

***One Day, You Will Die.***

*Mystique*

Everlasting thanks, current Sister.

Future Mother; once Lover.

Her Daughter: eternal Goddess.

*What is a Father?*

I don't think that I was ever a part of the plan.

So, now I stand apart; please do understand;

That, without a father, how could I ever grow to be a man?

I look back on this pathetic little life of mine; sometimes,

I wonder why anyone would even bother with taking the time;

The time to conceive such a worthless child, as I.

Nothing is something; every day is a lie.

Alone, I shine, radiantly; On a guided path, searching for the Divine.

Additionally, I find, that I don't even need a father.

Into my own man, I have made myself.

I am a bastard with a brain.

So, therefore, I salivate for the experience.

And am eager for the pain.

*Sweating; Naked*

I'll always love you, for what you represent to me.  
But I fucking hate you, for making me second place for you.

I am what I am; and that's all of what I am.  
More than just a man; a mind with an elevated voice;  
One who knows, that he must now rise, and take a stand.

A stand for the holy, the righteous; the unseen.  
A stand in protecting, all of the things, I dreamed that, one day, I would be.  
Because that day is coming yesterday, out of the way; I'm still catching up, now.  
Formerly, the motto was, hey brother, "Let's go up, now."

Nowadays, it ought to be, "A witch's tit oozes nothing,  
but putrid and rotting sniveling garbage,  
Dripping with a whole lot of festering; black luck."

But, at final thought; there is no black blood.

I still hope that your seed grows as majestic, as a wild blooming tree.

And if you ever wish to set your thoughts upon me;

Just look to the sea, where my thoughts, linger free.

Out, on pale glass, while moon sits upon sky, held ever so high;

I am the stars; watching with no eyes; Cosmic and heavenly, mothering womb.

*Scion*

Would you take the leap into a rolling, fiery lake?

Would you face the hate, of countless dissatisfied babes?

Whose expiration date, rolled over, before they could ever meet their proper fate?

We stand divided in a world obsessed with violence,

raging against the system who provides for them;

Biting the hand that rocks the handle of the bassinet that you reside in.

Presiding over a prior practice,

once preached upon, by a high-minded priory.

The Higher Power, that is what is guiding; my voice;

as I reach out, to the Holy Spirit; who rests beside me?

I am finding, every earthly pursuit filled with filth;  
It leaves our thoughts binding; or bound;  
to a long-lost condition, once espoused;  
upon quite much naturally, Humanity proves wise;  
and less seemingly, profound.

It's only natural of course, that we finish at the source.  
Omega to Alpha, then back at it; forever, once more, everlasting again.  
Always having seen it all, yet always starting a new course.  
That is why, I am what I am; until that day, I return; within true Source.

*Finality: Frustrations; Surmounting*

Most people, these days; look as if;  
they could use massive reassurance; and a tit to suckle upon.

Dimwitted tits; twits who twist, pervert, and then flip;  
any rational person's perception;  
unfortunately, trapped in their midst.

Violence is the final refuge for the truly ignorant;  
we have no time for that, only the time left for your repentance.  
Time to unlearn your faulty thinking; crawling throughout your mind;  
unwind by the way side; from a skewed vantage point;  
once held; now only spied.

A covetous cretin, calling; creeping from his crypt;  
encrypting true intention; Inventions inspired to lynch men;  
linchpin, stuck into; a filthy, fornicating, pyg pen;  
Lead by a pack of boorish, pig men;  
who desire for your flesh;



“Surely, you must jest!”

you mockingly suggest; But what I must suggest;

Take your balls out of the hornet’s nest.

For God’s sake; show some goddamn thanks;

Now, while you still can; Now, before annihilation befalls man;

And all other living things, once existing upon the land.