

## **Path Of Golconda "Calling The Tide"**

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Fattened winds of industries have called upon thee  
deflorating nature with tornado licks  
orbital ca-ballets of catastrophe  
dancing at the edge of revelation-  
Imminent, malevolent- a cruel upheaval  
Struggling forth to wipe away this virus-race  
forgotten ghouls have sought to choose, ghostly  
grinning  
with blinded spells and from disgrace  
feeds the fall of mankind.....

Carven into the flesh of this sleaze  
-breathing the stench of decline-  
a wave to end the disease:  
Calling the Tide!

The anticlimax of this drama, haughty and condemned  
to fail  
Fading lonely, whining wholly storms of time too strong  
to sail

Carven into the flesh of this sleaze  
-breathing the stench of decline-

a wave to end the disease:  
Calling the Tide!

From allusion to reversal  
Falls the poetry of loss  
And with broken, lengthened fingers  
From the ruins of moral lingers  
A dream to tear, a mind to twist  
One drowns and sinks and both eclipse...

The Gates of Hellotopia opened wide  
As the great red harlot with covetous thighs  
Is pleased by the worms of carcass ecstasy  
Let me swallow shallow  
Decadence-  
Away with the flood  
With curtain, bow and dank cascades  
A final cast in lot with

Diabolo ex machina

Carven into the flesh of this sleaze  
-breathing the stench of decline-  
a wave to end the disease and  
Man keeps up calling the Tide

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