

# Deus Ex Vagina

Aeon

All starts and ends  
in the womb of sinful woman  
The one with hair made of fire  
And eyes hidden under the veil of naivety  
Through the centuries the truth about her  
was defined by her capacity to procreate

On the very bottom of her humanity  
Warm blood lies in a golden bowl  
Women were screaming of it men were falling for it  
From which blood springs hope or despair

Commandments were crawling out from her womb  
And the night was covering them with lies

Fire with charm digested her sinful body  
And the wind strewn about her head with the ash of her own thigh  
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Woman - sponger  
Reflection of the reality  
Your soft hands are tools of ruin  
Your sinful body is a source of god

I will never show my grief again  
Grief for primal privileges of humanity  
Your sanctity is an incurable disease  
that constrains an idea of progress  
Answers shall be great events and defeat of the great  
bastards tyrants flatterers