

Age Of Excuse II

Mgla

The stench of zeitgeist
Is the incense of discarded shrines
As the corpses put on powder and rouge
So that the hoax can proceed, ever sideways
A cheaped-out incarnation into a shopworn sarx
The soul congeals into a grimy lump
Substance of the world, dreary and pale
At the feet of a spirit detached

Between the grinder and the abattoir
Such are the landscapes of grief
Grayness and glitz
Glitter and gehinnom

Between tedium and fright
Such is the song of the nether world
The hissing of rats
And the jarring chants of angels

A sacrifice to the gutter gods
Squandered redemption, misplaced grace
As an ailing mole burrowing in Eden
Living breathing downfall

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It's a land of sun gone down
In comical grandeur
A sluggish danse macabre
Hyenas waltzing about

Would a new flood please finally come
A real rain and an assortment of plagues
And when all is said and done
Even the Devil won't care enough to spit in the mud