

Ana Kefr "Emago"

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Slava!

"Dulcet bitterness it was, with shadows cast as pearls
therefrom - the
Burial Tree,
The blessings of Illumination," said the serpent to me.
"For, if the worth of our autonomy's the everlasting
flame, it's a pleasure
To burn and to the ashes do we return. So let bleed the
scourge, do this in
Remembrance of me," his sullen tongue of coals
whispering secrets to the
Hearth.
"The tree of wisdom bears the fruit of blasphemy, for if
from ignorance
Hails bliss then with enlightenment comes the abyss
and hopelessness," so said
The Ophidian One.
Bathos, my bodhi - this changes everything.
"In this immoral fable's meaning: the forbiddance to
seek the path of
Knowing,
But instead obey, exalt and concede; censure the lust
for liberation, prize
Submission, retreat."
The serpent recoiled in disgust and sensed the
presence of the abattoir.
"Fattened for their slaughter, they ask and now
receive. What they've sown
Now they shall reap."
Where the tree of knowledge stands is always
Paradise.
"Hear me in my reprieve, mortal enemies of reason:
embrace the way of your
Ishtishhad god if your lives are but a vale of sorrow.
Hear me, deceivers - the
Swastikrist's your savior, your precious prophets all
pedophiles, your
Afterlives populated by whores."
So spake the serpent unto me.

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