

Crematory

"My Last Words"

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The lavishness of life is my
Decision
The souls of all souls lie
Securely in my hand
A life is my servant and
Nobody touches them but me
I burn myself in the coldness
Of the wind
He hates and tortures me,
Betrays himself
But i am silent and mock him
In spite of pursuit
I hurl leprosy, pest and smallpox
At him

These are my last words
These are my last thoughts
My last way
These are my last words
These are my last thoughts
My last way
These are my last words
These are my last thoughts
My last way
These are my last words
These are my last thoughts
My last way

I behold the names of his holiness
Because i grind them between my jaws
And cut them out my body
The power of the pentagram
Does not frighten me
I am the master of the triangle
Be careful and warned because
I will not outwit him
I will spew words and
You will need them
As the call of his holiness
But they will be nothing more
Than one of my farces

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I am the master of all forms
All forms arise from me
I am the form of all forms

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