

The Amenta "Mictlan"

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Feathered serpent embrace arrest staggered breath
Weeping wound on heaving chest
Mask of four sun filth hide tracks of torture
Sear the weeping flesh
Smear trails of rot on fiery toothed stone
Feel rancid breath break on suppurating heels
Tongue sup wine from the flesh that it steals
It burns like Venom

Lips back from teeth in insolent rictus
Touch the skin it marring above two silhouettes
Arms entwined like hissing snakes applaud the hound
cremated

As blazing thirst slaked A soulmate for the soulless
Charred, relentless cur thick taste of death rise
In flames from burning fur blacken to ash
Writhe in the glow of embers
The bed burns hot
Screams inscribed in smoke carved as knife cuts in
bier
Life reduced to putrid carrion thrones at the apex of
bones
Dead in pyramids piled cool ecstasy of immolation
Court of the skeletal king tiers of flame she'd light
Set sickly faces to burn contort themselves against it's
glare
The two of cruel countenance will them in darkness
keep
Tearing life from life
Beware Mictlan

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