

Nuclear Death

"Proposing To The Impaled"

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We have loved and been loved
and we have been scorned and hurt by love;
love as an entity can be a black and hideous thing-
...it masticates then swallows and in the end
we are it's moist stools...

I found your parents
(now the black fruit which nourishes the lice of the
earth)
and asked them for your hand in marriage
but their foul remains refused me
so I disturbed them...

Lord Maggot Under Earth
Your Lover Impaled Live
Love Bleeding Colon's Blood
Moon Above Beneath Night
LORD MAGGOT UNDER EARTH
YOUR LOVER IMPALED LIVE
LOVE BLEEDING COLON'S BLOOD

MOON ABOVE BENEATH NIGHT

I stand before you adorned in web
human only in form, the Lord of Maggot...
remember my proposal of matrimony
as the stake break through the walls of your intestine
to meet your lungs, my love...

the gravy of your ruined bowels continue to run
the more you spill, the more I love
the gravy of your ruined bowels continue to run
the more you spill, the more I love
The Gravy Of Your Ruined Bowels Continue To Run
The More You Spill, The More I Love
THE GRAVY OF YOUR RUINED BOWELS
CONTINUE TO RUN
THE MORE YOU SPILL, THE MORE I LOVE

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