

We seduce angels
The angel is presumed to be seduced
We seduce ourselves
We forget about our... and their naturalism
They are fiery and wing footed
Visit us
They reveal secrets
Embody in plants and trees

We do not mind
They have wings... we are glad
We like it
They also have horns
They are picking on us face to face

They creep in our sleep and dreams
We open our heartrts to obsession
Seducing and teasing them

They are creeping so still, in quiet
The ones that could not be seen
Take heed of them
Who could you trust in?
In them, in us, in me... not in you!

The ghost is cogitation
The word is the body of a thought
Thinking needs a speech
Conception calls for word
Poison is expected!

Words are Angels, winged words
Like arrows, like poison
The words are the most dreadful of all the angels
You have to percieve flawlessly when Angels loses wings