

Thots

Otep

nothings changed
the senates still corrupt
and the emporer remains insaneand everyday
is a new strain of slaughtersupply lines are less protected
evil on all sidesI can smell the death on your flesh
-- creeping intrapped within the twisting fingers of fear
and all i see is you
and all i see is youthat face
those eyes
burning like leprosy
i can see u there
poisoning the airprostituting Nationalismand i want to attack
to rip out your heart and lay your flat on your backand vomit a world of agony and truth
into your throbbing illness of memory... and hate guides our way
... and hate guides our wayI long for the icy slap of a belt across my back
for the acceptance of death and blind cave warthe giving sleep of depression
the sweet elucidation of savage, meaningless aggressionchiseled in the meaty forearms of
Mother Jupiter and his slave disciplesin the harem tents - outside
just beyond the edges - i ridea cycloptic mirror in the fires of imagination
feeding my disease
a river of plaguesI need something to remind me I am still sinning
that pain in important
that words matter
that healing in possiblethat eye am not alone ... in this- guard the houses
- triple the watch
- maidens, dig up your sorcery
- sirens, sharpen your rocks... you will eat my pain againwhatever you need
whatever you need
whatever you needunite messiah ME

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