

Touched by Jecon
The inciter
Well-rounded womanflesh
Doth tempt
The angels of the watch
To sin
And their sons are
Nephilim

Thrice blessed are we in his garden
We have the world, our health, our kin:
As we ťgo forth and multiplyť
We take form each other's skin

Endogamy: the choice of millions
In (all their) elemental ugliness:
In the echoes of repetition
Imperfection sires itself

Nothing in life
Has any business being perfect:
It's an affront
To anyone with good taste

Choice is divine
So choose family over strangers:
Why trouble the waters
Of the gene pool for a mate?

Carbon Vessel
Carbon content
Carbon copy
...Carbonize...

Like a lump between two surgeons
Man quivers 'twixt desire and need:
The law is the will, and we've chosen
The kingdom of which we would be

In filial sect
We are genesis incarnate:
In our faces
We see manifest destiny

(and) leave nothing alive

With thoughts of heaven come deeds of flesh:
We'd look once more upon his holy visage
And our children whom we've known and wed
(are) our means to recreate his image

In lurking fear of his displeasure
After dark, between their cries
In the eye of the beholder:
This is where beauty dies