

Enter Suicidal Angels;

How hungry have we become;
Like animals naked in shame
Fed with the hooves of apocalypse
that galloped down, disordered
worlds behind

From word to a word I was led to
a word
that spanned over cultures in rage

Crimson masses, steeped in decadence
holding our tongues to the thirsty
sun
So, is the future still open?
Then enter, hornet, from our hive-dark
hearts
to draw down the end from within

We need not the horns
that emanate from our warty, haunted
bodies

Nihilist, Hedon
the priceless art of their lives
Sorrow is a wing laid atop their
heads.
Skin deep, we carve our immeasurable
sorrow
in the fold of your shivering arms

Hedon,
Your children wild
and filled with death

Jupiter in our unforgiving eyes;
a pandemonium of bodies and gold
Eager, as a part of your face
and the sickness attached to your
skin (stone)
as the wine-rush,
charging from androgynous wombs
to open free the lid of pain

Hedon,
rinsed in post-human shadows
a monument scorned by the teeth
of time
Stale-faced keeper of secrets,
leaded with implosive fire
the whore that carried the apostle
to the mating point on the graves
of giants

We look at you, afraid
to see what we really are.