

## Excremental Magic

Thou Art Lord

Incarnations in the voice of a child  
Spells brewed in wizened fingertips  
Eyes implode and guts fountain,  
cranial terror of the invader

Twelve disciples erupt in flames  
The thirty air consumes the ashes  
Unleash predators avenging shadows  
pursued by barbaric serenades

Experimental magick  
Blood of a new Christ  
Whirring in isolation  
vowing revengre on the cosmos

The moon commands the creation  
hatched under a lunar bane  
charged with universal melancholy  
Protozoic words slither from lips

A new product of Sodom  
greeting from the torture  
fed upon a graveyard erotica  
It's the eve of dead souls