sweat tears and come,
I'm made of sickness made of death,
I am the leach that sucks you numb,
I am the pussy on your breath.

I am the lines the information, the redemption in the
wire,
The thought behind the masturbation, I'm the energy
the fire.

I am what frightens you to sleep,
I am the only hope you've got,
Scream the praise your hole to keep,
Deliver you from all this rot.

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