

Two Snakes

Fucked Up

Heaven and Hell in the hands, a spell to combine the Gods. Sublimate the odds, two globes divine, synchronize the lobes Vesica contained, consonance attained the two snakes born of the womb. We spill out of the fish turn Pisces to twins, divide twelve into six, two halves of a whole tug at a singular soul wound round a staff. Two snakes compete for control, the two snakes cognitive dissidence of the soul let them struggle to eat it whole. So let the hands of fate slither like a snake, constrict around the earth strangled by its girth plant the staff genesis. A tree plant, a serpent seed into the mind to bleed wisdom unwind to the dark concede to retreat from light to one side. Confine the two snakes, canons and cancrizans tempo in time mezzo in space and face south to climb twelve strings serpentine cadence condense but unwind the snakes refrain a fugue to see we are blind. The two snakes' spagyric spirit addition begun manifold within springs the bind, undone Manichean dream turn the halves to one. All the stars combine to a single sun, lies to truth and dust to life, close the whole and bring black to white, boil the fire and drink the flames, detach from life to live free again the two snakes.