

Prey Tell Of The Church Fate

A Forest of Stars

So we forge onward through lonely valleys of pious
pretense.
No healthy prophets encountered outside these steely
inquisitor's eyes.
No men of any monotone god we could stand proud beside.
They and their guilt-riddled baubles cast onto the
blazing temple pyres,
holy whore houses proudly reduced to ashes of sweetest
desecration.
Soporific spirits quaffed from dusty, sightless skulls.

Strong-heart would not entertain their malady.
Weak of will tangled in leprosy.
Spiritual sickness babbling incessantly.
Babbling Babylon put to the torch.

Pinched faces staring through funereal fog,
felt flame broiled crook'd hands a'grasp.
Ground them to fine dust, snorted them deep.
Left coated in confusion, with my lack of sleep.

You that seek to encode reality, to defraud sanity -
Be damned!

You that seek to incarcerate spirit, to calcify astral
eyes -
Be damned!

Be mindful that mind is not you.
Be mindful that you are not mind.
Be mindful that heart knows how this goes.

As real as Azrael?

Don't mind - never mind.
Don't mind - never mind.