

Nephenzy Chaos Order "Thou Who Parts Flesh"

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Oh cutter of veins,
Thou who parts flesh,
Red are the roses you grow.
Let me this night
Be the soil from which you nourish.

Deliver into limbs
Your rhythmic slaughter.
Tender is the wound,
Shooting trickles through the sky,
And the freezing that follows.

Ramming concrete.
The snap of wet bone
Protruding its wrappings.
And the sickening delight
Of discovering therein;
There is virtue in mourning.
Stab and burn
With slashing vengeance.
Like a constant churn
This millstone penance.
I loose well if nothing else.

I smile not.
Life passes by
With giant leaps
In slow motion.

Steal not this from me,
Oh beautiful love.
Undeserving as I am,
Of your caring affection.
Chances are I'll let you all down.
The essence of my being.

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