

Pointed Sticks

"The Final Words"

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Lo and behold!
They preach servility, the conformed way of breathing.
They speak in the same tongues everyday.
Betwixt fear I smelt a carcass bathed of sin.
The carrion swarm will love us for this one.
Our only curse is the disgusting rotting urge.
To feed our ears with the devils piss.
Loyal and servile we kneel before his fallen throne.
Let us try recite once, before we rot and burn.
Master almighty, my light, separate my sinful spine.
"Bow your heads, to the sound of creation.
To the giver and take of life."
Swallow the sand and let it drown your insides.
This must be cleansing.
Cleansing for the constant current of whispers.
In the eyes of every second there is the warm breath of
his lowness.
Temptation is our common blood as it runs free
through the brain of every human skull.
Our fragile spines are so very meek.
We fracture to the simple calls of six fingers, eyes and
feet.
Now I see what we've come to spectate today:
To pit the flesh on our back against nerves will never
hold our will.
They won't give in.
They won't give in until we've surrendered.
They won't give in. The signals deep beneath my feet
preach past the beat and rest beneath.
The martyrs call but we bind the lock and heave.
And now we've fallen from such monumental height
unto the grounds of summoning fear.
So perfectly measured, calculated every deed.
The books of his back hands march to the path of
transcribed disease.
I've given up.
And the world has given in.
When there is nothing left of earth, recite the final
words.
When there is nothing left of earth, recite the final
words.

Recite the final words.

When there is nothing left of earth, recite the final words.

"Mother abysmal can you mask my life's obscenities?"

The sky has spoken.

I'm in contempt up to my ears, mother.

Cry every unbirthed captive wolf.

The scale is now my master.

Respond only to his voice" Respond only to his voice.

They won't give in until we've surrendered.

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