

## Secret Chiefs 3 "Hypostasis Of The Archons"

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You corpse animators, charcoal burners,  
moulders of wax, adherants to the Seen

The Black Hand pushes  
Your- agnostic reflex  
You- automatons  
Of- the animatronic sham

You're planted in the Garden of  
Earthly Corporate Temple Messiah  
the baby-crackers boomed  
and echoed off the Bardo  
like half-assed Prometheans  
with stupid macrame crowns

Saran-wrapped neurotic SMI LE's  
around the Vajra Hell  
and sold the "goddess" back to a world  
already drowning in Bohemian Snake Oil

Draw open the curtains of the Abyss  
where Mother and Father can't  
keep up appearances

They switched to Merck-Amphetamines  
Our Fearless Leaders have  
packed their bags for Babel

And from that PR tower  
they shine the beacon down  
upon the vampirized world

Where corpse-fucker "artists" back-engineer  
their stupid props to attract the dim sparks  
back to the dungheap  
& now they all shovel shit  
down the throat of their beloved Moloch

I've watched the best minds of my generation  
prostrate themselves before the myth of  
Progressive Evolution  
like a bunch of fucking dressed-up rats

spreading "civilization" like its the plague

All points of view  
are points of sale  
in the Market of the Visible  
Equipped with Grand Scale Optics  
Transhorizon offshore nations  
offer you the best in False Frontiers

A pseudo-individual  
is a resource to be mined  
like any other product  
only, this one sells itself  
Where Good is the Harness of the Slave  
and Evil is the lash of the Overseer  
The Master takes no heed  
(but where is there such a Master?)

Under watchful eye of the Unholy See  
you Obey Your Thirst like cap-  
tive dogs, desires "liberated", free

Substitute Horizons, full-screen  
Third world population transfer, no need  
Fetishized, Colonized, free  
Produce the new location  
download it to their screen

Hollywood Triumphant  
We'll burn your Holy Land  
and give you virtual space  
Hollywood Triumphant  
Panoptical Surveillance  
murdered human race  
Behold the Antagonist,  
on the Throne of this world  
Who dares help him  
build in the House of God?  
These mortifyers are  
sucked dry by the Druj  
of their cryptotheocratic nightmares

So who will defend the Temple?  
NO ONE! NO ONE! NO ONE!  
Burn it down!

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