

Deus Ex Vagina

Aeon

All starts and ends
in the womb of sinful woman
The one with hair made of fire
And eyes hidden under the veil of naivety
Through the centuries the truth about her
was defined by her capacity to procreate

On the very bottom of her humanity
Warm blood lies in a golden bowl
Women were screaming of it men were falling for it
From which blood springs hope or despair

Commandments were crawling out from her womb
And the night was covering them with lies

Fire with charm digested her sinful body
And the wind strewn about her head with the ash of her own thighs

Woman - sponger
Reflection of the reality
Your soft hands are tools of ruin
Your sinful body is a source of god

I will never show my grief again
Grief for primal privileges of humanity
Your sanctity is an incurable disease
that constrains an idea of progress
Answers shall be great events and defeat of the great
bastards tyrants flatterers