

Deathrow

"Abscission"

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...The depths of abjection, a throne of manure
But even during the ecstasies of beatification
It is by no means possible to separate them
The den of serpents, the knot of vipers corruption-bred
And the blazing spirit of the mystic heaven above
Angel browed with brass
Wreathed by a halo, sublime and infinite
Tunneled by vermin
... Feverish miasmas and a silent canticle...

Implemini Spiritu Sancto
The scorching heat of the furnace inside galvanizes
A grapevine whose roots sink deep, far into the arteries
In contemplation the Lord of harvests long gone
Shall murmur obscene wonders to those who ate the
grape
Desperately feeding the empty void
Growing on innocent blood, the stronger and the
greater
In ruthless rigour, in funeral glee
Implemini Spiritu Sancto
The foam of nausea slowly rising to the teeth
Yes! Truly adorned with the grim regalia of perdition

I shall hold high a bowl of gems of unseen radiance
Enveloping spirit and will in seraphic rapture
O deformity, hear the weeping prayers
Arise from rot, be my child! Be my promise!

The nebulae in the superior sky howled like a starving
hound
Aboyeurs de dieu! Aboyeurs de Dieu!
Implemini Spiritu Sancto

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