

## Broth Of Oblivion

Aura Noir

Sourceless, rythmless, heartless.  
I scan the desert.  
Since I, in my beasthood saw the dancers there.  
As my hands, two tiny figures, came visible,  
Like a carniver of flesh.  
A union of monstrosities.

Curveless, boundless, eyeless.  
I flee from the source of my agony.  
Since I, in my beasthood, took form  
In new, alien anatomies.  
My limbs towering, mounting in celebration.  
Murmuring the approval of new glories;  
New threats, new intimacy.

With this, I am fit to charm the Devil.  
Sneering down my pale face.  
I am erect with his anger and lust.  
I am the grace of them all.

Still sneering, drooling, floating.  
Breeding curves of hell.  
And shreds of pre-human gloss.  
This softens those songs to dust.