

## Phallic Litanies

Septicflesh

Welcome to the joyous carnival of passion  
Where the mind surrenders to the animal

Smell the seductive odor of the naked skin  
Bathed in the exotic oils, the potions of desire

It would be folly to defy the eldest law  
For resistance will only supply the fire of lust  
With her wooden excuses

We are here to drink this old wine without remorse  
To spill the fluid of Genesis  
In abundance because we all know  
That as this elixir of life will flow  
We will be left exhausted but smiling

Nails sink into sweaty ground  
Marking dionysiac stings  
Sparks set from velvet tongues  
That bring close soft orange lips

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Paths lead inside warm nests, that scared shrines of sin  
As serpents we crawl beneath  
The guises that we all wear

It would be folly to defy the eldest law  
For resistance will only supply the fire of lust  
With her wooden excuses.  
So it will grow stronger and stronger  
Until fatally it will consume the renegades  
With the flames of their denied satisfaction

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