

The Code

"Possession Is The Medicine"

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The statues are tilted
In priest-like poses
They're moving their arms
In rhythmical dreams

Possession is the medicine
For the tainted blurred within

Lined up on pedestals
In pestilent postures

Possession is the medicine
For the tainted words whim

Imprisoned in spine
Tending lights in the tunnels

Speaking in tongues
Shining in spasms

The invisible presence
And his toxic torrents
The clocks have all slowed
To the sound of howling throats

Acrid fumes on the horned horizon
Altars stained with blood
Cutting off thrones to spite the face
All phantoms underground
Walk with me now

Possession is the medicine!

Memorial wolds of fanaticism
Medicate the worship within
Nefarious roads of old omens
The overpowering will
Disturbance in the root of the self
A loose thread reveals
In too deep to turn back now
Just a spoonful of hate
Helps the medicine go down!

Possession is the medicine!

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