

## Pagan Altar

### "Prone"

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Why should I deny  
That I will not resist  
How could I decline  
When I am still prone  
Welcome  
To the weird travel through my wood  
Of uncertain emotions  
The wedlock between laudable and barren dreams  
Welcome  
To my world  
A circus of nakedness  
Chase these thoughts away  
Take my lust away  
Welcome  
To my inner side  
Enter the disaster  
Drill yourself into the fat  
Go inside  
Welcome  
To the sexual and imperious art  
Chase these thoughts away  
Take my lust away  
Sell me a smile  
And I will give you happiness  
Drowning in tears of hate  
Material man  
Tortured man  
No man  
Hammer and the meat will die  
Through the laughing face  
Breaks a resounding disgust  
It tries to inhale my life  
It pins your flesh in my open mouth  
My thoughts crawl into your hole  
Any nerve in an evil minefield  
Will burn me out  
Because home is where the lust lives  
Hammer until the meat is dead

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