

The Seraphim Veil

Anomalous

this touch is pure

ordained from the highest order above
through the shadow of the needle's eye of my own
camelot glow

mammon gushes at my offering of stillborn hope rotting
within me
devouring youth while my millstone rings hollow

enter my temple where the cleric begets swine
purity is rape and salvation is genocide
your home is a grave
spare no children
spare no one

savage heathen will conform to the sanctity of life
(sweet flesh)
sweep the soil clear of the cradle boards
vital and ripe for siege and blight (sweet animal
flesh)
traded the manitou for the goldmine

through the cracks in the stained glass I can see
a dancing ghost of atrocity through the hanging tomb
inverted spectacles of torment

without the veil of the unfurled flag I see
slaughter-bound human freight in waiting
lashes upon the back
inverted brand upon the chest

lord knows I have a pale glow
I can't just take off my halo
even as I stand on your grave
it's still a master and a slave

The land is cleared to stack my house of cards
my ossuary palace reduced to shards
there voices fall upon deaf ears on the the side of the
veil

buried by law from Wounded Knee To Warsaw
they saw a prismatic justice awaits us all

the only reparation is reclamation
spare no children
spare no one