

# Subliminal Genocide

Xasthur

Wind amidst the flame  
I gazed out  
Tapped into the fog and shared her pain  
When in her mind she sought his leave  
And begged forgiveness

I splintered Her coffin and lay on the floor  
Of a vault with Her clasped as the moon hugs the shore  
What treachery this that She breathed no more?  
Christ you bastard!

I wished Her back but the dead adored Her  
Even wild winds sang in chora for Her  
Saffron from my heart, from the start I swore  
We'd be together more...

Creation froze with the triumph of Death  
But still She stirred and awoke bereft  
Of concern save for the aeons left  
To lead the darkness...