

Masturbating the War God

Nile

Evil sick flames cast uncertain shadows in the dimly lit Temple
of
Anhur as we count the dead and vanquished by hacking off their
phalluses and piling the severed hands before the living stone
image of God.
The shamed and humbled women of the subjugated kneel in hopeles
s
Aquiescence as we grasp them by the hair and force them to serv
e
our father Anhur.
Yea we impale them on the massive stone member of the Ithyphall
ic
War God until the backs of their throats are torn out and their
bowels are ripped apart.
One by one we force the female captives to serve the Ahati unti
l
the Gods legs are awash with blood and his phallus drips with
red and black gore Un snem sheth teshher mekhsefu parthal m aba
neth Anhur.
We lay our bloodstained weapons of Iron on the altar of Anhur a
nd
His Seed blesses us with strength to slay our enemies Like as u
nto
Menthu we have become Ithyphallic.
The mighty Sekhmet is with us.