

Septic Flesh "Phallic Litanies"

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Welcome to the joyous carnival of passion
Where the mind surrenders to the animal
Smell the seductive odor of the naked skin
Bathed in the exotic oils, the potions of desire
It would be a folly to defy the eldest law
For resistance will only supply the fire of lust
With her wooden excuses
We are here to drink this old wine without remorse
To spill the fluid of Genesis
In abundance because we all know
That as this elixir of life will flow
We will be left exhausted but smiling
Nails sink into sweaty ground
Marking dionysiac stings
Sparks set from velvet tongues
That bring close soft orange lips
Phallic Litanies
Paths lead inside warm nests, the sacred shrines of sin
As serpents we crawl beneath
The guises that we all wear
It would be a folly to defy the eldest law
For resistance will only supply the fire of lust
With her wooden excuses
So it will grow stronger and stronger
Until fatally it will consume the renegades
With the flames of their denied satisfaction
Phallic Litanies

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