

Eighteen Visions, Slipping Through The Hands O

just burned.

bow down.

this ugly scar will mend itself again,

but when will its figure die?

pierced through the heart.

i watch the red elixir spill from the center of its life.

i depict eighteen visions for its demise.

not even water can bring back two thousand years of life i've watched die.

rise to your glory on the third day.

you are not my christ.

rise. utopia.

damned to hell.

i rest this figure of ideal perfection.

there will be no funeral for this profane existence.

always on the left hand path