

Deliver Me From Mine Enemies

Diamanda Galás

When any man hath an issue out of his flesh,
Because of that issue he is unclean
Every bed whereon he lieth is unclean
And everything whereon he sitteth, unclean.
And whosoever toucheth his bed shall be unclean,
And he that sitteth whereon he sat shall be unclean.
And he that toucheth the flesh of the unclean becomes unclean,
And he that be spat on by him unclean becomes unclean.
And whosoever toucheth anything under him shall be unclean.
And he that beareth any of those things shall be unclean.
And what saddle soever he rideth upon is unclean
And the vessel of earth that he touches, unclean.
And if any man's seed of copulation go out from him, he is unclean.
Every garment, every skin whereon is the seed, unclean.
And the woman with whom this man shall lie with will be unclean.
And whosoever toucheth her will be unclean.
This is the law of the plague,
To teach when it is clean and when it is unclean.
And the priest shall look upon the plague.
For a rising and for a scab and for a bright spot.
And the priest shall shut up he who hath the plague.
He shall carry them forth to a place unclean.
He shall separate them in their uncleanness.
This is the law of the plague:
To teach when it is clean and when it is unclean.

Excerpt from Psalm 22

Many bulls have compassed me;
Strong bulls of Bā'-shān have beset me round.
They gape upon me with their mouths,
As a ravening and roaring lion.
But thou, O Lord, shall bring them down,
Thou shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction
Greedy deceitful men shall be exposed as vermin
And their days as iniquity.

Excerpt from Psalms 58 and 59

Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God:
Deliver me from the workers of iniquity, and
Save me from bloody men.
For lo, they lie and wait for my soul:
The mighty are gathered up against me;
Not for my transgressions, not for my sin, O Lord.
They run and prepare themselves without my fault:
Awake to help me and behold.
Swords are in their lips: for who, say they, doth hear?
But thou, O Lord, shall laugh at them. The God
Of my mercy shall let me see my desire upon mine enemies.
And at evening let them return, and let them
Make a noise like a dog, and go round about
The city. Let them walk up and down for meat, and
Grudge if they be not satisfied.
Break out the great teeth of the
Young lions, o lord and when he
Bendeth his bow to shoot his

Arrows, let them be cut in pieces!
Bring them down, O Lord, our shield.

Text by Diamanda Galas

The Devil is an impotent man
He says it nice and plays himself off as the friend
He tries to make you uncertain
So your hands shake
And then he tells you you're insane
When you call him by his rightful name:
Impotent homophobe and coward!
So you will miss when you aim at this evil man
Who cannot get it up
Except
In the T. V. public operating room of another man's misfortune