

Spurcitas

Aeternus

In his eyes, in his sight
In his illuminating power
In darkness as in light
In man's proudest tower

In love as in blinding hate
In warmth and in comfort
In every birth and ending fate
In prayers for the Lord to come forth

On staggered path and knifesharp stone
On ashes of scorched earth and bone
On a transcendent flagellation high
On ascetic wings and soon...to die

On salvation ground and close to the holy ghost
On wooden cross and close to the holy ghost
On a pulpit and words of condemnation
On harvest soil and in humble immolation

In filth, on filth