

Not One Is Upright

"The Watchmaker"

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Passion, sweat, and blood
Wash up on this beach of time
From the rites of the temples and the kings to the vile
brothels emerge the clockwork face
Grain by grain of sand pass through the hourglass, she
shall pass
She measures, pacing, pleasure marks the fleeting
seconds
Toe the line
Appetite drives the beast
She is the clockwork's face
Revolve round the thistles and the thorns of this barren
earth
Coax the rising tide
Ripples pulse into waves of fury at the earth
And the beast reigns
Until the King returns

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