



Follow the wounds
enter the self-inflicted gateway
Let the Devil come through

There is a purpose in self-destruction
There is a pattern in razorblade chaos
Golden spirals, flesh tear opened
Bleeding, fracturing, burning, healing

For men shall sin, and not repent!
Betraying the call of continued creation

A thousand pages written with blood
Words and images of uttermost horror
And the visions, shaped for millennia
Of holy negativity approaching