

The World Made Flesh

Vader

Most often a trap and a deception, a word can also be an act of creation

and the careful repetition may bring into being new modes of existence.

This is my litany

Against things small and dumb

And the gods of Stasis and Hubris

But for the Word that Makes

This is my word made flesh, my cry and rage

My endless speech that strives to create

This is my recitation

The stubborn logos that pulsates and grinds

Here is my repetition

Of insult, filth, fantasy and love

That calls into being the trigger

The transcendence that'll reveal itself out of the roar

This is my word made flesh, my cry and rage

My kingdom of words that always fail

This is my invocation

My statues carved from stone of silence

My secret whisper in the dark

Which I'll lay waste to with my tongue

My hieroglyphic prayer and chant

For all that is true and high and bright