

Secret & Whisper

"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 it's 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 mortifiers 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!

