

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...