

Deathrow

"Blessed Are The Dead Whiche Dye In Lorde"

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Stare wide-eyed at this dense pitch boiling by the art
divine
Amniotic liquid of another kind
That flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of
god
Behold the transformation, servant
Incise and devour your tongue for all men are liars
Gnaw at the saintly visage of your beloved
Receive a rapturous communion of flesh and skin
And do not cease until you swallowed her nose host-
alike
Do not cease until the Baptist collects
Three quintessential drops, progeny of that torment,
And anoints you thrice... and anoints you thrice... and
anoints you
Thrice...
Like a malignant tumour and sudden growth of cancer
divine
A rebirth in putrefaction irreversible, corruption does
not inherit
Uncorruption
Say it loud the ultimate paradigm: Blessed are the
dead whiche dye in the
Lorde
The sting of death is sin and the strength of sin is the
law
The law of man is His presence and dominion...
We will submit ourselves unto Him
And henceforth walk in His ways
And immolate on thine altar the spirit of individuality
As thou, Lord, desireth sacrifices and obedience
We grant you all human love, kiss the burden that
crushes our bones
And yell ecstatically at the spectacle of your
abominations
What reward shall I give unto the lorde,
For all the benefites that he hath doen unto me?

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