

Mater Dolorosa

Augury

Snap, crackle, pop
Apprentice started with bugs
Moving on to the usual stray
Graduated to the bipedal ones
Purse full of tie wraps and blades
Miss Caligula again skipped school...

Conceived the plan long before she could conceive you
Wished that laying with fools was unnecessary
Pondering torments waiting in store for you
Labor pains so volupt comparatively
(Please, remain a ghost...)

Pain extracts the essence of life
Like fire brings iron out of the ore
A carnivorous flower
Sets to feast on her yield
Daydreaming over
Cheerfuk eyes... and rusty hooks

Steadily gathered scalpels and probes
left them oxidize for better abrasion
Fantasies arising as she felt you grow inside

(Shall raise a being of light!)
Precious, much more pleasurable to break
Dreamed of her spit blending in with your tears
Through a decade long theater play
Acolytes have rehearsed for years
Should have remained a ghost!

Immah... lama sabachtany?
Immah... lama sabachtany?
Blindfolded for the surprise
Serenaded by "uncles" that you never met
Soon they will... snap, crackle, pop...
A bone every hour!

Flayed meat now lays wiggling in pain,
Crying through lidless drying corneas
Watching the world slowly fading away
Exhausted soul at last liberated
Eludes like a ghost